THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible] POST

Volume 200, Number 2

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JULY 9, 1927

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Glenna Collett — Joseph Hergesheimer — Fannie Kilbourne — R. G. Kirk

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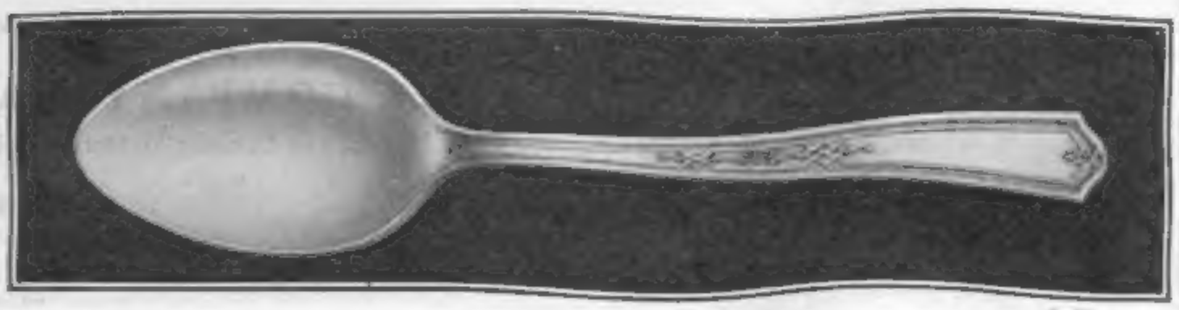

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HONEYMOON HATE

By Alice M. Williamson

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

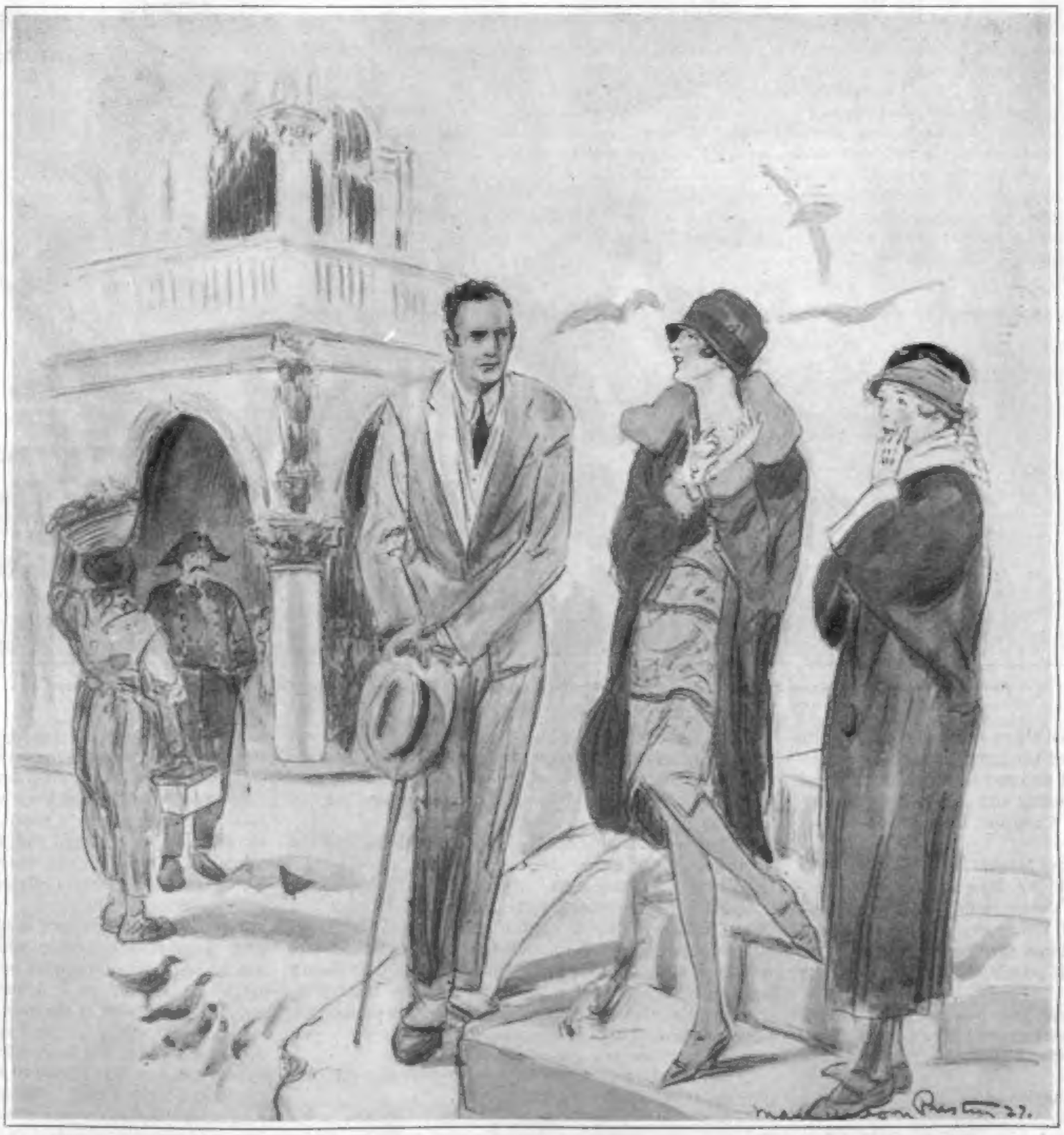
THE eyes of all the English-speaking, French-speaking, American-speaking and Italian-speaking young men in Cavaroni's Banking and Tourist Agency turned upon the girl as she strode in. "Strode" is the word. Her beauty, her clothes, her consciousness of both, her whole air wherever she went, said: "I am here. The party can begin."

She was followed, as a kite is followed by its tail, at some distance by a female, also well-dressed, but without an air of any kind, unless perhaps a suggestion that she would be happier, more at peace, in a home for distressed elderly gentlewomen, than trailing across Europe after a girl who would have tried to put Queen Elizabeth in her place.

The girl was Gail Grant, one of the prettiest, and by all odds, the most disagreeable young woman in the United States.

But the clerks at Cavaroni's had never yet heard of Gail Grant. This was her first day in Venice, therefore they had no idea how disagreeable a beautiful girl can be. They were all glad that this was an early, uncrowded hour, that they might look at her without being obliged to attend politely to the dull needs of ordinary people—Germans and others.

Signor Enrico Bueno was selected at a glance by the white-clad vision who strode as queens should stride, but don't. He had more presence and aplomb than his younger colleagues, and Miss Grant steered straight for him. The favored one bowed, awaiting commands, ready to respond in almost any tongue.



"I Was Just Thinking, as We'll Probably Leave Soon, I'd Like You to Take Me to Your Shop Again"

Most clients of Cavaroni began with "Good morning" or "Good afternoon" in the language they knew best, but not Miss Grant. She hadn't been brought up to waste greetings upon her inferiors, and she aimed abruptly for the point, while her companion hovered, helplessly disapproving, in the background.

"I've just come to Venice," announced Miss Grant. Not "we," mind you, but "I"! "I'm at the Hotel Danieli, and I may stay several weeks."

Had Bueno known the lady's history he would have realized that Venice was lucky, or unlucky, according to opinion; because Miss Grant of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, seldom rested anywhere more than three days, except in London, where she had expected to collect a duke, if not a royal prince; or in Paris, where she bought things to wear and might have contented herself with a French nobleman, had any of those she met been able to endure her.

"I made up my mind suddenly to come, so I've got no letters of introduction," she explained. "I don't know a soul, and I suppose the season is over, anyhow, in October. I thought you might find me a sort of guide——"

"Certainly we could do that. We——"

"Wait! You don't know the sort I want till I tell you," Signor Bueno was cut short. "The man must have a thorough knowledge of Venice, ancient and modern. He must speak English, because I haven't enough French to ask all the questions I shall want to ask. And his Italian must be very good, not common, because I'm taking it up and I learn awfully fast. I want a man to be at my service from about eleven o'clock in the morning till—well, till I finish with him! He mustn't be old, because I can't bear old men unless I'm related to them. Besides, as I have no acquaintances in society here, he'll have to be a gentleman, really well-bred, so I can dance with him at the dance teas in the hotel. That means he must be a good dancer! As for being well up in general Italian history I don't care so much. But he'd better know a little, and all about pictures. I've had guides who answered my questions wrong, I found out afterward, or shrugged their shoulders in that foreign way that makes me wild. Oh, and of course he must be able to get me in everywhere without any fuss—museums and galleries. He mustn't be bad-looking, and he'll have to be nicely dressed. Of course I couldn't go around with anyone shabby. And—er—well, I believe that's about all!"

A good thing it was! thought Enrico Bueno. If she'd required more she would have been wanting Saint Mark, patron of Venice, to undertake the job, though Saint Mark would not be a suitable partner for a *thé dansant* at the Hotel Danieli.

The most responsible man at Cavaroni's, however, had not been born yesterday, and the slogan which made Cavaroni's what it is today was: "Never discourage a client. Promise him what he asks for and make him believe he has got it."

"I see what you want," he said, in his correct English, brightened by a Brooklyn accent which he had picked up on the spot, before the war. "I see just what you want, and we can supply exactly the right gentleman, if he is not too much engaged already to take up the work."

"Too much engaged?" almost snorted Miss Grant, growing very red in the cheeks and at the tips of the ears. "Do you know who I am?"

Fortunately, when signs of rage showed on the face of Miss Gail Grant, they painted her cheeks a deep rose color, the ear tips under a gold-brown curve of bobbed hair a lovely coral, and brought sparks of sapphire light into her immense blue eyes. "My name is Grant. Miss Gail Grant. Most people in most countries have heard of my father, Gaillard Grant, and know that when I want to buy a thing, or hire a person, I can pay! Don't you keep track of your guides here? Can't you tell whether they're engaged or disengaged? If you haven't got the right person ready for me I'll go to someone else who has."

At the period of acquiring his Brooklyn accent Signor Bueno had seen the name of Gaillard Grant, in connection with a certain chewing gum, flash nightly in jeweled colors along the Great White Way. Also, he had chewed the gum. And, besides, the daughter of Gaillard Grant was more brilliantly beautiful even than her parent's electric sign. For these reasons and for the reputation of Cavaroni, he kept his temper under control.

"The gentleman I think of for you is not a professional guide, and is not in our employ, Miss Grant," Bueno explained. "No one else in Venice could possibly fulfill all your requirements, and if I may say so, no one except ourselves could possibly obtain such services. As a favor to us, this gentleman might possibly accept an offer from you."

"Good gracious! To hear you, you might be talking about a prince!" again almost snorted Miss Grant. Upon less exquisite lips these exclamations of hers would have been unqualified snorts.

"The gentleman in question does happen to be a prince!" gently returned Enrico Bueno.

This information subdued even Gail Grant for four seconds, and caused her companion to look more alive than dead for the same space of time. Silence reigned in the Bureau Cavaroni, save for the breathing of eight young men, accompanied by a slight rustle of celluloid and paper collars.

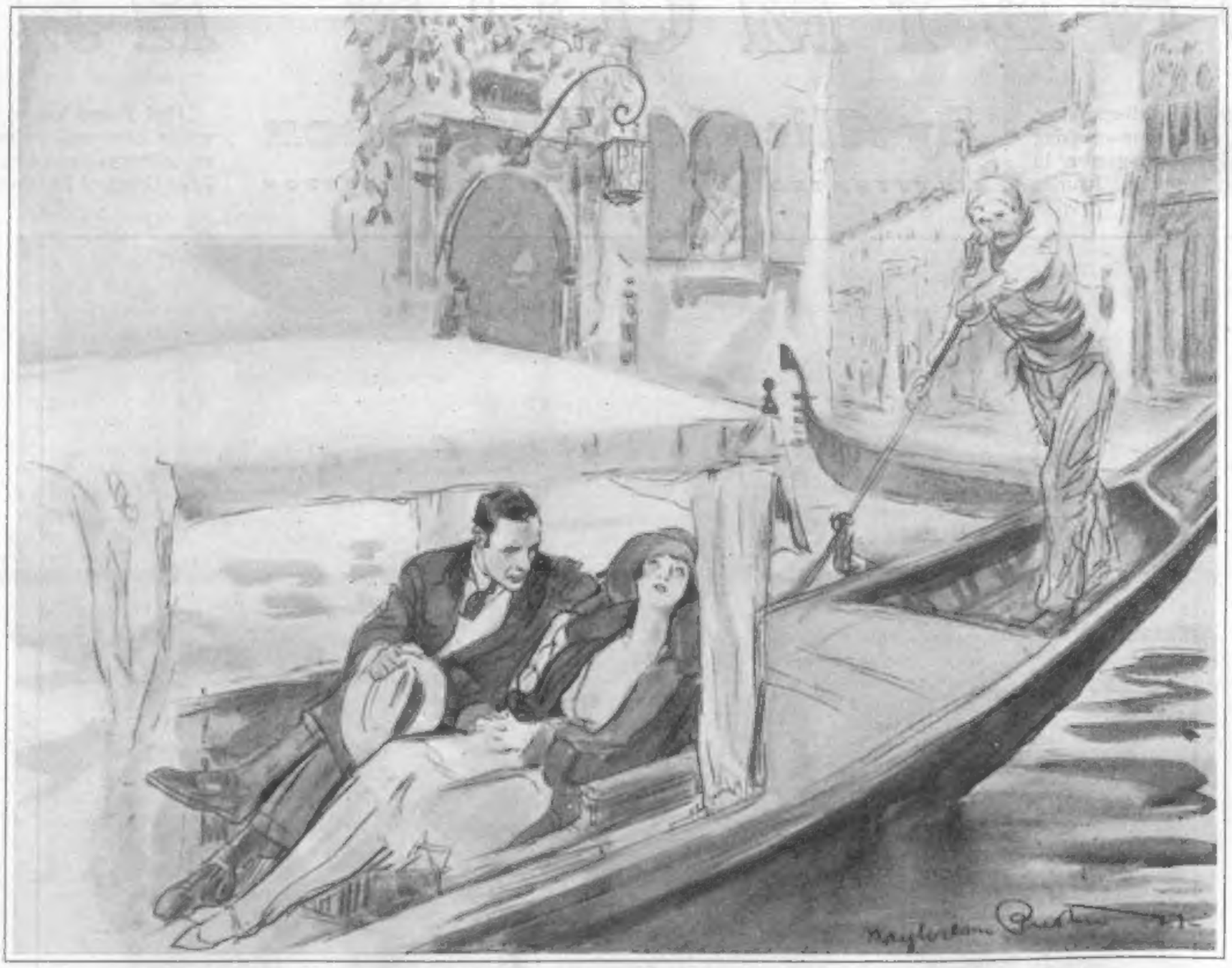
"Oh, a prince, is he? And willing to be a guide?" repeated Miss Grant at length. "Pickings for princes must be pretty poor, then, in Venice."

"Postwar pickings are," admitted the agent, "for princes and others. This one was a distinguished soldier, but the family fortunes—never immense in his day—have—er—diminished. What would you be prepared to offer him?"

"What would a prince ask?" retorted the girl with inherited shrewdness, prepared to beat down whatever it was, on principle, as she had been advised one must do with everything Italian.

But Cavaroni's prize young man was also shrewd, with true Venetian shrewdness. "Begin high and never go low" is a motto, entirely without vowels, in the ancient dialect of Venice. "The prince, if he accepted, would certainly not look at less than one thousand lire a day, if that," Bueno announced firmly. "It would be of no use to approach him with a less generous suggestion."

"My dear," ventured Miss Molesey, the companion, "that is a great deal of money to spend on a guide every day—even for a prince, and counting in lire."



For the First Time Since She and Mole Had Arrived to Do Europe, Gail Grant Took an Interest In History

If she had not spoken, Miss Grant might have uttered the same opinion. But to hear it from Miss Molesey made it beneath contempt. The girl's look darted blazing sapphires at poor Miss Molesey. It commanded her to "Shut up!" as plainly as eyes can speak.

"What is the exchange?" she inquired aloud, and the agent quoted the current rate for that day.

"All right, I'll give that if the man suits," she agreed, "though not a cent more, so he needn't ask. Except, of course, I'll give a good tip at the end," she added, intending, and showing that she intended, to put Venetian princes on a level with American chauffeurs. Gail Grant hadn't been able, with all her money and looks, to marry an English duke, or even anything in the marquess or earl line. She would find a bitter satisfaction, therefore, in employing a Venetian prince as a guide.

"I do not think it would be wise to offer this prince a tip," suggested Enrico Bueno.

"Pooh!" said Miss Grant. "I haven't seen anyone in Europe yet it would be wise to offer a tip to, if you didn't want him to accept! What's your prince's name?"

"That I cannot mention until, and unless, he wishes to engage himself," returned Bueno.

The girl looked Cavaroni's employe up and down. He was to her an insignificant pawn on the chessboard of her life; yet the expression of his mouth and violently Brooklyn look in his Italian eyes convinced her suddenly that she would gain nothing in a dispute with him. It was a look which she seemed often to produce, and when it came into eyes nothing further could be done.

"Well, when will you know about it?" she changed her mind and inquired.

"Within two hours. Would you wish to return here, madam, or shall I telephone to you at Danieli's, just before midday?"

"Phone," decided Miss Grant. "Come along, Mole." The kite then sailed away, followed as before by its humble tail.

"*Dio mio!* What a devil of a girl!" remarked a colleague when the door had shut. "She brings equinoctial to Venice! With all her beauty, I would not be in the prince's shoes if he takes her on—no, not if she gives him gold ones studded with diamonds! It is Dantarini who is in your mind, of course, Bueno."

"Yes, it is Dantarini," admitted Bueno with reluctance, for if he could have hidden the name of the candidate he would have done so. That, however, was impossible. The agency did business with Dantarini, and in the beginning it had come through Bueno. All knew that Bueno adored Dantarini, under whom he had served in the war. In every way he strove to promote Dantarini's interests, such as they were. It was Dantarini and no other he had thought of for this beautiful she devil. Poor Dantarini! And yet, one thousand lire a day, possibly for weeks, to a man in Dantarini's present position as they saw it—well, he had been a good soldier. He had war decorations. At least he would not have sold those! He might need to gaze at them now and then, to revive his courage, for after all a soldier is not invariably a success as a tamer of tigresses.

As business was slack at the end of the season, Bueno went out, leaving the office in charge of his subordinates. Until the next customers came the place buzzed like a beehive, even the bank department making bets for and against the Dantarini-Grant event.

Meantime it had not been worth the ladies' while to return at once to their hotel. Though the month was October and a cold snap had drawn the summer crowds away, the softness of September had come back to Venice. The place appealed to Gail Grant as no place had appealed before.

She did not know why this should be so, for it was her pride to belittle the beauty spots of Europe. Yet Venice was to her like nothing else on earth. In fact, it wasn't earth! It was all sky and water, and palaces that were not real but ghosts of the past. The girl felt her native restlessness leaving her, and rather resented the feeling, yet sensed something exquisite—something like a dream from which one didn't wish to wake.

She had arrived only last night from Florence, and the rose sunset and silver moonrise on the Grand Canal had affected her oddly. She had decided that she would like to stay and see things and find out things.

"There's time to take one of these gondolas and row about for nearly an hour before lunch," she said to Miss Molesey.

Miss Molesey had been in Venice before. She had been almost everywhere before. That was why she was Miss Grant's traveling companion, as she had been the traveling companion of other rich women and girls, though never one who paid so much and flattened her out so utterly as did Gail.

"Oh, let's take one with two gondoliers, dear," she ventured. "It's such a different motion with one. You can get quite seasick. I remember feeling ——"

"Pooh!" sniffed Gail.

"Of course, a gondola with two rowers is twice as expensive!" Miss Molesey remembered to be tactful.

"Oh, all right. I'll have two then," said Gail.

So they had two, and Miss Molesey, who was an Englishwoman by birth—very good birth—and knew a little Italian, told the gondoliers to row along the Grand Canal till they were bidden to turn.

It was a nice gondola and the rowers were fine, upstanding men. They had no horn, but when warnings were needed to keep off other gondolas, they bellowed melodiously, like benevolent bulls. Their oars made a delicious, plashing sound, and in the water which mirrored the sky's blue, lovely colors moved. They were like broken bits of rainbow, Gail almost sulkily told herself, or else drowned flowers. She felt queerly happy.

The gondoliers, however, annoyed her by pointing out things. She hated to have it thought by such people that there was anything they could tell her which she didn't already know. She had the impulse to admire something which had not been pointed out.

"Tell them to stop here," she commanded Miss Molesey with a gesture.

"Here" was a miniature Gothic palace, a mere pink and gray slice of a palace, squeezed in between two other large and important palaces. It was as delicate in its architectural carvings as petrified lace. But even to Gail Grant's eyes, untrained as they were, the building had an exquisite and appealing beauty.

The water almost lapped its portal, and underneath the moving crystal, moss-stained marble steps gleamed mysteriously. When the distant lagoon drank the tide these steps would be uncovered, but now the gondola could glide between graceful, painted posts, almost to the level of the doorway itself. It was a perfect doorway, with two ancient wrought-iron doors thrown wide. So narrow was the toy *palazzo* that it had only one window of intertwined arches on each side of the door, but above was an adorable balcony with slender marble columns and a row of little marble lions looking down with sad, dignified faces—very old faces, hundreds of years old, and utterly disillusioned.

The excuse for stopping was an unobtrusive sign in gilt letters under the balcony—"*Antichita*"—and in the windows some green eighteenth-century Venetian chairs, with a few folds of ancient embroidered brocade flung over a gilded console.

"That brocade wouldn't make a bad evening cloak to go with my rose velvet dress," said Gail. "I think I'll buy it."

The hands of the younger gondolier helped her to alight on the marble portal. Miss Molesey somehow followed. They passed through a vestibule of old colored marble directly into what had once been a fine reception hall. It was frescoed on walls and ceiling by some great master, as Miss Molesey guessed. But it was no longer a reception hall for noble guests. It was an antique shop where all guests were welcome. At the back were double doors which stood open. These showed a room, apparently unfurnished, with a wide window that looked out on dark trees and a garden court with a lovely wellhead in the center.

As Gail and her companion entered the converted hall—now a shop—a man came in from the room at the back and closed the doors behind him. Gail didn't notice him much at first. She was glancing about to see if there were brocades which she liked better than the one in the window. The man was just a shopkeeper, and one didn't look at shopkeepers as if they were people.

There were other bits of brocade, but none that caught her fancy as the first had done. There were also a few more of the flower-painted, eighteenth-century green chairs, some dark old chests of drawers, a graceful settee or two, a group of statues, a couple of tall gilded lamps, and not a great deal besides, save the magic gold network of light from the canal that hung like a waving canopy over the ceiling and walls.

Miss Molesey addressed the man in her school-teacherly Italian.

"I speak English if you prefer it," he said.

Gail looked at him then, for his voice had an unusual quality, something authoritative in it. His accent was very like that of the young English duke who had been nice to her for a few minutes and then had hurried away, never to return. Funny an Italian should have an accent like that! He might almost be an Englishman—one of those Oxford or Cambridge men who drawled as if they owned the whole world and you were dirt under their feet!

He was a tall man, spare, though strong of build. His face was rather long and very brown, though his hair had red lights in it. He had those smoke-gray eyes of Northern Italy which can be as cold as the sea or hot and stormy as sirocco.

"How much is that big piece of rose-colored brocade, embroidered with silver, in the left-hand front window?" Gail inquired.

"Ten thousand lire," the man answered.

"Oh, nonsense!" sneered Miss Grant, living up to the precept that you must beat these Italians down. "I'll give you four thousand."

"I am sorry, madam," replied the man, "but I have only one price for my things."

"Is this your shop, or are you a clerk?" Gail wanted to know.

"It is my shop," said the man.

"Well, it's ridiculous to ask all that money for a bit of old stuff," Gail protested. "I'd have to cut it up anyhow to make a cloak of it."

"It would be worse than ridiculous, madam, to cut it up," the shopkeeper dared to criticize. "That is a piece of fifteenth-century convent work, worthy of a museum."

"Well, you have a nice way of selling your goods!" exploded Miss Grant. "Telling customers what to do with them!"

"I would not need to tell a connoisseur what to do with that brocade," returned the shopkeeper. "It isn't your fault that you are not a connoisseur, but I would prefer to sell the brocade to someone who is."

"Well, I'll test you now! I will give ten thousand lire for the stuff, to be cut up for a cloak!"

"I will not sell it to be cut up," was the man's ultimatum.

"You won't?"

"No, madam, I won't. Not that I wouldn't be glad to sell. I'm anxious to do so. I'm really sorry to offend a customer. But this is an unusual case. It can't be helped. That brocade is worthy to have a room built for it to show it off. If you can afford it, why don't you build one?"

"Well, of all things!" murmured Gail. "Suppose I told you, now, I'd buy it and wouldn't cut it up, would you sell it to me?"

"Yes," said the man, "with pleasure."

"How would you know that I'd keep my word?"

"You are too—abrupt, I think, to be a liar, madam."

"My gracious, you are a queer shopkeeper!" Gail gasped.

"I may be. It's my misfortune." He smiled grimly. "Do you wish to buy the brocade?"

"And give you my word not to cut it up?"

"Yes, just that."

The girl burst out laughing. She had a dormant sense of humor, handed down by old Gaillard. "Well, yes, just to remember Venice and a crazy shopkeeper by, I will! Luckily I got a lot of American money changed today."

She bought the brocade, paid for it, and had the purchase wrapped to take away with her in the waiting gondola.

The man, who wrapped it himself, seemed quite sorry to part from the old thing. He looked at it, as you might say, lovingly. But perhaps he did that to show off.

It was time to return to the hotel, as a message might come before long from Cavaroni's. The shopkeeper did not stand at the door and bow. Far from that. As soon as he decently could he turned his back and went into the room behind the shop. An old lady sat there on one of three beautiful chairs, her elbow on a rare refectory table which completed the furniture of the almost dismantled apartment. A man stood talking to her with the air of one who would not sit in the Presence. The sunlit window, with the trees and the court, and a glimpse of that carved marble and wrought-iron wellhead, was like a great lighted picture on the dark wall.

"*Dio, colonnello mio!* Did she see me? Did she speak of me?" stammered the man who stood by the table.

"No, I do not think she saw anyone," returned the shopkeeper. "But why?"

"I forgot," explained Enrico Bueno. "You don't understand. That is the Miss Grant I came here to talk about. If you thought of accepting, it would be better that you called upon her and settled things before she—before ——"

(Continued on Page 116)

"Well, it Seems to Me Like a Fraud to Call Yourself a Prince When You're a Shopkeeper"

TOO MUCH ELECTRIC

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

FROM the isleted, inleted, rocky coast of picturesque Dalmatia to the drab grime of Ironville, Pennsylvania, is a considerable sail; but little George Illić was sailorman enough to make it. It is also a considerable descent in beauty's scale; for the Illyrian shore is incomparably lovely, while, except at night, when the mill blazes give to Ironville a terrible Tartarian beauty, that smudged town is insufferably ugly.

But there are compensations. As an Adriatic sailorman, George Illić just about earned enough to live—on fish. But as a rigger hand, who knew his ropes; as pusher, even, of a little rigger gang of fellow countrymen at Susquehanna Steel, George made enough not only to live—on meat once every day if he desired—but to save up swiftly for the day when it would be possible for him to go back to Dalmatia to sail a boat from that time on, on the entrancing Adriatic water, for pleasure purposes only, and be damned to fish.

Personally, I have my doubts about George Illić ever going back. If he does, I shall not be one to blame him if he takes a few thousand American dollars out of the country with him when he goes. For every dollar George might take away, he'd leave behind a fine square dollar's worth of work, good honest Slavic measure; and a Slavic dollar's worth of work compares, I've found, most favorably with any other dollar's worth I've ever purchased.

But I don't think George will ever leave. George likes it here. Dalmatia is beautiful, no doubt; but Pennsylvania is not without its share of loveliness—a share to make Dalmatia or any other region in the world extend itself to match. Ironville itself is terrible; but if you will climb the hill behind it high enough to see above the hulking mills, and if there is wind enough to blow the belching smoke down flat, there before you lies the Susquehanna, beautiful as its name. Islands of emerald bedeck it, high green hills hem it, to the north a handsome city stands, where men have flung across the water structures which, strangely, do not mar the work of God. Span upon span men have made ways from bank to bank, adding charm to the scene, so that those who look can give a silent prayer of thanks for at least one human device almost impossible to make unbeautiful—the arch.

No; an inborn love for beauty need not take George Illić out of Pennsylvania. Only that inborn love which all men have for native land need do that. And George's children, who after all will govern George's actions, do not have this feeling for Dalmatia. George's children are Americans—and good ones, George being a good Dalmatian, and man.

No, George will stay. And the fact that his few thousand will remain here with him means not a thing to me. America has lots of dollars, but men as good as little George are always at a premium in any country.

Unless George finds it suddenly expedient some dark night silently to depart our shores, George will stay on. But twice now that I know of George has seen it necessary to remove certain persons out of lives of very questionable usefulness. And sometime George's technic will slip up on him, and someone besides me will find him out. One of the times I know about, a man was tampering with his home. The other time a man tried underhandedly to kill his friend. I, personally, with all my heart, approve of how George goes about saving the money of us taxpayers. Sooner or later both these removees would have become criminal charges on the state. But the law courts are jealous of prerogative, and if George ever runs afoul of them, he may depart for that dear Dalmatia at high speed—I helping him; for, as I say, I heartily approve of George and all his works. And if he should take a hundred thousand good American dollars with him as he goes, it would be jake with me. He earned that much from America when he rid America of Andrija Vasić.

Andrija Vasić was young and strong and handsome, and only two pounds lighter than a mule. He had also brains. But he was a poor loser, and that let Andrija out. There are not many things worse than a poor loser. One of them is a poor winner. Andrija was that also.

Charlie Simms, to be sure, made a big mistake ever to wrestle with that strapping Serb. But Charlie was only a transit man at the time—a kid fresh out of college, and he simply could not resist the fun of going to grips with a fellow bigger than he was. You can't blame Charlie. He seldom ran across a man that big. And he was too full of the joy of life to give thought for the day when he would be bossing these same men, and that there were limits to the familiarity an executive may indulge toward his men.

"Janko or Andy or Gunga, You're a Better Man Than I Am. Shake, Dominic!"

It was lunch hour, and the survey gang was putting the shot with a broken piece of pig iron they had found. Charlie Simms was away out ahead at the final throw, when he noticed a big Slav laborer watching.

"Here, Janko," Charlie invited, "you try push'm little bit." The man sullenly shook his head. "You're big enough to heave it off the plant," insisted Charlie. "Come on, push, Janko."

The big fellow stepped forward a little farther before his gang of resting countrymen. "No versteh dot push'm," he said. "Plenty versteh dis business, me." And he took hold of one of his buddies that just then came up beside him, put a neck hold on him and downed him with a quick twist that made the fellow yelp with pain. "You like?" asked the big Slav insolently.

What, I'm asking you, was Charlie Simms to do? Go over there and take him, nothing else. But Charlie didn't. He got taken. That big young Serb threw Charlie for a loop, and nearly broke Charlie's neck doing it. But you never saw the combination of a worse winner and a better loser than the end of that fall witnessed.

Charlie got up. He felt of his neck and dusted himself off. He revolved his head a time or two to make sure the thing still worked. Then, grinning ruefully, he walked after Vasić, who had turned his back on the vanquished and stood now receiving the congratulations of his countrymen. Simms tapped him on a shoulder and put out a hand. The big Slav turned.

"Shake, Janko," Charlie said.

Vasić kept hand at side. "No Janko my name," Vasić said. "You t'ink every labor man be Hunky John—t'ink every Slavic man be same like jackass. No good. Some be Stephan, some be Jura, some Alexander, Joža, Pavel. Every man different. Every man be self—no mule. Me, I be Andrija—Andrija Vasić."

Charlie Simms grinned. "Who gives a damn?" asked Charlie. "Janko or Andy or Gunga, you're a better man than I am. Shake, Dominic!"

Dominic! Organ-grinder name! Andrija Vasić, the Slav, could see no humor in that sally. He turned his back to Charlie Simms. Half a step away, one foot still raised, a hand fell on his shoulder and he spun about. Charlie Simms still confronted him, hand out to shake.

"No shake hands you," said Vasić. "You try make fool for me, so every man you gang laugh. Me, I push'm you down for dirt. Today I push'm you; maybe tomorrow push'm you just a same. Some day you gon' be big boss engineer. Aht's no why I be 'fraid for you—today, tomorrow, no time. Go to hell, you."

Every race has both kinds—Illićs and Vasićs. Charlie Simms was an American variety of Illić. Vasić just happened to be a Serb. His kind is plentiful in every race.

Charlie Simms said, "Come on, Gottlieb, you shake hands or else ——"

In answer to which, Vasić, incensed, and a poor winner, let pride toss him a cropper. He struck Charlie's hand away.

The difference between the first set-to and the second was that Charlie Simms was mad the second time. So mad was he in fact that he deliberately let the big Slav get that head lock on him again—to prove to himself, the Slav and the world at large that he could break it. He nearly got himself a pair of tin ears doing it, pulling his head out of that hold; but cauliflower ears or not, his head came out with such a snap that Vasić went completely off his balance, and before he could recover, Charlie had ambled up his frame and slapped a body scissors on him that drove a grunt out of him big as a bale of cotton.

It wasn't long then. Soon Simms got up. But Vasić didn't. Crushed breathless by that cruel scissors, he lay black-faced and still, gasping in agony to get breath to his lungs. At last he crawled erect, and there stood Charlie with the grin back on his face and his hand still out. But Vasić turned his back to him again, hot murder in his heart. He was as bad a loser as he was a winner.

A chain boy yelled, "Oh, Charlie, you're never going to let him get away with that, are you?"

"Bloodthirsty brat!" admonished Charlie. "A man that's licked me's got to shake. If he loses to me he can shake or not. That's up to him."

Charlie Simms went up the line—soon left the handling of a transit for the more delicate and better paying job of handling men. But as Charlie went along, good sportsmanship went with him. Every man who ever worked for Charlie got a fair break, including Andy Vasić. But Vasić was a trouble breeder, a disturber of industrial peace in the construction outfit at Susquehanna Steel. And finally Charlie had to fire him off the plant—which also was a fair deal all around to everyone, including

Vasić Was a Trouble Breeder. And Finally Charlie Had to Fire Him Off the Plant—Which Was a Fair Deal All Around to Everyone

Vasić. But Vasić got back on the plant again. The construction department was entirely separate from production, and as Vasić had a good head on him, he found no trouble getting a job. He was holding down a job as craneman in the boiler shop when we went in there to do a lot of work.

Charlie Simms was a resident engineer in construction then, and as I knew that he and old Pap Danna, boss at the boiler shop, went as well together as beefsteak and potatoes, I gave that work to Charlie.

Pap Danna, chief at the boiler shop, was a prince. He didn't look it. He looked more like something that the cat had just dragged in. Just the same, he was a prince. Princes, as I am given to understand, do not as standard equipment have just one eye, and they are not usually deaf, nor do they usually lack two middle fingers of a hand. You think of them as young and sprightly, lithe and debonair. Pap wasn't young or sprightly, lithe or debonair. There are no young wrecks, sprightly wrecks; and physically, Pap was mostly wreckage. But spiritually and mentally, he was all there, as you could very easily find out by going into the boiler shop and starting something to find out who was boss. Pap's name was not in the Almanach de Gotha; but if the Almanach had been compiled on a basis of "what" instead of "who," Pap would have topped three-quarters of the names it recorded. Pap—we admit it in the final estimates—had a nose and chin to make him readily mistakable for Mr. Punch; but just the same, we hold our ground. He was a prince. Who ever claimed he was Prince Charming anyway? Prince Charming would have lasted forty-two minutes in a steelworks. Pap Danna had lasted forty-two years and still was going strong. He was still giving his old shop Hail Columbia, shooting the stuff through at such a rate that finally he got the job of fabricating all the steel for the new open-hearth building now on paper in the drafting room.

"Can you swing it?" I asked Pap, after it had been all decided that he could.

Pap sized up the job instanter. "You gimme a couple extra bays' length to my old hang-out, and a couple wall cranes to work under my bridge cranes, so I'll have enough hoist drums overhead to handle the stuff, and then bring on your open-hearth blue prints."

As usual, Pap had whacked the nail head. We had already planned to give him just about these things. So we went to it.

Charlie Simms drew the job. And Charlie, working hand in glove with old Pap Danna, fairly sneezed up the two-bay addition to his shop, and the two new wall cranes.

A wall crane is a funny kind of animal. It doesn't span a mill from side to side, like any respectable overhead bridge crane. It hangs to one side of a mill like an octopus plastered up against the glass side of an aquarium, and it crawls along the mill wall from end to end, under the bridge cranes' lofty span, reaching a tentacle out and down to snatch up what delectable thing it may.

One thing Pap Danna wanted in connection with these new wall cranes. He wanted them rigged up so that they could not only be operated from their own small operator's cage but from the cages of the bridge cranes that ran above them. Wise Pap—planning against the day when the coming rush would be over and he could cut down one operator, the bridge-crane operator being able to control the wall crane under him without leaving his high perch.

We gave Pap what he wanted, but it resulted in a very elaborate system of wiring and controls, and made necessary the installation of a great array of conductor bars along the building sides. Light angle irons, they were, running the full length of the building, on which electric contact shoes would slide, delivering power, if desired, through the controls of the moving bridge crane overhead to the wall crane operating under it, and perhaps the full shop length away. Eight or ten of these long angle bars there were, supported on small brackets to the building columns, placed one above another.

I Have My Doubts About George Illić Ever Going Back

Little George Illić and his rigger gang of Adriatic fishermen swung those angles into place for Charlie, and as they were being erected Charlie often used them for a ladder as he climbed up and down the shop walls to reach the new wall-crane rails and girders, and the cranes themselves, to keep an eye on the work.

And one day old Pap Danna cautioned him.

"Don't you forget," admonished Pap, "that some day there's gonna be four hundred and forty volts A. C. hopping through them angles. Don't you go using them for a ladder then."

"Fat chance," asserted Charlie. "I'm the guy that's going to give the electricians orders to turn on the juice when they're all O. K. After that they'll be dynamite and I'll know it. Don't worry. I'll find another way aloft."

Steel, as we say, had used up much of old Pap Danna. Pap was cheating the undertaker. Pap had a flying start on the old gravedigger. Much of Pap had long since gone the way of mortal flesh; although at that there was more real man left in Pap than in most of us who will eventually deliver the whole works to the old mahogany kimono.

Of the various losses of Pap Danna, none was so interesting as his loss of hearing. In street or office, half the county shared the secrets of your conversation with him. You did not talk to Pap in street or office. You detonated at him. Forty-two years of calking tools and rivet guns and backing-out punches and hand sledges playing their mad trap drums in the terrific orchestra of steel had hammered the resilience out of Pap's tympanums. But the strange fact was that Pap could almost hear you whisper when you talked with him in the deafening racket of his boiler shop. At first I used to think this no phenomenon, but mere lip reading. But I soon found that he really heard. Nature had evidently worked another wonder of adaptation. She had, no doubt, in protection, adjusted the tension in Pap's eardrums so that they functioned best while vibrating to his shop's unearthly din. At any rate, in his shop, his ears were absolutely keen. To which trait, difficult of belief, Charlie Simms owes many a grand salaam. Except for that peculiarity we would have had to measure Charlie up some years ago for one of those plush-and-lumber sleeping garments.

For on a certain day the lengthening of the boiler shop was done, and the wall cranes were up, and the electrical department had Charlie Simms' O. K. to turn on the juice next day and try them out. Before that day was over it was Charlie's job to make a thorough inspection of all the work for which he was responsible.

If a crane-rail stop was not securely bolted, or if some squarehead had left a wrench where it would fall into a set of gears when the cranes were tried, Charlie was due for the riding of his life.

So, late that afternoon, down at the far south corner of the shop, Charlie started to climb the gable end of the building. He reached almost the level of the lowest of the ladder of conductor bars. Today was his last day to use that easy way aloft. With one hand on a little channel bar that acted as a gable-window slide, he reached cross corner, gave a daring little upward spring, and with his body free of all support except the light touch on the gable channel, caught the lowest angle of that ladder of conductor bars—to have death, grim and horrible, go tearing, ripping through him. He tried with all the power in him to let go, but handclasps out of hell itself had hold of him and would not let him loose.

Most deaths by electricity are by high-potential stuff—stuff that hits so hard, so blastingly, that a man is flung off dead before he ever has a chance to know death's menace. But with four-forty, alternating current, he knows. Four hundred volts, A. C., will kill you slowly. It holds, and you can no more drag your hands out of its cruel clasp than if some huge vise crushed your finger bones. And as that giant holds, it seems to shake you literally to death. A racking terror rages through your every fiber; a hideous million shocks a minute that you can bear and live—live less and less and less, while they claw their way back and forth through blood and bone and flesh and nerve. You stay conscious for a while, feeling the strength of your body ripped to rags, feeling the mental strength of you minced to bits, feeling the very blood of you electrolyzed and your heart slow down—slow down. If you could just let go! If you could just let go! You would fall half conscious thirty feet or more, to the hard floor of the boiler shop; but that is nothing—nothing. If you could only, only drag your fingers out of that hideous cursed grip!

I was talking to Pap Danna that day in his shop. Little George Illić was beside us. "How you hooked up?" I had just asked Pap quietly.

"To go, chief," he had answered in my ear. "You say when."

"Where's Simms?" I shouted then to little George.

"Charlie jus' gone up for wall-crane track," said George. "Inspect 'em last time little bit."

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Inquiries Into a Long Dry Spell

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

ASKING questions is all the rage at the inquisitive moment. Large companies of information addicts are earnestly seeking the absolute low-down on such throbbing problems as how many stomachs has a cow, how high is the tide in the Bay of Fundy, and who were the daughters of Macbeth. The search for light on these and many other essential items is feverish and continent-embracing.

When we discover what French king it was who said "I am the state," who invented the clothespin, and how long Moses detained the Israelites in the wilderness, we score six; but if we fall down on who was Button Gwinnett, what is the difference between "asphyxiate" and "aspiculate," or what had Buphagos, Adephagus and Vitellius in common, our humiliation is great. When we, as a people, start out after knowledge we simply will not be deterred. That is why we know so many things that are not so.

It has long seemed to me that one field for a profitable inquiry is embraced in the subject of the drinking of liquor. This, judging from the vast concern over it shown by practically all our citizens, of whatever sex, is a topic of vital concern. Yet I have examined several of the popular question books and find but few queries relating to this matter, and those of an academic character. This is an omission that is unexplainable, for the dominant trend of all American conversation in certain circles for the past seven or eight years has been along alcoholic lines, and the lack of American information as a base for this conversation has been, and still is, prodigious.

Anyhow, Gastritis Has Now Joined Up With the Other Painful Little Playmates of Continued Drinking

Hence, it seems meet, at this period of question making, to make a few questions myself and seek for the answers; because, I am frank to say, I do not understand why liquor, in any aspect of it, has become of such importance in the life of a part of the United States. Personally I am well acquainted with liquor. I know it intimately. I know how it is made, why it is made, why it is drunk and all about it in most all its forms. I have a wide and comprehensive knowledge of liquor, personal and particular and specific. I know it from both angles, as a drinker of it and as a nondrinker of it. I know its actions, reactions and reflexes, not only on myself as an individual but on my fellow man and woman, both individually and in the mass.

Who is John Barleycorn? What is He?

KNOWING these things, I am puzzled over this pother about liquor, this nation-wide exclamation over it, this fanatic addiction to it by large numbers of the people, this crazy clamor, this placing of liquor to the front as one of the most important and essential attributes of life, this making a fetish of liquor, of bowing down and worshiping it, this setting up of liquor as a prime factor in the progress of our civilization, this spell of booze, this howl for hooch, this frenzy over alcohol, this scheming, contriving, reckless expenditure, criminal collusion, disregard of quality or price, indifference to sources, contempt for physical reactions—this wild, insistent, unsane if not insane devotion to John Barleycorn that has developed in certain circles since the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect.

Thus puzzled, I ask my questions and earnestly seek for informative and convincing answers, and the first of those questions is this: What is this priceless boon that the Government of the United States, by authority of the Congress, which Congress was, in turn, authorized by two-thirds of the states in the Union, seeks to keep from the people? What is it? Is it some elixir of life? Is it some fountain of youth? Is it some panacea for all diseases? Is it some vital and indispensable factor in progress? Is it some great economic force? Is it absolutely necessary to all human well-being? Are the happiness, the prosperity, the mental, spiritual and social growth and perfection of the country dependent on it and clamorous for it?

What is this stuff, anyhow, that has so obsessed the American people? Is it some marvelous elixir that makes for brilliant conversation and mental effort and for vast creative accomplishment? Is it a great arcanum for thrift and accumulation and fortune? Is it a specific for health and a remedy for diseases? Is it necessary for the speedy and successful conduct of business and does it hold the secret of opulence? Is it a corrective for sociological, physiological and psychological ills that afflict us? Is it a cure for poverty or a prescription for affluence? Is it imperative for social intercourse or a restorative for poor trade? Does it make for better citizenship, a higher standard of living, a wider education, a cleaner politics and a wiser government?

What is it? Is liquor the panacea, the restorative, the long-sought redress and cure for what ails us? Is liquor any one or all these superlative and admirable adjuncts to American life, or is it just booze, just whisky, gin, beer, wine or some other alcoholic brew or distillation? Is liquor the great desideratum of life, the supreme requirement for happy, successful existence, or is it merely stuff with which and on which one can get drunk? Is drinking liquor a prime requisite for business, health or pleasure, or is it a practice that creates an artificial elevation for a time and provokes a real depression as an after result? Does drinking liquor improve the mind, improve the body, improve the conduct or improve the morals; or does it degenerate all four of these somewhat important human attributes?

I ask to know. I have not tasted liquor in more than sixteen years, and possibly I have been missing something. When I see all this liquor excitement, hear all this incessant liquor conversation, note this liquor obsession, observe all the trouble, expense, danger and devotion many of my fellow citizens, both male and female, put themselves to, to get it, I wonder if my viewpoint is wrong, and if I have not deprived myself of something desirable, even precious.

When I note all this outlay of money to get liquor, this wide sweep of bootlegging, hijacking, robbery and murder to obtain it, it gives me pause. When I see what many ordinarily prudent and thrifty fellow Americans are willing to pay for it, for the privilege of clandestinely gulping it down; when I know from my chemist friends and my medical friends the health risks they are taking for the sake of liquor; when I find men and women and boys and girls who carry flasks of liquor with them as habitually as they carry handkerchiefs, talk about liquor constantly, consume it assiduously, make it a paramount feature of their lives instead of an incidental one—I debate with myself over my position as a teetotaler and inquire earnestly if I haven't a wrong slant on it all.

I claim to bring an open mind to the consideration of this matter, because I have had experience on both sides of the line. I was a good workmanlike journeyman drinker in my drinking days and I have been a consistent abstainer in my nondrinking days. The trouble with most students of the habit of drinking is that they are usually special pleaders. The advocates of teetotalism never had, for the most part, any experience as drinkers and the witnesses for John Barleycorn know nothing about abstinence. I put in twenty years as a conscientious experimenter with liquor in its various forms, not as an addict, but as a practitioner of drinking in its usual social and convivial manifestations. I know all about drinking, save in its continued spree, periodical or addiction manifestations. I never had the habit, never was in that distressing physical condition where liquor was necessary, but took my drinking as a diversion, and did plenty of it, meantime going on successfully with my work and my social and business contacts.

Twenty Years as a Serious Drinker

MINE was versatile drinking and cosmopolitan. I did it all over the world and with all sorts of drinks. I accumulated a far-flung line of drinking acquaintances and companions, and investigated the subject of alcoholic stimulation and consumption from about as many angles as it has outside the angle of the addict. There is a phase of drinking that gets to be a disease, and that is beyond the scope of anything I have to say, and is to be considered only in its pathological aspects. Of course anybody who has knocked about as much as I have has seen somewhat of that sort of thing also, but acute or chronic alcoholism is one thing and the drinking I am talking about is another, although it was good, sincere, workmanlike drinking at that.

It was an interesting and amusing side line in my activities for twenty years or so, and until March, 1911. Then I quit. From that time until July, 1919, our national drinking continued in the conventional and established manner with which I was familiar—save that, from a personal angle, I was observing it from a seat on the water wagon instead of with my foot on the brass rail of a bar. I found

nothing to puzzle or excite me. Most of my drinking friends, and most of the drinking populace, were drinking in the same old way. Here and there a chap lost his job or his wife or his health because of his boozing. Quite often I went to funerals of fellows of about my age who had been hearty, handy drinkers in their prime. It was all a part of the game—nothing to get agitated about, commonplace as walking in and asking Billy to set up the black bottle that held the Old Hoofus you fancied after Billy had inquired: "What'll it be, gents?"

Few of the men that I knew or saw—and I knew and saw hundreds of them, because I was moving about all over the place and my contacts were with men who do things everywhere—considered drinking anything but an incident in the day's routine. Of course now and then and here and there the boys went out on a bender and made a good, moist night of it, got all lighted up and did some Sweet-Adelining and all that sort of thing, or didn't get home to dinner because they were detained by some momentous discussion in front of a bar that entailed considerable high-balling, and so on; but that was about all there was to it. Next morning they were mostly all at business—a bit katzenjammery, perhaps, and needing some of the hair of the dog, but there, and things went on as usual.

From a Means to an End

BOOZE wasn't the paramount interest in their lives. Booze was a diversion, an incident, a five-o'clock relaxation. Those who made it more than that suffered the consequences, which were the same then as now, accentuated now by the villainous quality of a good deal of the liquor that is drunk. You took one drink, two drinks, half a dozen drinks, and went on your way. If that way wound up in a jamboree, as it sometimes did, that was fun while it lasted, and not so funny when it was over; but, either way, it was nothing to turn in a general alarm about and of no particular importance in the general scheme of things.

Very few average Americans did any drinking to speak of at home, and women who drank were not numerous. Drinking was then a certainly conspicuous feature, but not an imperative of American life. It was a phase, not a domination. We drank for whatever our various reasons were, and while with many the compelling reason was the crass one of getting drunk, in a majority of cases getting drunk was incidental, even accidental, and happened during an evening of conviviality. Then, as now, of course, a certain intake of alcohol, varying with the individual, caused intoxication; but intoxication was not always the goal. The chaps who went out deliberately to get drunk were few in ratio to the chaps who acquired a jag without any plans in the matter whatsoever, but merely as the night wore along, or as circumstances and environment dictated or induced.

Then came wartime prohibition in July, 1919, and following that, national prohibition by means of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. Then the national American attitude toward liquor changed. The change was not so marked at first, because, in the first days of prohibition, liquor was to be had. It was not so easily obtained as in the days of the saloon and the bar, but there was considerable of it around and about. As the difficulties of liquor getting increased, the new American attitude toward liquor developed. Liquor, which had been a boon companion of dubious respectability and merit, was hoisted on a high throne to be bowed down to, worshiped and attended.

There was nothing new about it. Men had had liquor since time began. There was no novelty about it save, it may be, the novelty of poisonous fraud in the making of most of it. In most of its quantity it wasn't even good liquor. It was cut, doctored, bogus, noxious stuff. The cost of it was anywhere from ten to twenty times greater than it formerly was—often more than that. The effects of it were debilitating instead of exhilarating. The effort of securing it was greater than the effort of making the money to buy it. The processes of consuming it became a sodden, sullen task instead of a diversion. And liquor did not provide a single new thrill, develop any new faculty, exhibit any novel phase, save the poor quality of it, apparent to the nondrinking and experienced observer—not one.

Wherefore, as a student of life, as a citizen who ardently desires to get all that is coming to him in the way of experience and pleasure, as a teetotaler who is puzzled over this change in the attitude toward a matter about which he ought to know a great deal, I have examined into our present methods of drinking; I have analyzed the attitude of Americans toward liquor; I have delved into the psychologies and physiologies of drinking as now done in the United States; I have sought to discover and understand what there is about drinking and liquor that differs so materially from drinking and liquor as I knew them back in 1910 and for twenty years before that.

I have studied the subject in all its phases at first hand. I have tried to find out why liquor, which was merely whisky, gin or what not in those old days, a drink that made you drunk if you took enough of it, has become the

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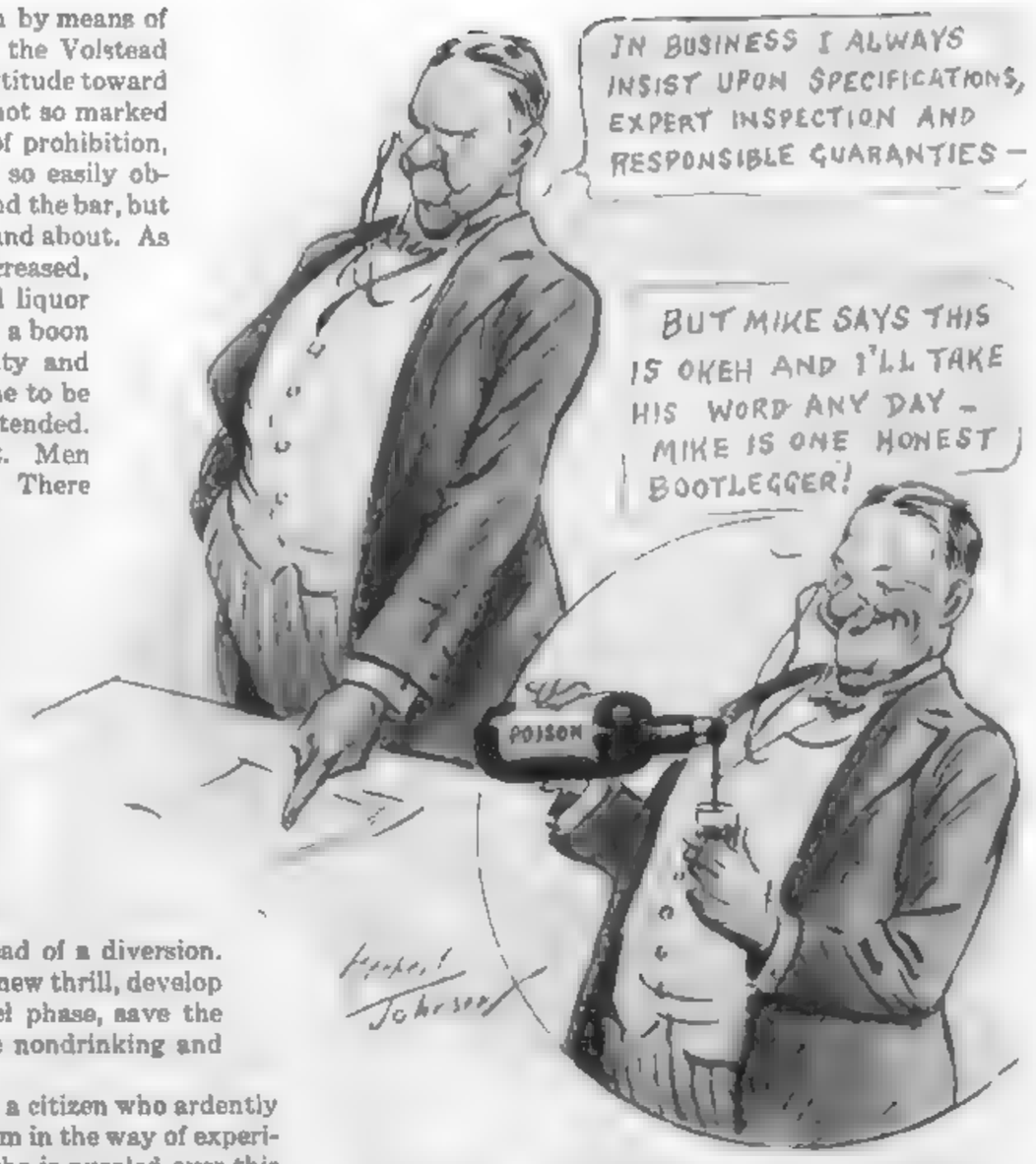
IN BUSINESS I ALWAYS INSIST UPON SPECIFICATIONS, EXPERT INSPECTION AND RESPONSIBLE GUARANTIES —
BUT MIKE SAYS THIS IS OKEH AND I'LL TAKE HIS WORD ANY DAY — MIKE IS ONE HONEST BOOTLEGGER!
POISON

We May be a Hard-Headed Business People in Many Ways, But Not With Booze. With Booze We are the Supreme Simpletons of the Universe

The Fact of Prohibition is No Real Reason for Their Transition to Drinkers Who Drink Like Lunatics

CHARLESTON

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

A Lady Was Waiting to See Him in the Hall

AT BROAD STREET and East Bay the ranks of the Carolina Rifle Club broke, and its members gathered about the entrance of the Trenholm banking building. Their companions in parade—the older Schützencorps—continued in marching order toward the Battery. The officers of the Carolina Rifle Club carried canes and bouquets of violets; the bouquets became a difficulty, and they were temporarily left in a fragrant heap by the door. All the men wore black felt hats, turned up, with green rosettes, gray coats of Kentucky jean, hunting shirts with green braid, and black trousers; but John Fearnes, who was rifle master, had a horn in green worsted on his arm. The occasion had been under the command of Walker Irvine, the first vice president; and, addressing Fearnes, he directed him to attend a special meeting in the clubrooms above. John Fearnes had kept his violets, and, going slowly up the long dark stairway, he had a feeling that he was partly sustained by their sweetness. He loved flowers, and peace, he reminded himself. The truth was that he loved everything flowers suggested—quiet gardens and hours; the pastoral poetry of Thomson's Seasons; drawing-rooms with yellow roses, and low charming voices.

But the charming voices, he further realized, were all in the background; perhaps the one really fortunate circumstance in the tragic present was the fact that he owned no attachment to a woman. None was dependent on him. However, he was not concerned by that. Women had never very strongly attracted him. Through all the forty years of life he could remember he had been equally retiring, indifferent. If—before the war, of course—he had been poor he would have been a teacher of literature or philosophy; as it was he had become, he had always been, a dreamer. A man who hated noise and contention; who was actually frightened by brutality; who was frightened by mere ugliness.

Physically he was slight, with a pale thin face, slightly drawn, as though by the memory of pain, and fragile hands—hands for the brittle pages of old books. His hesitating manner and mobile expression remained those of a boy; he had a sensitive boy's questioning candor; and his voice was as gentle as his air. He contrived, when it was possible, even in the Carolina Rifle Club, to stay unnoticed. It was strange, Fearnes thought, that he had been elected rifle master. There were twenty men in the club better fitted for that responsibility. In fact, he had protested against accepting it, but no one had listened to him. He didn't, for one thing, like rifles. They, too, filled him with a vague dread; and yet he was in charge of them. A serious position. It was enveloped, like all life now, with an unpleasant, a mocking aspect of humor.

Walker Irvine had reached the clubrooms before him; Rondelet was there and Dobbs Fenwicke. When the meeting was called to order ten men were present.

Irvine spoke: "I was sorry to ask you to parade today; it's troublesome and dangerous, and looked particularly useless now. I did it for the reason we always show ourselves publicly—for effect. But that, I must admit, was small enough in the election. With Moses successful—Franklin J. Moses governor of South Carolina! We can hardly add anything to that. But he isn't the business of this meeting. Gentlemen, we are completely in the hands of the North. We thought it was bad under Scott; it will be worse with Moses. God knows what will happen to the state debt. Last year it was over twenty-two million dollars. Gleaves, one of the worst niggers in South Carolina, is lieutenant governor. Beverley Nash, the Republican leader in the state Senate, blacked boots. He was respectable compared with the senator from Georgetown. The president of the Senate is a negro. The Speaker of the House is a negro. So is the state treasurer. Wright, a nigger, is a justice of the Supreme Court. The attorney-general, Elliott, is black, and Grant has put a black postmaster in Charleston. Our degradation is almost complete."

Why, Fearnes wondered, irritably, did Walker Irvine repeat what they all knew? It was clear that the state, that Charleston, would be accumulatively worse under Moses than it had been when Scott was governor. Everything in South Carolina was worse.

"It's no good going on with that," Irvine added. "We are only too familiar with it. Charleston has been under nigger rule for six years. But now our position is more serious." He paused. "Mingo Harth is back. Openly."

Ashton Charville asked sharply, "Do you mean the Postle?" Yes, Irvine replied, he did.

Charville thought he had been executed. "After the conspiracy with the Haiti slaves. I remember he was proved guilty."

Irvine replied shortly, "He escaped. That was the last time he was in Charleston until yesterday. He says the Union Republicans are going to elect him mayor." There was a general stir of incredulity.

"Why," Holt Gaddens declared, "the Postle would cut a Yankee throat just as soon as mine or yours. Sooner, because there would be money in a Yankee's pocket. The negroes know him. They ought to make it impossible."

Irvine continued: "He was with Banks Knell and later with Simril—the two most political negroes in the state. There was a meeting of some sort. I was assured Harth was truthful. For the moment. If he is we have had no trouble at all yet. None. I know him better than anyone else does here. The blacks won't, as Holt suggests, finish him among themselves, because they are afraid of him. He isn't an ordinary nigger. His name shows that—the Postle. He got most of his influence selling charms. The last time he was beaten for it he insisted they were love charms. But there was a healthy doubt. I ought to say, an unhealthy doubt. Juju, I was told. But I paid no attention to that. Thank God, I haven't got a black mind. We are here to discuss reality and not superstitions. The reality is bad enough."

"It seems to me our duty is clear," Charville spoke again. "The Carolina Rifle Club was not organized for parades."

Irvine answered decidedly, "Harth is too cunning. He won't expose himself. If he's nominated he will have an escort—soldiers at the door. No, it would have to be stopped at Columbia, if possible. I needn't point out the

consequences if he was elected. He hates us all generally and some of us very much in particular. By name, I might say. That isn't specially important. I mean what he could do to us individually. We face that every day. It's other things. I couldn't even suggest them. I don't know what they'd be. He has imagination. But we are getting nowhere. Do any of you remember Beverley Nash?"

John Fearnes unhappily admitted that he had encountered Nash at the Pavilion and on the sloop Annie.

Walker Irvine was obviously relieved. "Then, Colonel Fearnes, it is my suggestion you go to the capitol and see Nash privately. Point out to him that the present condition can't last forever. His carpetbagger friends have left already. Tell him he will soon need the support of his own state. Promise it to him, in reason, if the Postle isn't nominated."

Fearnes agreed. "Very well, if that is your decision. I will do what I can, Walker, but I haven't any confidence in my success. You won't think I am trying to avoid a disagreeable duty."

Irvine smiled. "Hardly," he said. "Not after your record in the war, under fire. John, I am going to be even more unfeeling and turn Mingo Harth over to you personally. You can exercise your ingenuity on him. The resources of the club are back of you, of course, but there is no need to spread that on the minutes. We can't, unhappily, wear our bays publicly. Draw, when you have to, on the special fund, and remember we are only a sentimental rifle club—with bouquets."

John Fearnes walked slowly past Elliott and Tradd streets to the East Battery; the paving and tracks were broken and the openings choked with weeds; the wharves—Boyce's, the Adger's and Vanderhorst Wharf—were empty and dilapidated; the Cotton Press opposite and a house on Stoll's Alley had been hit by shells. Beyond, the water of Charleston Harbor was an idyllic blue. The city itself, Fearnes thought, was stagnant; there was no movement in the air; it seemed to lie thick and dead on the roofs. He had been away from Charleston through the last three years of the war, with the Nineteenth South Carolina Infantry; but he could imagine that it had been better through the siege, heroic and unfallen, than it was now. The tonic smell of gunpowder in place of the smell of negroes. It was curious—in the past he had liked negroes; he had liked to think that he knew them a little. No one who was white could know more than a little about negroes. Vague perceptions. Guesses. Fantastic deductions.

He remembered Walker Irvine's disdain for juju. His own feeling was different; he wasn't as certain about it as Walker. In the past—the incredibly happy past—the truth was, he had been interested in such black magic. Only he had called it primitive religion. Obviously its right description. But opportunities for finding out about it practically didn't exist; aside from a price he had been congenitally unwilling to face. The fact that it even occurred to him had frozen him with fear. Yet, together with the horror, it held an undeniable fascination. And so, with enormous relief, he had given the whole affair up, except for things he accidentally saw and heard. He had at times been able to put scattered hints and words together. But, he realized, to no reputable result. He had denied himself the further study of primitive powers.

But he had, Fearnes insisted, liked negroes until now. And what had happened was not their fault. They were bad at present because they were neither slaves nor free. That, he saw, might with equal justice be said of himself. However, slavery was gone, the old serene days were gone. A new and shameful time, with its corruption, was everywhere evident about him. Fearnes reached the South Battery walk and turned to the right. Ahead the White Point Garden, its crêpe myrtles set against the blue tide, was seductive with a false appearance of peace. The walks were cool in shade, the iron benches commanded tranquil reaches of foliage and water. But it was all, the truth was, treacherous; the retreat of vileness and imminent danger. The open Battery walk, in reality, was not safe. He never, for example, went out alone at night.

Yes, the air—now that it was no longer purified by fire—was heavy; it was debased like mixed blood. There were, occasionally, muskets discharged into it, but they were muffled and surreptitious; the dull sounds of murder. It would be no better, he realized, in Columbia. Sherman, as usual, had been effective there, utter destruction, useless. He had engaged himself to preserve the city, but burned it at the signal of three rockets. Soldiers hacking at the fire hose. Breaking the water tanks. Still that, John Fearnes remembered, was war, frightful. He didn't, now, see how he had lived through it—three years without a conscious moment free from horror, actual and mental. Not, though, that one was less real than the other, less destructive. Well, he had survived; only to come upon something more devastating. This business of Mingo Harth, the Postle. Walker Irvine hadn't exaggerated Harth's possibilities as mayor of Charleston. Harth, of course, was insane with the peculiar insanity of the jungle. Murder would be a commonplace, but it wouldn't be commonplace murder.

John Fearnes stopped beyond King Street at a dignified house of yellow brick separated from the walk by a high iron grille. Curved stone steps rose from the shallow inclosed garden to the front door, it had an iron handrail, and it was massed with blooming Cherokee roses. The roses were the only vivid things he had seen in the whole city. Within, the high hall was empty and cold; a single chair stood by a tall dusty mirror, and there were fragments of paper on the floor. John Fearnes went up to the second floor, to an impressive drawing-room with its length open in long windows on the Battery. There was a China carpet, with a design in rose and indigo blue and dull orange on a white ground, the walls were painted terra-cotta red, and there were two great cut-glass chandeliers. At the farther end an old man looked up from a table deep in papers. It was Allds Fearnes, John Fearnes' father. He was making a register of St. Philip's Parish.

The younger asked, "How are you getting along?"

"I am having the devil of a time with the Greens and the Greenes," he replied. "There is no difference observed in the spelling at all. It was like that, perhaps you will remember, with the Faulkners. Looking ahead I can see it will be the same with the Lees. I may have to index them all as Leas. Then, on September second, 1732, Childermus, the son of Abraham Croft and Ann Maria, was born; and in 1732 Ann, the daughter of Childermus Croft and Catherine his wife, was born; but I can't make out that month. It is blurred. I must know when it was."

His voice and brow were worried, and John Fearnes put a hand on his shoulder. "The light is fading," he explained. "Put the records away until tomorrow and then it will all be clear."

"I thought of ordering candles," his father replied. "But where the servants are I can't make out. You might pull on the bell cord until your arm dropped off."

There was no one to hear a bell, a fact Allds Fearnes constantly forgot. "The servants are all gone," the younger man patiently explained. "We have had none since the war began."

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The Chant Was Like the Broken Breathing of an Inconceivable Animal. Fearnes Was a Part of It. "Efé Bruton, Efé que Name Ruion!"

GOLF WE WOMEN PLAY

By GLENNA COLLETT

Virginia Van Wie

WOMAN has been golfing, in a serious mood, only thirty-two years, and already in America her progress has attracted such polite notice that the idea of a woman's winning the Open Championship in competition with the sterner, longer-driving sex, is not so fantastic as it may seem. When the first Women's Championship was played, in 1895, Mrs. C. S. Brown won with the amazing score of 132 for eighteen holes.

But that performance was not as amusing, viewed from the present state of affairs, as the statement appears to indicate. There were mitigating circumstances. When the announcement of the first Women's Golf Championship was made, there were not more than a few hundred lady golfers in all this land. Only thirteen entered the tournament, and under such ominous auspices, it is not surprising that the winner needed an average of seven strokes a hole.

The play was on the nine-hole course of the Meadowbrook Club, which was the longest and most difficult course in America, and there were no women's tees. Golf did not then take women seriously enough to clutter its courses with two sets of tees. On the same course few men in the country, aside from the English and Scotch professionals, could consistently break 100.

Last year at Philadelphia, on a rain-soaked course, twelve of the thirty-two women who qualified scored under 90, and all who were so careless as to require more than 93 strokes failed to qualify. The average score of the thirty-two ladies who qualified was 90. The average in the first championship tournament was about 150. A reduction of sixty strokes in thirty-two years naturally leads to speculation as to how many more strokes can be eliminated in five or ten years.

Women's Par

TODAY, on most courses, there is a difference of about ten strokes between men's par and women's par. That, I confess, pretty accurately represents the difference between the average man golfer and his golfing sister, and under even conditions it is not reasonable to expect a successful feminine assault on the world's golfing honors. No one is more convinced of this than the women who golf. It is always a man who asks: "Will the best women players ever be able to compete with the best men?"

The ideal lady champion who could play a close match with Walter Hagen or Bobby Jones does not, of course, exist except in the imagination of speculative golfing fans who do not play golf. Women lack the strength to play golf as well as men, and there the matter rests. If a golfing amazon should appear on the horizon with a consistent drive of 250 yards, there is no reason why she could not tee up with any man in the world and expect to win.

As a matter of record, when the difference in strength has been equalized, women have held their own. Miss Cecil Leitch, playing from women's tees about thirty yards closer to the pin than the men's tees, defeated Harold Hilton, when he was the British Amateur Champion. On another occasion, playing from the same tee, she defeated one of the best English professionals with a handicap of a stroke every other hole. She took a stroke on the even holes, and won 6 up and 5 to go, but in reality she played an even match with her opponent for the thirteen holes, her margin of six holes exactly balancing the six strokes her handicap had given her. Without any handicap at all the match would have been square on the thirteenth green.

Glenna Collett in Action and in Repose

The Bisque System

WHEN I played in England in 1925 in the British Women's Championship, I was very much interested to discover that the leading women players constantly play with the best men, on a handicap basis, and they frequently win with a handicap of fewer strokes than the mythical ten that is supposed to mark the difference between the golfing prowess of the sexes in America, as established by the conventional ten strokes variation between men's and women's par on most courses. Before playing in the Women's Championship, in which I was defeated in the third round by Miss Joyce Wethered, the British champion, I played a number of practice and exhibition matches, including one with Cyril Tolley, former amateur champion of Great Britain. I had the usual handicap of a stroke on the even holes, and won the match on the final green. Peculiarly, on the sixteenth and eighteenth holes, in which I was entitled to a stroke advantage, I did not need the handicap. The cards for that match are interesting and are here reproduced from my scrapbook:

Collett out	4	4	2	4	6	3	3	4	4	36
Tolley out	4	5	4	4	4	4	3	4	5	37
Collett in	3	5	4	5	4	5	2	4	3	35 — 71
Tolley in	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	3	5	37 — 74

My card includes the handicap. My actual score would be shown by adding a stroke to second, fourth, sixth, eighth, tenth, twelfth, fourteenth, sixteenth and eighteenth holes. Though I actually received a handicap of nine strokes, the card reveals that on the seven holes I won, the second, third, ninth, tenth, twelfth, sixteenth and eighteenth, the handicap was of actual value on only three holes—the second, tenth and twelfth. As a matter of fact, I could have won that match with a handicap of only six strokes, because on three holes—the sixth, sixteenth and eighteenth—the stroke handicap was of no value to me.

I recount this not as a personal tribute but as proof that the ten-stroke margin now prevailing between men's par and women's par is somewhat artificial, if not obsolete. And the fact has come to be recognized, for now the best women players are satisfied to engage the best of the men if they are given six bisques in an eighteen-hole match. The bisque system of handicap permits the woman to select the stroke given her on any hole she wishes, rather than arbitrarily receiving a stroke on specified holes under an advance agreement. Thus, in my match with Mr. Tolley, I had a six on the sixth hole, and as I was entitled to a stroke, my corrected score was five, but the stroke was of no assistance because my opponent played the hole in four and won it. On the sixteenth I had a three and had to accept a stroke that was not needed, because Mr. Tolley had a four; and on the eighteenth I scored a four against Mr. Tolley's five and so wasted the stroke handicap that made my corrected score a three. Had we been playing bisques, I should not have needed these three strokes.

Cecil Leitch of England

Making Every Stroke Count

ON THIS same day Miss Wethered played S. F. Storey, and with a handicap similar to mine, defeated him quite easily. Later in the day Miss Wethered and I teamed against Storey and Tolley and, with a handicap, defeated them in a best-ball match.

The greatest weakness in a woman's game, aside from her lack of strength, is a tendency to be erratic. I have frequently scored a 35 or 36 on one nine of an eighteen-hole match, and 45 on the other. It is not at all unusual to see 2's and 3's shoulder to shoulder with 7's and 8's on a woman's card.

Men as a rule are more consistent, and that is why a woman player prefers six bisques to a stroke every other hole in an eighteen-hole match against her male rivals. She can use the bisques on the shorter holes where her play is up to the best masculine standards, and when she has erratic periods she saves the bisques for the time when her nerves have quit fluttering.

Last summer after Bobby Jones had won the British and American Open Championships, he played a match against Miss Maureen Orcutt and me. The provisions were that Miss Orcutt and I were permitted to count our lowest score, on each hole, be it Miss Orcutt's or mine. We drove from the same tees and asked no bisques or other handicaps. The advantage of this arrangement, from our standpoint, was that the well-known erratic tendencies of women golfers would be lessened, because Miss Orcutt and I would not be nervous, and show it in our scores, on the same holes.

The match was played on the course of the Oakland Golf Club, Bayside, Long Island, and Bobby maintained male prestige, winning from us by a margin of one hole. Bobby was not at his best, but neither was Miss Orcutt. The trouble with the women that day was too much standardization of play. Miss Orcutt and I halved fourteen of the eighteen holes, so that we really had only four occasions to choose the lower of our scores. That enabled Bobby to win with 77, which is not at all a typical Jones round of golf.

One of the matches which brought the sexes into competition was played at the Westchester Biltmore Club at Rye, New York, a few years ago. The male standard was carried by Walter Hagen and Gene Sarazen, and in that year they were just about the best men golfers in the world. The fair sex was represented by Alexa Stirling, who had won the national title three years in succession and was the best American player. I had won the women's title the year before and so was asked to aid Alexa in the argument with Sarazen and Hagen.

The men had agreed to play us a best-ball foursome, and give us six bisques, and, I am confident, they expected to give us a beating. I am not sure just what came up to interfere with that program, but as the match finally was played, Sarazen and I played a foursome against Miss Stirling and Hagen.

But I still have the scores, and I shall always have them to support the contention that six bisques will equalize the sexes on the golf course. The cards show Alexa was far from her best form with an 88, and I took two 42's for an 84. Our best-ball card was 40–38—78. Hagen and Sarazen each had a 79, and their best-ball score was 69. Still, with the six bisques, Alexa and I could have overcome the nine strokes difference in the best-ball cards—we had 78 against 69 for the men. Not only that, we would have won the match, two up and one to go. That would have been possible because on four holes Hagen's and Sarazen's best-ball score was two strokes under mine and Alexa's. That was one stroke wasted on each of those holes. The cards were like this:

Out Stirling and Collett
3 3 4 4 5 3 4 5 5 — 40
Sarazen and Hagen
4 4 5 5 4 3 4 4 4 — 36

In. Stirling and Collett
3 5 3 4 5 3 4 4 5 — 38—78
Sarazen and Hagen
3 4 3 4 4 3 4 5 3 — 33—69

Putting

WE WERE one up on the first hole, halved the second and third and were two up at the fourth with not a bisque used. The men won the fifth, but a bisque gave us a half. By this time the men were annoyed and won the sixth hole by two strokes, and as nothing could be done about it, even with a bisque, we let them have it and were still one up. The seventh was halved, and the eighth also, when we used our second bisque. The ninth went to the men by a two-stroke margin and the match was square.

Going into the second nine we had four bisques left. The tenth hole was halved and the eleventh also, with the aid of a bisque. A two-stroke advantage gave the men the twelfth and made them one up. The thirteenth was halved and the fourteenth also, with a bisque. We were one down with four holes and two bisques left. The match was squared on the fifteenth with one of our two bisques. We used our last bisque on the sixteenth to win the hole, and became one up. Then, on mere golf, without bisque or favor of any sort, we won the hole with a four to the men's five, and thus won the match, two up and one to go. With the judicious use of six bisques I could have beaten Sarazen that day by a score of four and three, and Hagen by a score of three and one, although each had the same medal score. The greater difficulty in defeating Hagen was that he did his best playing in the first nine holes and made his only costly errors in the last two holes of the match.

Despite her unwonted high score, Miss Stirling would have played an even match with Hagen, by the aid of six bisques, and against Sarazen would have carried the match to the final green before losing by a margin of one hole.

Miss Collett at the Finals of the Men's Amateur Championship, Played at Baltusrol, New Jersey, in September, 1926

However theoretical all this may be, it is the only method of getting much light on the recurring query of the relative skill and stamina of men and women on the links. In America mixed matches are not often played under the handicap system, as they are in England, where women have been playing much longer than in America, and where the level of feminine golfing ability is somewhat higher. For many years after women took up golf, to the amusement of the men, it was thought that they were deficient in play about the greens. In other words they were poor putters. They were too flighty to concentrate seriously on the short game. But I think that view is mistaken. My observation has been that women are unusually good at putting—better, on the whole, than men. Their short game simply must be good, because it is about all the game women can play. On most courses, as now laid out, a woman needs an average of one stroke more than a man to reach the green. Once on the green she asks no quarter.

After Miss Orcutt and I played our best-ball match with Bobby Jones, he said that he believed the women could make golf very interesting for the men if a match were played with the women driving from the forward tee. That would enable her to play her second shot from approximately the same general position as her male opponent.

From Golf Game to Slugging Match

MOST courses in America were designed for men. The holes are long, and steady driving of 250 to 300 yards is demanded if par is to be threatened. But there are few women who can drive that distance. An average of 200 yards is unusual in women's golf.

The result is simply this: In a mixed match you will usually find the man playing his second with an iron, while the woman, farther back, sadly uses her woods. Wood gives the greater distance, but is not so easily controlled as an iron shot. Therefore a woman must more often call on her wooden clubs, or, if she prefers to play it safe, take two strokes with her irons, because she cannot get the distance that man does with his greater strength.

That is what Bobby Jones had in mind when he generously deprecated his victory over Miss Orcutt and me by saying that it was not a test at golf, under the conditions, but simply a slugging match. When a golfer is constantly outdistanced in his tee shots, he presses on his seconds, and that is about the worst thing you can do in golf. When you try to outdo yourself, you lose your

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PHOTOS BY EDWIN LEVICK, N. Y. C.

Glenna Collett Pulling Out of a Sand Trap

PEOPLE AGAINST CORTENAY

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

BECAUSE," said Gilbert Cecil Cortenay, "I love you."

His voice was low and vibrant. Miss Violet Bondy pressed the slender and aristocratic hand that had captured one of hers. An arm of his was about her shoulders at once; her head sank back and she looked up into his eager face. His large gray eyes were soft and pleading.

He would have kissed her. She averted her face and slipped from his arm; the locale did not give propriety or poignance to a declaration and a first embrace. The chamber in which they stood was magnificent indeed, vast, high, softly but powerfully illuminated, with huge marble staircases—a movie director, not knowing its identity, would have just loved it for a domestic interior in high life. And, too, it resounded with embraces; people were kissing all over. But it didn't suit Miss Violet Bondy, because it was the Grand Central Station.

"I'll miss my train," she said, definitely putting aside emotion with a mastery that only a woman ever achieves. They walked toward the gate that admitted to the Stamford local. He was tall and slim, but carried himself well; his carriage, and his dab of brown mustache, and his touch of insolence, suggested the foreign army officer in civilian dress. She was of sturdier type, threatening to become stately with maturity. Her physical assets were youth and health and good nature; her features were too pronounced; and yet she had been beautiful for a moment, just after he said, "I love you."

She asked him, with a new interest that pleased them both, where he was going to lunch. He said, passing her through the gate, "At the Carlton Terrace with an Oxford friend—Sir George Martin. You'll be in town again on Tuesday?"

Cortenay walked over to the Broadway Subway—walked with a swing. A tender and reminiscent smile still parted his lips and animated his black-fringed gray eyes. And then his humor was sicklied o'er; he said aloud, raising his weakly clenched hand, "For her, and by gravy, I shall!" He would have looked stern, and even grim, but he did not register strong emotions well; in spite of a large, straight and bony nose, his face was effeminate—his chin and his forehead retreated, abandoning this bold nose.

He rode downtown to Fourteenth Street. He entered a saloon there and drank a fair quart of lager beer for five cents, and ate, for a dime more, a businessman's lunch of beef stew and cold slaw with pickled onions; he did not lunch with Sir George Martin the Oxonian. He went then into Union Square Park, took a seat that was screened by a rubbish receptacle of the department of street cleaning, and counted his money. He had forty-eight dollars and sixty cents. The time was well within banking hours, and yet he regarded this inadequate sum total with solemnity, with fatalism; it was evidently all his available cash.

"Hey, boss, throw us a cent, will you?" whined a beggar.

"On your way, bo," said Cortenay, putting his fortune into an inner breast pocket and buttoning vest and coat above it. He rose, lifted his trouser legs and brushed his shoes on the rear of his socks, tightened his cravat, and sauntered out into Fourteenth Street, then west to Sixth Avenue, and then southward.

He paused on Sixth Avenue several times to look into pawnshop windows, looking at the displays of ticketed jewelry. He stopped for the last time before a curiosity shop that was within a stone's throw of Jefferson Market Police Court and jail.

He pretended interest in a row of human heads that were exposed for sale in the window. These heads were on sale at ten dollars apiece, and for anybody wanting a human head other than his own, they were unquestionably good value. They were the heads of South American Indians, and were as small as fists, having been shrunk, and were devilish looking. There was also a hand from the land of Egypt, with a horrid history written plainly on a card. For people of more brains and decency there were shown trays of loaded dice, marked cards, pistols and dirks. The display graded up through Confederate money—one was urged to flash a big roll and impress one's friends—to merchandise that could conceivably appeal to civilized people. There were old coins, sporting goods, optical goods, musical instruments, wood carvings, jewelry.

"I'm Taking You at Your Word, English. I'm Helping You to Go Straight. Don't Double-Cross Me"

It was a double store; its show windows were separated by the entrance. In the other show window was displayed silver, and a staggering lot of it for such a store and neighborhood. Real silver was evidently nothing to brag about and to swathe in soft tissues; several hundred weight of it was there, and most of it blackened and tarnished. It was secondhand goods, like everything in the store, but it was a fair ten thousand dollars' worth. The proprietress' name—M. A. Bonn—was on both windows in broken white letters.

Cortenay saw her in the store. He went in. She looked up from a sporting paper, said cordially but not effusively, "Hello, English, how's the rush?" and resumed her reading.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Bonn, and how've you been?"

"Sick abed," she said, looking at him sharply for an instant. She was middle-aged and masculine in appearance and manner; she was powerfully built, and spoke with directness and assuredness. And yet her manner and her deep voice, and the self-reliance shown in the glance of her gray-green eyes were rather pleasant, were appealing in a storekeeper. "Have we been introduced, Mr. Cortenay?"

"Ma," he said, giving her the name that she evidently preferred, "let me see some diamond rings, please."

"Solitaire? For a woman?"

"If you please."

She put a tray of rings on the counter. He asked the price of one he fancied. "One hundred and fifty," she said.

"To me, ma?"

"Try to buy it for two-fifty on Fifth Avenue, English."

"It's more than I can pay, really."

"Don't be a piker; it's only once in a lifetime. She may keep it for some time, and you don't want her ever to be ashamed of it. Where have you been keeping yourself?"

"I'm not stepping out any more, ma."

She looked at him fixedly. "Can't you get a job?"

"I don't want one. I tell you I'm through."

"Marrying money?"

"She has money," said Cortenay. His eyelids drooped satirically and he said, "Her old gentleman has, rather." Then he caught her hand impulsively. "Ma," he said, "that isn't it. It isn't the money upon my word. She's the dearest, sweetest ——"

Ma Bonn laughed cheerfully and heartily, and said, "English, you're all right. Love her, do you? If she has so much money, why don't you touch her for the price of the ring?"

"Ma, you have no sentiment," said Cortenay. "It would be repugnant to every fine instinct to borrow of her at this time."

"Do you owe me any money, English?"

"Oh, no, indeed, ma."

"You'd say that." She put the tray away and stepped aside into a glass-inclosed office. She returned. "You owe me two hundred and twenty-five," she said. "And do you want that ring? Take it with you. The price is a hundred and fifty."

"Thank you, ma, thank you. I'll pay you, upon my word."

"Who is she, English?"

"Her name is Doris Slagle, and her old gentleman has a large ice business in Astoria and College Point," he said readily.

"She must be nice if she's nicer than your wife."

"Oh, that was not my wife! Which one, ma? Oh, dear, no."

"But I won't wait for my money until your iceman unbelts," she said briskly. "It's a poor risk. He might shoot you when he hears of it. You better jump out and grab a job."

"I tell you I shan't."

"If you only made twenty dollars a week, you could pay me so much every Saturday. And it would make a hit with your in-laws"

"Ah," he said, and was undecided. "I don't know, ma, but that I shall try something of the sort. I suppose it is the thing to do, eh? Upon my word, I have done my last job. Never again, ma; I'm done with sporting. I shall have a look about for some light and dignified employment, such as a stock broker."

"What's wrong with your own racket—clerking in a store? Don't worry; they're opening new stores every day. It just so happens that there's a party in back right now who knows of a grand situation that's looking for a promising young man—selling in a swell Fifth Avenue specialty shop. Tell your new father-in-law that you're getting mercantile experience. How about it, English?"

She stepped along the counter, and it would seem that she signaled; a door in the rear of the store opened and a man came forth.

"Crogan," said Ma Bonn, "meet English Bert—Gilbert Cecil Cortenay. Crogan, you have a customer up on Fifth Avenue who's looking for a clerk. Put English in there."

"As you say, ma," said Crogan with a bit of hesitation.

"It's all right," said Ma Bonn. "English has taken the cure." She walked from behind the counter, clapped Cortenay on the back and shook his hand. "I'm taking you at your word, English. I'm helping you to go straight. Don't double-cross me. Don't let me hear, through somebody else, that you've stepped out again. I'll ruin you. That being said, do you need money? When you do, you know where's the sugar barrel."

Crogan was a large and plausible gentleman, florid, heavy-faced and handsome, and probably younger than he looked; he could pass easily for a whisky salesman. He was a dry-goods jobber. His car was outside. He and Cortenay rode to Fifth Avenue in the neighborhood of Fortieth Street and entered a large new shop. There was a profusion of flowers about, suggesting that the place had just been opened to trade. It was a glorified dry-goods store. Crogan dismissed three faultlessly attired gentlemen who danced forward to try to sell him something, and marched through the shop to the rear. A stout and pink-faced man with a fluffy mane of blond hair came to meet him; it was the proprietor, Jonas Drubel.

"Hello, Joe," said Crogan, taking hold of the man's hand and elbow and squeezing and shaking them. "Here's a young friend of mine whom I want you to put on. Thank me some other time, Joe. But look at him now. Looks good? Talk to him, Joe. He's the type for Fifth Avenue, Joe. This is not Broadway, Joe."

"Have you had sales experience?" asked Mr. Drubel.

"Sorry," said Cortenay. "Deucedly sorry, you know. I've never thought of selling in a shop until just of late. Oh, no, I've had no experience—the idea!" He looked amused, but slightly indignant.

"The type," said Crogan. "Am I right? Let him eavesdrop for a week or so, and then—those eyes—that air! He'll be deadly." He leaned forward and whispered, "He's related to the English nobility! People fabulously rich that is, the other branches of the family. Never mind that blah about wanting to get experience; that's his story—he needs the job."

"I don't need him, but I'll put him on if you ask me," said Drubel. "Report at eight o'clock Monday, Mr. Cortenay. Pleased to meet you." He drew Crogan aside.

"We had good luck with that silk you sold me," he said, looking at the jobber with intentness. "You told me who makes that silk and I've forgotten."

"No, Joe, I forgot to tell you, you mean," said Crogan archly. "I told you that silk was put out under the market to raise immediate cash. Now if we people that got it were to tell where it came from there would be a howl from the people that have been paying the full price. You'd like the name, Joe, so that you could tell your customers to go to the finest shops in New York and price the same goods. Oh, no, my boy."

"Can you get me any more of it?"

"No. Not except at the full price."

"What have you got that's good? A lot that I can use here."

"Spanish shawls!" whispered Crogan guardedly. "They're not the real thing; they're better. Chinese goods, on white. You can see the same thing at McCarren's on Thirty-fourth Street—three hundred and twenty-five dollars apiece. They paid at least two hundred for them—their mark-up isn't over 50 per cent. Get a real Spanish shawl—maybe six or seven hundred—and put my goods beside it on your counter, and let these Chinese shawls sell themselves. Sell them for just what they are; let the customer make her own pedigree."

"But certainly," said Drubel, bridling. "We don't sell substitutes here except as such. Where did these goods come from?"

"I'll tell you why I can't tell you," said Crogan, taking both elbows of his customer to look at him squarely. "I'm very close to an auctioneer that handles bankruptcy sales, and these goods are going under the hammer tomorrow. Don't look in the paper; it's not in New York. Well, he doesn't care whom he sells to, does he? And it's nobody's property. I've got those shawls in the bag right now - three dozen—at a hundred dollars. Do you want them for a hundred and a half?"

"And a quarter," bargained Drubel.

"Sold. . . . Oh, did I speak to you about some French kids? Simply wonderful goods. But now I recall why I didn't offer them to you, Joe. To be perfectly candid, I don't think they paid duty. They can't have, at the price. I know you wouldn't be interested."

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Ma Bonn Took Hold of the Reluctant Hand, Pulled the Glove From It, and Exposed a Narrow Band of Gold on the Third Finger

Keeping the Mississippi in Its Banks and Out of Politics

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

MORE than 500,000 of our fellow countrymen have been driven off their property or have suffered grievous loss by the Mississippi flood. Some of them have been drowned; some of them have lost everything in the world.

No one questions the need for our generous sympathy and support. Let no one deceive you into believing that it has not been given and is not being given and will not be given.

No one questions the fairness of the call to the nation not only for rescue work to which the Government has already been the greatest contributor but also for rehabilitation and for leadership and for substantial contribution toward the future security of some 25,000 or 30,000 square miles, with its great population. Every year every acre of that empire is more valuable, every square mile has on it more inhabitants. Every year there is additional reason for security.

Waiting in Line for a Hand-Out

The Federal Government has already done much over a long period and made an expenditure for the inseparable improvements for navigation and flood protection that now is mounting far over $150,000,000.

No one doubts that there is some measure of national responsibility toward the flooded areas of 1927. Just what aid can be demanded fairly and just what self-help the states or localities should contribute is a matter for equity.

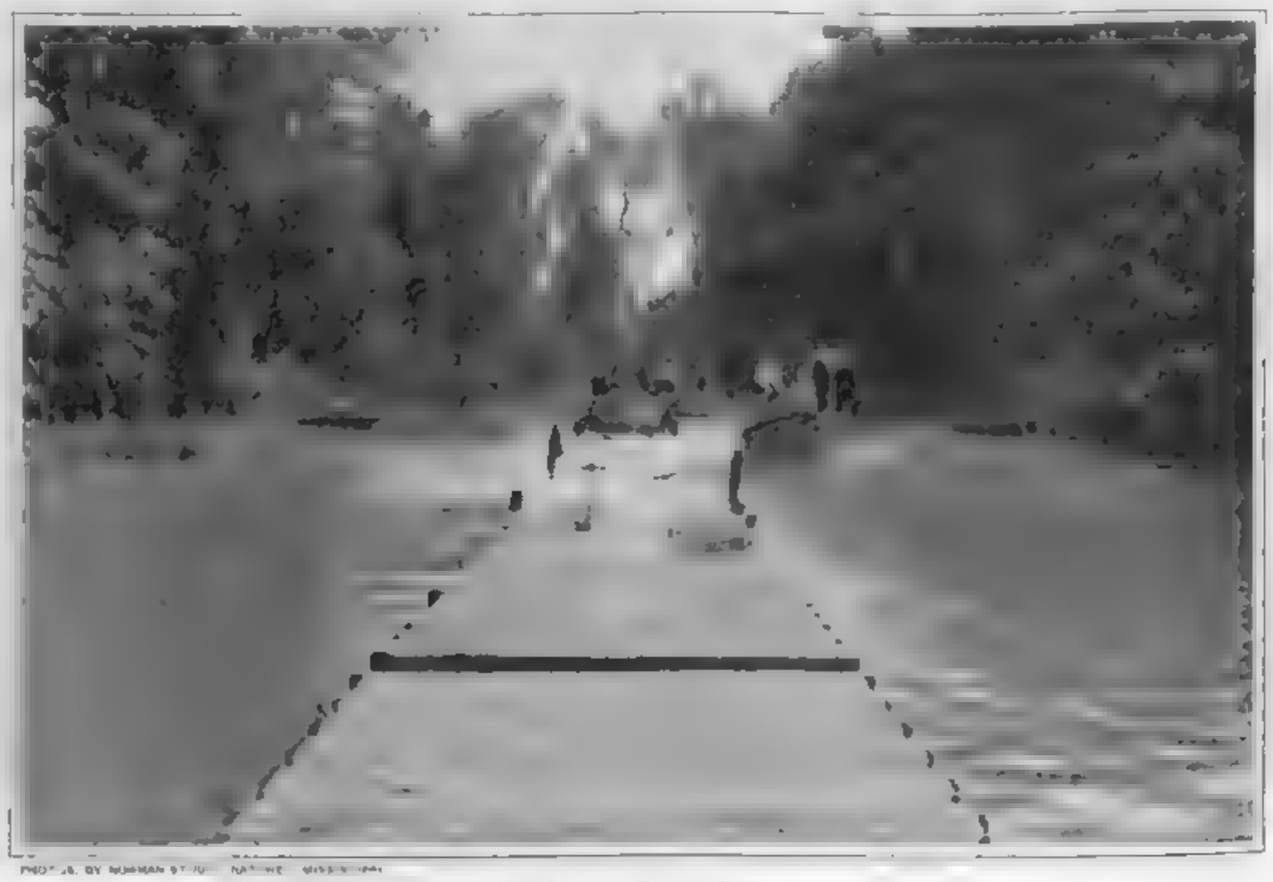
It is not only a matter for equity, but it is a matter which involves also the limited ability of some local communities to bear further tax burdens just now. But just as soon as possible, flood control is a necessity.

A part of our national responsibility and to some extent the measure of our national obligation are based on the vast extent of territory and the great number of citizens involved.

A National Obligation

THE conception of the territory involved may be had from a truthful statement of ex-Senator Vardaman, who said, in 1916:

"The total area of those alluvial deltas which will be protected is over 25,000 square miles. It is difficult to comprehend the full meaning of big figures without stating their relative significance. Twenty-five thousand square miles is about the combined area of Delaware, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts; it is larger by one-third than the two states of New Hampshire and Vermont; it is almost as large as the great state of Maine or South Carolina, and, in fact, larger than West Virginia. It is equal to the combined kingdoms of Belgium and Denmark, larger than Greece and Servia, and about the size of the Netherlands and Switzerland combined."



Unloading Life-Saving Boats From New Jersey Coast Guard

Long ago some degree of national obligation was realized when local need and local inability to bear the whole burden affected the whole national welfare.

John C. Calhoun, in 1845, because at that time there was nothing assessable from the localities, said:

"It is the genius of our Government, and to me its beautiful feature, that what individual enterprise can effect alone is to be left to individual enterprise; what a state and individuals can achieve together is to be left to the joint action of states and individuals; but what neither of these, separately or conjoined, are able to accomplish, that, and that only, is the province of the Federal Government. This is the case with the Mississippi River."

Reciprocity

IN 1848, Lincoln, criticizing President Polk's veto of the Rivers and Harbors Bill, said:

"The instances of the Navy and the Mississippi River show clearly that there is something of local advantage in the most general objects. But the converse is also true. Nothing is so local as to not be of some general benefit. The just conclusion from all this is that if the nation refuse to make improvements of the more general kind because their benefits may be somewhat local, a state may for the same reason refuse to make an improvement of a local kind because its benefits may be somewhat general. A state may well say to the nation, 'If you will do nothing for me, I will do nothing for you.' Thus it is seen that if this argument of inequality is sufficient anywhere, it is sufficient everywhere, and puts an end to improvements altogether. I hope and believe that if both the nation and the states would in good faith, in their respective spheres, do what they could in the way of improvements, what of inequality might be produced in one place might be compensated in another, and the sum of the whole might not be very unequal. But suppose, after all, there should be some degree of inequality. Inequality is certainly never to be embraced for its own sake; but is every good thing to be discarded which may be inseparably connected with some degree of it? If so, we must discard all government."

When the equities of divided responsibility for flood control are considered one must not forget that

the Mississippi River, if measured by its longest tributary, is the longest river in the world. Trace the length of stream up the Missouri, then up the Jefferson, up Beaver Head River, up Red Rock Creek, and through Red Rock Lakes to the longest feeding stream, and there are 4205 miles. The Amazon, according to accepted figures, is 3800 miles long, the Nile about the same length, the Yang-tse-Kiang and the Yenisei about 3350 and the Congo not over 3000. The tributary laterals of the river fan out so that, astounding as it may be, it is none the less the fact that they carry into the Mississippi the drainage of more than 40 per cent of the territory of the whole United States. That water flow—that drainage—is not a benefit only to the states on the lower reaches of the river. Sometimes, as we have just seen, that system brings to the alluvial delta district a titanic disaster. At all times that drainage system is the most valuable asset of the whole drained territory.

The general rule of thumb of law is that the occupant of higher land has no responsibility for water which, under natural conditions, leaves his land and descends upon his neighbor's, but probably it is true that if he changes the natural conditions so that greater burdens of water damage are put upon his neighbor, the neighbor has a cause for complaint. Following this principle the states of the lower Mississippi would have an equitable claim for contribution toward flood protection against all that territory which, by deforestation, artificial drainage, increasing the speed and quantity of discharge, by occupation or narrowing of the natural river beds or by other changes in natural conditions, has increased the danger of flood in the valleys below.

Mess Line

An Inch at a Time

IN PASSING, it may be said that no one knows that these changes have increased that danger; the history and the bed of the river record flood stages larger in extent than any known since the character of the drainage territory was changed by man.

But in the last analysis the subject of Federal interest in flood control is not one for hairsplitting or for playing jackstraws. There are four dominant and pregnant reasons why Uncle Sam has already put—and should put deeper—his hand into his pocket to improve and tame the Mississippi:

First. Extent of territory and its value and numbers of population involved make the problem national in aspect.

Second. The pocketbooks of the states, communities and districts cannot as a whole bear the burdens alone.

Third. Flood control has already suffered the tragedy of insufficient scope of plan and of work done and standards maintained. As Secretary Hoover said to me as we passed along the river by a series of levees, some strong and some weak, "No chain is better than its weakest link." And unless the Mississippi problem is treated as a whole, there will be no effective lion-taming. The agonies of the past, to speak in plain terms, have arisen from the piecemeal job done. As one planter in Louisiana said to me while the waters of the Red River and the Mississippi joined to put their tongues over a levee topping, in order to lick out a roaring crevasse: "Money on levees has been spent by all of us—local districts and the Government—in order to save pain. But it's like the man who, to save his hound misery when the dog's tail had to be amputated, cut an inch off every now and then! And we are more foolish than that. Our dog's tail is growing longer every year!"

Fourth. The problem of building a levee system and of putting down blankets or revetments, as bank-protecting mattresses and other like devices are called, is inseparable from the problem of navigation. Banks that do not erode or cave in and strong levees which narrow the current keep navigation channels clean. The United States controls its navigable waters. As time goes on and the country, by increase of population and products, outgrows railway facilities, river navigation will be revived. It is impossible to separate the problems of navigation and flood control.

PHOTOS BY NORMAN STUDIO NATCHEZ MISSISSIPPI

"Once Upon a Time." An Old French Lady Telling Stories to Children in a Refugee Camp

Crocodile Tears

NOW anyone with a few spoonfuls of common sense would suppose that an intricate and gigantic problem, such as the control of Mississippi floods, and the determination of the question of how much the nation and how much the local properties should contribute, would rest upon the recommendations of engineers who know the river, on the one hand, and, on the other, upon the recommendations of a board of apportionment constituted of the best men we could find, who, in addition to integrity and legal and economic knowledge, would bring to their task nonpartisan and nonpolitical common sense.

If that were done and political vultures did not hover over the devastated alluvial delta, if woe wails were not lifted to the skies by those who see in the Mississippi disaster a chance to get in a fist if the Treasury door opens a crack for deserved aid, if political-party leaders did not use the Mississippi flood to dress up a semblance of an issue at a time when they lack issues, then the Southern States that bear the brunt of the flood menace would get a maximum of aid with a maximum of promptness.

A distinguished leader in one of these states gives me his opinion: "We would be fools to let this question get into politics. Many of those who called loudest for an extra session of Congress and shed crocodile tears onto us are not from the flood district at all. They tried to make out that rescue work had taken the bulk of the Red Cross millions and that the Federal Army, Navy, Coast Guard and all their services and supplies were not at our disposal to the tune of millions of dollars. Anything to get their feet into our trough! And if we have any sense we'll keep our cause separate from their attempts to get into the grab bag.

"The sentiment of the country is with us now. It would swing away if it looked as if we were standing in a long line of log-rollers trying to loot the Treasury."

I am certain that he is right. Some of the loudest screams for Federal largesse for the Mississippi states came from those who are using the flood disaster to open up the honey pot on which the Coolidge sense or temperament, or whatever one calls it, has screwed down the lid.

In the midst of the real suffering someone penned the following doggerel. It may contain more truth than poetry:

Flood come. Flood go.
Now we wonder why
Every engineering quack has us in his eye.

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With a Modern Leading Lady

By FANNIE KILBOURNE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

CLAIRE might have been more discreet about Edward Cheney if she had known that he had a jealous wife. Times have changed, of course, since the good old days of melodrama when the erring girl was always cast out into a snowstorm, Christmas Eve. But Claire knew well enough that the ancient melodrama bobs up every now and then in modern trappings. Like the golden-haired stenographer she had known in the Miller Agency—an excellent stenographer and as blameless as she was beautiful. She was not even erring, yet life for that poor girl was just one long snowstorm. She seldom held a job two weeks after the boss' wife had seen her.

Claire had plenty of testimony along this line, and though she discounted nine-tenths of it—knowing that it is pleasanter to believe one has been cast out of the office for one's charms rather than one's spelling—she might have considered the one authentic tenth and realized that it is always well to reenforce virtue with caution. Surely she was quite clever enough to have foreseen how things were going to look to Mrs. Edward Cheney.

The reason she did not was probably because she was completely engrossed in considering how things were going to look to D. E. Gibson. She was whole-heartedly concerned with making good as advertising manager for the D. E. Gibson shoes. Edward Cheney, she knew, could assist her vastly in this. And in return, she could do for him what, in fifteen years of shoe designing, he had not been able to do for himself. In any but the most professional sense, there was probably nothing in the world that interested Claire less than Edward Cheney's potentialities for error.

The Principal, a Dreamy-Eyed, Hard-Headed Little Dancer, in Fact, Put Herself Out to be Rather Particularly Nice to Ed Cheney

Though the D. E. Gibson shoes were smart and sophisticated, right up to the minute, and often a French boat or two ahead of it, D. E. Gibson himself was an old-fashioned man at heart. His ideal in women was the weak, sweet, home-keeping sort. He had never had a saleswoman in either of the luxurious Fifth Avenue shops and in the executive offices he would have greatly preferred men stenographers. He was, however, an excellent business man, and he had learned long ago that for the same stenographic and mental equipment he could get a girl for much less than he would have to pay a man.

The very idea of having a woman advertising manager shocked and offended his every sense of the fitness of things. But he had allowed a dozen different applicants for the position to submit trial copy and had picked C. Deming's as unquestionably the best of the dozen. When he found that C. Deming's name was Claire and that she was a young woman, he had conscientiously tried to change his decision, but he had been too excellent a business man to be able to do so. The fact that she held out for a salary as high as he would have had to pay any one of the men had struck him two ways. Coming from a young woman, it had seemed shockingly, outrageously presumptuous. At the same time, it had, though reluctantly admitted, confirmed him in his suspicion that she was probably good.

Claire had known at their first interview—young women who are being successful in business, the professions or the arts are likely to have highly sensitive mental antennæ—just about how D. E. Gibson felt. And after she had held the position for three months, apparently satisfactorily, she still felt far from wholly intrenched. She realized that she was still in the process not only of selling D. E. Gibson shoes to the public but also of selling herself to D. E. Gibson.

She had been in the office just three months when the possibilities in Edward Cheney suggested themselves to her. That, however, is not an accurate way to express Claire's idea. The possibilities that Claire suddenly saw were not, strictly speaking, in Edward Cheney at all. They were, rather, in Claire herself. Audacious, independent possibilities, entirely her own ideas. But they needed a lay figure to be draped upon, and Edward Cheney's tall thinness offered the obvious figure.

"Play up Ed Cheney!" Gibson had protested, shocked, when the idea was first suggested to him.

Claire smiled. "We couldn't play him up as Ed Cheney," she admitted. "We'd have to give him a French name. Let's see—Ed—Édouard. Cheney—Chenet. Édouard Chenet. That's a good French name."

Gibson considered for some few minutes this denationalizing of Ed Cheney.

"Of course," he admitted, "if we really could get a lot of publicity we'd feel it in the fifteen-fifties too."

The fifteen-fifties were the Cinderellas of Gibson shoes. D. E. Gibson had learned a lesson from the automobile manufacturers who make a name with a super-twin-six and then cash in on it by getting out also a good medium-price car. The shoes which Gibson sold for fifteen-fifty were excellent shoes, bench made, honest; probably as good shoes as could be bought in any Fifth Avenue shop for fifteen dollars and fifty cents. They were advertised in the newspapers in quietly genteel advertisements, always mentioning the price, and were sold also in branch shops in Boston, Washington and Philadelphia. Excellent shoes and varied; from square-toed alligator-skin sports shoes to slim-heeled, gold kid dancing slippers. High-class, honest, valueful shoes. But beside their honest value was the gilded glamorous charm of their being Gibson shoes. For there was, as most of the buyers of the fifteen-fifties knew, another kind of Gibson shoes.

Advertisements of these did not appear in the newspapers, but in Attire and the two or three other ultra-smart magazines read by the fashionable woman. These Gibson shoes were inspirational, suave, audacious—black satin slippers with a delicate inlay of golden leaves; pastel suèdes, orchid, gray blue, rosy tan, with the finest lines of black or brown or gold or silver kid. The price of a pair of these Gibson shoes was, if mentioned at all, printed down in one corner in the most obsequiously inconspicuous of figures. Or, occasionally, there would be no picture in the advertisement at all. Just, in the most impeccable of printing with plenty of white space to set it off: "Gibson Shoes. Twenty-five to fifty-five dollars a pair."

Ed Cheney designed all the Gibson shoes; these as well as the fifteen-fifties. The Gibson offices were above one of their shops and Ed had a large north-lighted room at the back. Claire dropped in there occasionally in the middle of the afternoon to consult over the latest creation in satin or suède or brocade. The day on which her inspiration came Ed was working on a knotty problem. D. E. Gibson was to shoe the chorus of the Frivolities this season.

"They want electric lights in the slipper heels!" Ed protested to Claire. "Can you beat that? For the Roaring Forties number. The stage will be dark, and when the lights begin to flash, who's going to know whether the lights are in the rosettes or in the heels? How are you going to get a light in a heel that's solid enough to support the shoe?"

Claire yawned as she crossed to the drawing board covered with a dozen tentative heels. She had been over in Brooklyn at the factory all the morning and in Washington the day before, conferring with the manager of the branch there. This making good on a job is an exhausting business. Her predecessor, a hustling young newspaper man, had done a very good job of it. Claire knew that she must outdistance his record in order to convince Gibson that he had not been mistaken in engaging her.

She had turned down two other positions on the chance of getting this one, had written the trial copy she had

submitted while she was trying to make her last twenty-five dollars hold out, eating fifteen-cent lunches and thirty-cent cafeteria dinners. It had taken courage to turn down the second position offered. She was down to her last two dollars and she could have stepped into the job the very next day. Instead, she had spent one of the two dollars to have her suit pressed and her shoes shined, and had gone to call on D. E. Gibson.

Gibson would have liked her much better if he had guessed at the half-frightened eager girl hiding behind her poised, well-tailored exterior—would have liked her better, but would not have considered hiring her. If he had dreamed of the anxious days, living on borrowed money Claire had enough of the old-fashioned woman in her to worry penuriously over borrowing—had dreamed of the breathless suspense with which she awaited his decision, it would have called out all that he had of gallantry and protectiveness. But he would have laughed in a gallant and fatherly fashion at the very idea of paying her the salary she was asking. Oh, Claire had undoubtedly played her cards right so far. But she knew that getting the position was but taking the first trick. There was the rest of the hand still to be played.

Claire glanced over the drawing board, with its pictures of enlarged, skeleton heels; listened half absently to Ed's grumbling.

"D. E. will tell 'em we can do any preposterous thing in the world," he complained. "'Oh, certainly, we can manage that all right,' he'll say. Then he dumps it all on me. 'They want electric lights in the heels, Ed.' Like that; as though it was the easiest thing in the world. He just takes it for granted that I can do the impossible."

"You usually wind up by finding some way to do it, at that, don't you?" Claire asked.

Cheney did not respond to the flattery of the question. "And where does it get me if I do? I design a shoe that'll make a 5 C foot look like a 3 AAA, and who gets the credit for it and makes the money out of it? D. E. Gibson. I'll work myself to skin and bones now figuring out how to get electric lights in slipper heels, and what'll it say on the Frivolities program? 'Shoes by D. E. Gibson.'"

Claire shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, for that matter, what credit do I get for the literary gems I write about your creations?"

"That," said Ed Cheney, "is entirely different. I am a creative artist in my own line."

"How do you know I don't think I am in mine?" Claire asked. "We all have our illusions, you know."

But she laughed good-naturedly.

"That was a perfectly beautiful slipper you did in Savigny moire," she added generously.

It was then, really, that the seed of Claire's idea was sown in her fertile mind. She herself, however, did not recognize it, strolling back to her own small, glass-inclosed office. For two or three days she was more than ordinarily busy with the regular routine: Slippers to be photographed and cuts O. K.'d, the silver-paper leaflet which was mailed monthly to their charge customers to be written, a factory survey to be studied over.

And then suddenly the seed had emerged, a lusty, enthusiastic young plant, poking its head up into consciousness. Claire waited a week after that, however, to make sure that the tender shoot wasn't just a weed, before speaking about it to D. E. Gibson. It was well that she waited for the courage of her convictions, because Gibson at first was inclined to regard it as the rankest and wildest of weeds.

"Play up Ed Cheney!" he had protested in the tone usually reserved for the mention of prophets in their own country.

"Édouard Chenet," Claire substituted. "All the publicity we can ever get for Gibson shoes is regular advertising that we pay for. But for a French artist who expresses himself in shoes!" Claire's gesture blew an airy kiss to the sky as the only limit.

"I can think of half a dozen bits of publicity I could get right off the reel," she went on enthusiastically; "the kind of publicity you couldn't possibly buy, that won't cost a cent."

"As for instance?"

"Newspaper stories, to begin with. Before we're through, who knows? We may wind up with a page personality story in Attire! They have stories on the great dress designers and on famous milliners. Why not of a famous creator of shoes?"

"Ed Cheney isn't any famous creator of shoes."

"But Édouard Chenet can be—if you'll let me make him."

It was a reluctant, half-grudging consent that Gibson gave at last, but Claire set to work, delighted. The first gun of her campaign was fired in the printed program of the Frivolities. Claire took the proof which had been sent her for correction into Ed Cheney's big north workroom about noon one day. She brushed aside a piece of regal gold brocade undershot with peacock blue, to lay the printed sheet on his table, and read:

Miss Langley's gowns by Marion. Hats by Poignee. Gowns for the chorus by Houghton-Smythe. Shoes designed by Monsieur Édouard Chenet, for D. E. Gibson.

Ed Cheney raised startled, suspicious eyes. "Who's Édouard Chenet?" he demanded.

Claire gave a quick young laugh of excited enthusiasm. "You are!" she said, "from this minute on. And just watch our dust!"

"But ——" Cheney began.

"I can't stop any longer right now," said Claire. "The printer's in my office this minute—we're changing the make-up in the blue booklets. And this afternoon I'm to confer with D. E. How about lunchtime? Have you a date?"

"No. Shall we ——"

"About 1:15," said Claire. "I'll give you a ring as soon as the printer goes."

Today's luncheon engagement was the beginning of what Mrs. Cheney later referred to tearfully as "this affair" between Claire and Edward.

"Where shall we eat?" Ed asked as they stepped out upon a Fifth Avenue hot with August sunshine.

"Anywhere," said Claire indifferently.

"How about Pierrot's? You always see good shoes there."

Claire laughed. "And they're so delicious, served hot on toast."

But to Ed's surprise she turned her steps unquestioningly toward Pierrot's. Lunching at the ultra-smart restaurants was a part of Ed's professional program. It was where he saw the newest shoes in action, tripping in on actresses and debutantes, on pretty ladies from impeccable Park Avenue or the primrose paths along the Drive. When Mrs. Cheney came downtown to shop Ed always took her

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It Was Then, Really, That the Seed of Claire's Idea Was Sown in Her Fertile Mind

A LADY OF BROADWAY

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

THE abrupt and, indeed, somewhat explosive termination of young Ira Hamilton's courtship of Miss Dorothy Blackmar—a termination which, incidentally, was quite incomprehensible to him—may be traced to the fact that in it he was venturing on unfamiliar ground—Broadway.

This is not his territory. Until then his amiable and harmless prowls after romance had been east of Fifth Avenue exclusively. There, north of Fiftieth and south of Eightieth Street, he was at home. He knew, as they say on Park Avenue, his truffles. The rules and ethics were clear, and where the rules and ethics were clear, Ira did not mind jeopardizing his heart and happiness, as very frequently he had.

But of Broadway's rules and ethics, when any, he knew little. He was an innocent as he invaded the Sucker Belt this pleasant spring morning, and consequently quite happy. It happened that on this very morning he had, after some solemn reflection, come to the conclusion that the time had come when he should turn his attention to something more solid than romance. Too long, he decided, had he played—he used that term—at life. Youth was passing. He was already twenty-four.

A Happy, Calm Smile Came to His Face and He Stepped Forward, Hand Extended. "Uncle Morton!" He Said Cordially. "Uncle Morton"

There may have been a stern glint in his clear blue eye and a firm set to his smooth jaw as, still strolling aimlessly, he turned into Forty-eighth Street. He definitely was in that mood. Then, in front of the Merry Theater, a frame of photographs of young ladies in the Merry Revue caught his attention, and something of the sternness disappeared from his face as he paused to inspect the exhibit with an interest deep but wholly esthetic.

They were, all of them, mostly sightly young attractions; but there was one, suddenly holding his leisurely glance, who seemed to him at that particular moment to have gathered all the loveliness of two hemispheres into her dark eyes. He peered more closely, to learn that she was a Miss Dorothy Blackmar, and this view was of her as she represented the Spirit of Asia in the magnificent Spirits of the World number. And he felt, as he continued to inspect Miss Blackmar, that never before had he got such a personal, such a stirring concept of that continent.

He straightened up then, and it is likely that this would have been the end of that potential emotion had not, at this juncture, his notice been drawn to one of Broadway's more public commonplaces—a gent bawling out a lady.

He regarded the scene indifferently until, with a perk of interest, he suddenly recognized the lady, now backed sullenly against a lingerie store window, silent in the face of the ominous raucousness of her eggish-looking gentleman friend. She was Miss Blackmar.

At once and involuntarily he was fired with a form of chivalry. At the same moment the man brought his lecture to an end with: "Yes, an' t' nex' time anything looks phony y' gonna get a swif' slap in t' mouth, see?" Then, with a final warning glare, he turned and walked away toward Broadway, leaving the erstwhile Spirit of Asia looking somewhat like the Spirit of Last Week's Laundry.

Ira indignantly swung his walking stick in their direction. "Hi!" he called, but the man strode on, giving no sign that he heard. "Hi!" he repeated more loudly—but very little more. "I say there, you can't do that, you know!" The man turned the corner, oblivious to the impromptu Galahad.

Ira elected not to pursue farther. The man had plainly been routed; generosity forbade greater humiliation. He turned to the lovely Miss Blackmar, still leaning against the window, and raised his hat with his most devastating grace. "Ah!" he said meltingly.

Miss Blackmar looked at him out of fish eyes—Broadway's eyes—and then and there he should have taken alarm. "Ah!" he repeated, lest she hadn't understood the first time. "Ah, Miss Blackmar!"

She smiled slightly, automatically. "How did you know my name?" she asked.

"Ah!" he answered, delighted, "I recognized you from the picture." He paused for further conversation, which did not follow, and then spoke again: "Ah!"

The sublime intellectual height on which he had pitched his remarks appeared to baffle her completely, however, and she remained silent. And, indeed, it was with something of an effort that he himself managed to maintain its dizzy standard.

"That fellow," he said finally—"he seems to be quite a fellow."

That seemed to cover the situation so thoroughly that little more remained to be said on that score. He shifted then from one foot to the other, obviously at a loss for small talk on this side of town, but continuing to bestow upon her a horrible leer which he fondly believed to be an ingratiating smile. Miss Blackmar gazed abstractedly toward Broadway.

"It's quite a day," he ventured presently.

But not even this tempting morsel aroused her interest. Her thoughts obviously followed whatever problem was contained in the eggish man, so obviously in fact that Ira saw that little short of a rarely arresting remark would serve to make her conscious of his presence.

"That fellow," he said then—"he seems to be quite a fellow."

The girl straightened up. Apparently she had concluded she could look for nothing stimulating here. But she rewarded him for his interest with an absent-minded smile.

"Oh, no!" he exclaimed, alarmed at the idea of separation. "I'll take you wherever you're going. That fellow, you know!"

"Just as you say."

He walked along happily then at her side, rummaging his brain for a likely topic of conversation, and as they turned north on Broadway his eyes brightened. "Broadway," he said—"it's quite a street!"

She did not reply, which left the topic exhausted, and thereafter as they proceeded up Broadway, to turn east on Fifty-fourth Street, Ira contented himself with the happy and unsuspicious reflection that he was strolling with a more than beautiful young show girl. They halted then in Fifty-fourth Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues, before a converted brownstone house next door to the notorious Club de Paree. Ira inspected the building. "It's quite a house," he commented.

For the first time Miss Blackmar seemed to become definitely conscious of his existence. For a moment she studied him speculatively. "It was very sweet of you," she said then. "I can't thank you enough. Perhaps," she added, "you'll take me to lunch some day."

"Ah!"

"If you'll give me your card ——"

He produced one with the speed of a startled antelope, and after glancing at it, she extended her hand. "Good-by," she said, smiling.

Ecstatically, he watched her run up the stairs, and then, glowing happily, he set out for Fifth Avenue.

The smile disappeared from Miss Blackmar's face as she shut the door behind her. Her eyes grew hard and she hesitated a moment, as though to collect her courage, before entering the apartment on the first floor. The eggish man looked up quickly. "Well?"

"Now don't start getting tough!" Her mirthless smile was conciliatory. "I've told you, Mac, I'm regular. I am. If you could only get it into that thick conk of yours ——"

The eggish man's lips curled. "Look, Dot," he said; "this is no small-time racket. This is big stuff, see? There's twen'y grand wrapped up in this load of booze—twen'y thousan' smackers! You may be reg'lar an' you may not. How do I know? But I ain't gonna take any chances. A fine-lookin' sucker I'd be if you was to ——"

"Mac, I hope I may fall dead ——"

"Well, just tell me what's t' idea of goin' out wit' that mug from Chicago. If that was Eddie Flynn you was wit'—an' you admitted it was—what kin' of a racket are you pullin'? An' if you ain't wise to what Eddie Flynn's in N' York for, I'll tell you—he's here wit' his mob to hijack that load, see? That's what he's here for."

"Mac, I'll swear ——"

"Go ahead an' swear yourself poiple in t' face! That's what he's here for, an' if he ain't usin' you t' get the lay then you're usin' us! Now which is it? What's t' straight?" Dorothy looked at him thoughtfully and then took a deep breath, as a swimmer might before a plunge.

"Mac," she said, "this is the straight: Eddie is here with his mob to hijack that load—you're right. And he's trying to use me to get the lay—you're right there too. But, Mac, I'm regular, and I'll just show you how regular I am." Mac continued to look at her. "If I were to frame Eddie," she said slowly, still looking him straight in the eye, "would you say I was regular then?"

"Go on."

"Say you were turning the job Sunday night at ten o'clock. You're taking the load to Philly, aren't you?"

"Go on."

"Suppose I planted Eddie upstairs in my apartment Sunday night at ten. Suppose I slipped him the word that the job was set for Monday night. Wouldn't that lose him? Wouldn't that show whether I was regular or not?"

Mac stared at her thoughtfully. "You was soft on Eddie once."

"That was in Chi, years ago," she interrupted impatiently. "That's over."

He did not press the point. Instead he walked over to the window and looked out at the straggling miscellany of the human race that passed in Fifty-fourth Street for normal citizens. She knew that he was trying to decide whether she was lying or not, and her lips tightened grimly and she began to pick nervously at her finger nails. At length he turned and came back to her. Automatically, she rose. He reached out both hands and caught her white neck in his strong fingers.

"All right," he said, "you plant 'im here Sunday night." He paused and looked steadily into her frightened face. "You plant 'im -an' at the foist sign of anything phony——" He did not finish the sentence, but his fingers tightened slightly, just enough to make her wince. "Understand?" he asked, smiling ironically.

"I do!"

He released her and she rubbed her throat as she turned away to hide the fact that her dark eyes were blazing angrily.

Returned to the east side of Fifth Avenue, something of the glamour of this venture into the Broadway district began to creep over Ira, and a warm excitement mounted rapidly as he reflected upon such an unusual circumstance as his being involved in the combination of a sinister looking man, a beautiful show girl, a rescue, a chance recognition, and a pleasant stroll along Broadway itself with the young lady. This, indeed, was something out of the ordinary, and very well worth recounting to Carter.

"But, Mac, I'm Regular, and I'll Just Show You How Regular I Am"

Carter Gillian was the pleasant young man with whom he shared the Messengers' apartment while the Messengers were at Aiken. The two had much in common, including an appalling ignorance of matters in the vicinity of Long Acre Square, and at the same time an eager curiosity as to the lives and habits of those absorbing people who frequented that area.

But it was not until the next morning, shortly before noon, that Ira found the proper opportunity to recount the adventure under the best auspices. By then, it seemed, its proportions had, somehow and through no voluntary wish on Ira's part to deceive in any way, increased perceptibly. But it may have been that he simply felt, subconsciously, that in no event could Carter believe more than a fraction of such a staggering account, and that thus would there be no actual deception or even exaggeration.

"I mean actually beautiful!" Ira declared. "I mean there was something about her—something, you know, about her. You see what I mean?"

"I should have heard of her—I really should have!" Carter tried profoundly to find the name in his memory.

"Well, there she was, standing there, and this chap lacing into her terrifically, right in public, you know! Fearful-looking chap, too. Enormous!"

"Yes?"

"Well, that was a bit too much, you know. I simply walked over and said, 'See here, you'll have to stop that, you know!' Not offensively, understand—just quietly."

"That was right," Carter approved.

"He answered something—I forget now—but it got my temper up quite a bit, you know. I said, 'See here, you're just a bounder, that's all! You're just a bounder!' That's what I said to him!"

"Splendid!"

Ira paused and reflected. "He was quite a good-sized chap, you know, and I have to confess"—he smiled a little self-consciously—"I have to confess I didn't know whether I was going to be able to handle him or not. But that's what I said, anyway. 'You're just a bounder!' Well, with that he came at me!"

"Fists?"

"Absolutely fists!" He nodded vigorously and fell into an eloquent fighting pose. "Fists flying everywhere! I dropped into a crouch——" He paused again, to note the effect of the pugilistic term on Mr. Gillian, and Mr. Gillian rewarded him with a sudden startled widening of the eyes. "Yes, I dropped into a crouch and got set."

"What about your clothes?"

"My clothes?" Ira was puzzled. "What about my clothes?"

"Your clothes, you know. Fighting around like that—I mean, didn't you think about tearing your clothes or anything?"

"Oh, no!" Ira was vaguely relieved. "Oh, no! Word of honor, didn't give a thought to my clothes! Had no time, don't you see!"

"Oh!"

"Oh, absolutely! The fellow came right at me, fists flying, and bellowing he was gonna kill me! Enormous chap! But I was set—had him timed to a split second! I sidestepped as neatly as you please!"

"Well!"

"Absolutely! But back he came, fists flying, and this time I raised my guard, side-stepped again and shot a right straight to his chin as he passed."

The effect of this blood-curdling narrative on the pacific Mr. Gillian was all that Ira could have desired. Carter sat pop-eyed on the divan as Ira demonstrated an old-fashioned haymaker that threatened all the loose crockery in the room.

Indeed, this look of honest admiration halted Ira for a bare second, caused him a touch of conscience as he became aware, suddenly, of the lengths to which he had gone; but it was for a bare second only. Here was entirely too much attention, awe and esteem to be cast aside for the sake of a bare fact or two.

"Well, there was quite a crowd about by then, and Dorothy was crying and calling to me to defeat the bounder. I felt great, Carter, absolutely great! Blood zipping through my veins, smell of battle, old war-horse stuff, you know, and not a fear in the world! You see, he had no science, Carter, no science at all—just brute strength."

Carter nodded wisely. "Science is the thing," he agreed.

"Absolutely! Animal courage, strong as a gorilla, but no science at all. Well, as soon as I realized that, I saw there could be but one outcome. I had him—had had him from the beginning!"

"Naturally!"

"But I played him a bit, drew him on, forced him back, tapped him now and then, and when he swung I feinted."

"Fainted!"

"F-e-i-n-t-e-d—feinted. Then when I saw he wasn't going to give up, why, there was nothing left for me to do but give him the old one-two."

"The old one-two?"

"The old one-two," Ira repeated proudly. "You know the old one-two."

"I can't say——"

"Here!" He rushed at a defenseless stuffed chair and dealt it two swift, annihilating blows, warranted to brain a bison. "One-two! See?"

"Oh!"

"Well"—he wiped his forehead with his handkerchief—"some of his friends took him away. She was so grateful, poor kid! Said I'd saved her and all that rot, you know. Orphan, she said. Nice family, evidently. We strolled up Broadway together. Had quite a conversation."

Carter breathed easily again. "Well, that was quite an adventure," he declared. "It certainly was!"

But now Ira's face had become grave. Still panting slightly, he sat somewhat limply, staring at the andirons. And when presently he spoke, it was in a distinctly lower voice. "The truth is, old man," he said, "I believe I could love Dorothy—really love her. I'm serious. For the first time in my life, I believe, I've really been hit hard. Honestly, she's wonderful." He gazed thoughtfully at the hearth. "I wish you could see her."

Carter was properly sympathetic. "I will, of course, but don't let an infatuation——"

"Infatuation!" He snapped the word impatiently. "Don't be ridiculous! I'm not," he added, "a child, you know."

Carter did not reply.

"There's something clean and fresh about her," he continued then carefully, "something that reminded me of the country, of dew early in the morning, and meadows, you know. On Broadway she seemed just like a delicate flower among—among weeds." He stopped a moment to admire this poetic concept. "Somehow I could just picture her swinging lazily in a hammock on the veranda of some old Colonial home, with a kiddie playing on the floor, and a dog or two." His voice died away.

"The dog," Carter suggested hesitantly then, "is man's best friend."

This monumental observation seemed to bring the conversation to a temporary impasse. They sat then smoking in silence, until, with a suddenness that was startling, the telephone rang. Ira picked up the receiver absently. "Hello!" Then, like magic, his voice dropped. His eyes softened.

Carter sat up straight, burning with curiosity. "Yes. . . . Yes, indeed. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Yes, indeed. . . . Oh, yes. . . . Indeed, yes . . . . Yes. . . . Oh, yes. . . . Yes, indeedy. . . . Yes. . . . Oh, yes. . . . Yes."

Gently he hung up the receiver, rose, left the room

(Continued on Page 51)

"How Did You Know My Name?" She Asked. "Ah!" He Answered, Delighted, "I Recognized You From the Picture"

He Rushed at a Defenseless Stuffed Chair and Dealt It Two Swift, Annihilating Blows, Warranted to Brain a Bison. "One-Two! See?"

WANT TO BUY A DOG?

By Albert Payson Terhune

Sunnybank Puppies

LET'S invent a good, snappy name and call him Smith. He bought a fluffy puppy as a birthday present for his wife. The dealer assured Smith the pup was a high-ancestried collie, and for an extra three dollars gave him a four-generation pedigree to prove it.

A few months later the pedigreed youngster had outgrown his appealing babylike fluffiness and was a gaunt and rangy creature with "nondescript" stamped over every inch of him. Probably he was as much collie as anything else, but his collieness was by no means exclusive. Smith studied the decorative pedigree. The pup's sire was cited as "Champion Howbold Scintillant." That is as much an alias as "Smith." But I am speaking of a collie that won international fame in his day.

Scintillant's owner was mentioned in the document as Fred Highton. At the next Westminster dog show, Smith happened by chance to run across Highton, and said to him:

"I have a six-month-old son of your great Scintillant. He is a mutt."

"No," gravely corrected Highton. "He is a miracle. You say he's only six months old? Scintillant died five years ago."

Choose the One You Like the Best

THAT was only one of numberless instances of faked pedigrees—in the days before the American Kennel Club put a sternly effective wet blanket on the gentle practice by establishing the fact that falsifying the pedigree of a dog, for which cash value has been given, is a form of forgery in some states and is a punishable fraud everywhere. Since then the indoor sport of pedigree faking has waned in popularity. The profit is no longer worth the penalty.

Moreover, by taking or sending a dog's pedigree to the offices of the American Kennel Club, 221 Fourth Avenue, New York City, its statements can be checked up with precise accuracy if the animal's forbears were registered. A certified pedigree can also be obtained there for a small sum. Smith was fooled not only on the pedigree but on the price charged for it by the dealer. By American Kennel Club law the seller is obliged to furnish a correct pedigree, free, to the purchaser of a pedigreed dog. Ignorance of this just rule has caused many a greenhorn to fork out useless payment. Pedigrees are mighty important—enough so to have been basis for many a suit and many a punishment. But they are less important than several other angles connected with buying a dog. I am going to play around among a few of these angles, if you don't mind, in the course of this article.

Among the host of things I don't understand about dogs is the way they are mixed up with the whole span of human life. There is not one small boy in fifty who has not yearned to bring home some strange street cur and make a pal of him. There is not one man in ten who does not look forward to the day when he can retire to a life of impossible ease—usually in the country—with a dog as one of his household's chief features.

In between is a world-wide army of dog owners and dog desirers. Then there is the rest of humankind, divided about 96 per cent to 4 per cent—the 96 per cent knowing nothing at all about dogs, but liking them much; the 4 per cent knowing nothing at all about dogs, but not caring for them. So when I ask "Want to buy a dog?" I think the ayes have it to such an overwhelming extent that most of them will care to listen to these rambling suggestions of mine.

First of all, remember the dog is to belong to you, and not to any of the people who advise you to have none except of their own best-liked breed. Anyone can prove to you, noisily and conclusively, that his special breed is the only kind worth having and that dogs of all other breeds combine more worthlessness and meanness and stupidity than words can describe. But keep on remembering that the dog is to be yours and yours alone. Pick out the kind that you yourself think you want most. If you find you have made a mistake, or if you want variety, there will be plenty of time for you to make a change in breeds later on. At best, your dog's life will be pitifully brief. There will be scope for many successors to him.

Meanwhile, choose the type you like best, not the type you are urged by someone else to select. That is the first and foremost rule of dog buying. Suit yourself; don't go by advice. If you are going to be dissatisfied, it is far better to have yourself to thank for it than anyone else.

The Master With Bruce, Wolf, Lady and Lad. Three of These Dogs Were Heroes of Books Bearing Their Names

Puppy Panics

UNTIL you set out to buy a dog you can have no idea at all of the dog-selling industry's enormous extent. A single minor dog mart on Manhattan Island averages a monthly turnover of more than $2500, and there are scores of such marts in New York alone.

There are dogs for every taste and dogs for every purse. The big majority of the breeders and sellers are honest. Crookedness—the brand of crookedness which the civil law or the American Kennel Club can penalize—is in the semi-negligible minority. There is an overwhelmingly strong chance of your getting pretty much what you pay for.

That does not mean always that you are getting what you think you are paying for. In your mind is a wonder dog; loyal to you alone; wise, playful, supremely well trained; magnificent of beauty, bristling with championship points. In other words, the ideal dog whose image you have unwittingly been shaping ever since you were a child, and which you have embellished from every dog story you have read and from every bench show you have attended.

You make your purchase. You open the crate, and out flounders a scared and frowzy puppy, cringing in his strange surroundings, not improved in looks or health or disposition by a long train ride in a joggly little box. He does not step forth majestically and walk with unswerving steadfastness up to you, his eyes alight with the adoring expression of one beholding at last his human god. He does not refrain from howling dismally on his first night in foreign quarters. He is addicted to ardent flea quests. Not knowing you from Adam, he fails to obey you on first acquaintance. He is not housebroken and he does not know how to climb stairs or to lie down at command or to do any of the fine things your dream dog was supposed to do.

In brief, he is a frightened or ill-at-ease stranger in a strange land—a land whose customs and folk and language are harshly unfamiliar to him. His heart is sick for the kennel of his babyhood, and for his lost mother and brethren, and for the humans he knew and loved and obeyed.

How would your own five-year-old son comport himself in like conditions? Would he win all hearts at once by his splendid poise and personality and his exquisite manners? Also, would the child's first panic-stricken behavior be

bettered if he could sense, as a pup can sense, the fast-growing disapproval and hostile disappointment of the people about him?

If you are not an experienced dog man your first reaction on making your pup's acquaintance is prone to be of chagrin, followed by a suspicion that you have been cheated. Here is an angle of sanity which may be of use to you at that moment of disillusion: Tell yourself you are a sculptor who has just bought a lump of living malleable clay; that the clay can be molded by patience and common sense into a most desirable and beautiful shape; and that by harsh or careless or impatient handling it will harden into something uselessly uncouth.

You have sent for a puppy of a certain breed. He is due to arrive at your house today. Don't invite a bunch of rackety friends in to witness his arrival. They will confuse or excite him. First of all, decide on the quarters the pup is to occupy, and have those quarters ready for him beforehand. The quarters differ somewhat with different breeds. The man you buy him from will tell you the kind most suitable for your own pup.

Four Prize-Winning Sunnybank Collies

When the youngster arrives be there alone to receive him. Let yours be the hands to take him out of his crate, to release him from a prison he has grown to hate. That will be your first claim on his liking and gratitude. If possible, have none of the family around. Be alone with him. Treat him gently. Don't paw him and maul him and get his frayed nerves in worse shape than they are. Give him a few minutes' run, to get the cramp out of his legs. Then take him to his quarters and give him some warm—not boiled—milk to drink, and some bread and milk to eat, and perhaps a puppy biscuit to gnaw on. Leave a pan of fresh drinking water in reach. More often than not, he won't eat just at first; though fatigue and nervousness will have made him thirsty.

Molding the One-Man Dog

THEN go away and leave him alone. He is tired out, whether he seems so or not, and he needs rest and quiet. Come back once or twice during the day and evening to see how he is getting on. If he is awake, speak to him or pat him. But for the most part don't bother him for at least a day. Above all, don't let anyone else disturb him or come near him during this time. Thus you will begin your association by impressing on his fuddled mind that you are his rescuer from the bondage of the crate and that it is you alone to whom he must look for food and drink.

Thereafter, if you can arrange it, let nobody feed him or romp with him or pet him or exercise him except yourself, for the next two or three months. By that time, if you have used common sense and invariable patience, he will have come to regard you as his deity, and as the source from which all his needs and his fun are to be expected. In other words, you will have become his master, not merely his owner. There is a universe of difference between the two terms.

There will be plenty of time, for many years thereafter, for him to become a family dog and to make friends with the household and with its guests. But in the first formative months it must be you who do everything for him and you alone who exercise and play with him and train him, if he is to become your dog in any sense except one of mere property.

If he is at the beck and call of everyone from the start, he will be everyone's dog. If you want that kind of dog, well and good. But you will be losing the strongest and best phase of the chumship between dog and man. A one-man dog is a prize beyond cash price, to him who is lucky enough to be the one man. And anyone can become so by making the right start.

A few years ago a man and his wife came here to Sunnybank to buy a female collie puppy. I had only two such pups for sale just then—a pair of tricolors, about five months old; twin daughters of Sunnybank Gray Dawn. The buyers liked both of the pretty pups, and asked that the pair be let out of the yard to play with them. I opened the yard gate, saying:

"One of these two pups is worth ten times as much, for a chum, as the other. You can decide for yourselves which one it is."

Out frisked the two puppies. One of them rushed across to the strangers, jumping about them, fawning on them, coaxing them to play with her, reveling in their petting, doing a hundred winsome stunts.

The other pup trotted up to me, with not a glance at the visitors. She did not shrink from them, but she gave them no heed at all. Quietly she stood close beside me, watching her sister's gambols, and now and then thrusting her cold muzzle up into my cupped hand for a word of recognition.

After they had played awhile with the first pup, the buyers came over to inspect the second. She moved away from their outstretched hands and would not respond to any of their advances. She was not in the least afraid, but she did not care for them. After a few such rebuffed overtures of friendliness the man announced that the first pup was one of the finest, in spirit and disposition, he had seen, and that she was a veritable treasure. He bought her without flinching at the somewhat stiff price I named. As he was carrying her to the car his wife asked me:

"She is the one that is worth ten times as much as the other for a chum, of course? I suppose that is a silly question though."

"Yes," I admitted, "it is. The one you didn't take is worth fully ten times as much as the one you took. You took a puppy that is not yours, except as your check makes her so. She will never be yours. She will belong to anyone and everyone who chooses to make friends with her. Any stranger will be able to whistle her away from you. This other pup is one of those rarities—a born one-man dog. If you had taken her instead of the first one, and if you had spent a month in giving her the right kind of training, you would have had a chum which would have been all the wonderful things to you that the dog-story collies are to their masters and mistresses. You would have had a perfect one-man dog as long as she lived; not a harum-scarum that loves everyone in general and nobody in particular. It isn't too late for you to change your mind. If you want to, you can take this one instead of the puppy you picked out."

The woman seemed to think I was trying to be funny. At all events, she kept the pup she had chosen. The one-man pup is still the worshiping comrade of a man who bought her soon afterward.

More Than Money Can Buy

FAR more often than not, the one-man quality is developed rather than inborn. And in almost any rightly trained pup it can be developed. The trait is worth much to any dog owner, and it cannot be purchased.

Kipling, a student of dog as well as of man, wrote, more sentimentally than sensibly:

Buy a pup, and your money will buy
Love unflinching that cannot lie;
Perfect passion and worship, fed
By a kick in the ribs or a pat on the head.

Your money will do nothing of the kind, and Kipling knows it won't. Your money will give you legal ownership of the pup. You yourself must do the rest if you are to have the rest. As for "a kick in the ribs," you can show your inferiority to your dog in better and more humane ways than by kicking him. No dog needs kicking. No dog profits thereby. No kicker but is injured in his own self-control and decency by giving such a kick. There are several sane ways of punishing a dog that really needs punishing. A kick is not one of them.

Of course you can bridge the whole tedious process of training and rearing your pup by buying a full-grown dog to begin with—a dog already trained. Some people prefer to do that. Personally, I don't.

If the dog has been well trained and is adaptable, all right. But he may have been trained along lines you don't care for; or, his character being formed, he may not care for you nor learn to care for you. One of his methods of showing his disapproval may be in disobedience or in refusing to fulfill the training he already has had. There is that chance. It is only a chance, of course. Some grown dogs

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Starting Out on a Morning Hike at Sunnybank

MY DEAR

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

At Last She Seemed to Settle Upon a Theme of Liszt's in Much the Way That a Butterfly Selects and Fastens Upon a Flower

VII

AFTER all, Mr. Simmons had been kind that afternoon, running counter to his best business interests. He had been urged by a great wave of humanity such as seldom washed over his rocky shores. He had worked this great rangy young man to the limit and beyond it; any true member of the manual-working classes would before now have expressed his feelings lusciously and without doubt to Mr. Simmons, and left the job. But this young man had endured. Prey to a natural inclination to bait him, because of his obvious and hateful superiority of class and his accursed education and his la-di-da accent, Mr. Simmons had left no device untried, no straw unbestowed, to break this camel's back. But the back of this particular camel seemed to strengthen and stiffen under persecution, and its temper to stabilize and harden. So now, privately confessing himself beaten in his very natural efforts, Mr. Simmons concluded that there was probably something in the young fellow beyond his diagnosis; that a gentleman, sufficiently goaded, might be capable of unexpected things; and he softened and gave a grudging admiration to his helper.

"Goin' to be married tomorrer, ain't yer," he added, "to Jenny Croft? Well, you done the main of the work; the boy can do the rest; and you can have from five o'clock off to do what you likes. You may likewise take these here apples to your young lady, with my good wishes; and don't forget, me lad, that you're marryin' one of the best."

Five o'clock, then—while Jenny exchanged arguments with the hunchbacked cutter, who never stopped snipping and piecing while his words poured out—found Danby back in Greengrove Alley, planning to make such simple preparations for his wedding as the rest of the population of that neighborhood might do. To take a solemn hour and scrub himself all over with cold water and yellow soap; to clean his suit, although it was already beyond all ablutionary help, and to get a hair cut. Already he saw completely, without formulating the idea in words, under what difficulties such poor as these presented a fine clean front at festivities like weddings, christenings and funerals. Already he understood that the rich, coming from their suave homes to teach the poor better management of the unmanageable, are often intruders of the grossest impertinence, ignorance and stupidity. Already he admired—again without formulating the admiration in words—the courage, defiance and pride of these, the poorest poor. His mind, still new to these lessons, was absorbing without knowing that it learned.

He had Mr. Simmons' gift of apples in a large flag basket, and he thought simply, and with pleasure, that Jenny would be very pleased indeed with them. Indeed, the apples as a spectacle were more beautiful by far than any of the other wedding gifts. With the apples, with what was much more precious—these extra hours of freedom—he came home. Inside the dark odorous entrance of the house a letter was lying, a white square on the dingy floor. He picked it up and made out dimly that it was addressed to him. He dropped it in his pocket, climbed the stairs, left the apples in Jenny's room, and then shut himself into his own, with his mind fixed on the most stringent ablutions. Like any other bridegroom in Greengrove Alley, he was going to mark the occasion by having a really stern wash.

Oh, he thought, what a funny life! What a darn funny heartbreaking business! If Philip could see him now. Being dead, perhaps he could. That was rather a great thought. And then he drew the letter from his pocket. It might be Matthew Hamilton penning a severe exhortation to him on the eve of such a terrific happening as marriage with Jenny; since who else in all the world would be writing to him now? Then the blood rushed all over his body. His fingers, at the seal, felt the familiar crest upon it; and his eyes saw Lucas' handwriting staring out, as if immense, from the familiar note paper.

Lucas, writing coldly:

Dear Jack: I appreciated your letter and the way in which you sent it.

Yes, I have lost Philip.

If you think you would like to come and see me and talk, very seriously, over the future, I will receive you. Not at Riverside; at Beverley Place, as soon as you like. I am in London now for a while, and feeling very purposeless without Philip.

There are Philip's empty shoes. If I could reconsider my opinion of you, I should suggest to you that you step into them. But I suppose that remains to be seen, on our meeting, if we are to meet again.

On receipt of this letter I shall be much obliged if you will telephone to apprise me, and then come round and dine, if your arrangements permit.

You know as well as anyone what ambitions I had for Philip. You are no fool, in spite of all your lamentable efforts to persuade us all to the contrary. He was fond of you. I would like to see my ambitions fulfilled in you, if that is possible.

Yours,

LUCAS RIVERSIDE.

Now Bad Boy Danby was seized with a delirium. He blazed with excitement, emotion. A marvelous panorama of the future passed before him; all the old splendid life, old splendid days again; hopes and joys and fortune. He was resurrected. As if a force too strong to let him hesitate over any considerations whatsoever drove him, his mind swept onward. The last months, misery. This wedding, madness. This squalid poverty, unutterable.

"Free! Myself again! Out of all this! Tonight! tonight—tonight," he kept crying aloud.

This very night he might be sitting with Lucas. Good talk again, soft wines; the treasures of the world to plunge one's hands and heart into! Philip's shoes!

He walked up and down the room, quivering. He stopped and looked from the window. The alley, like a dirty stream; all these mean streets like dirty streams, bearing along helpless leaves and rubbish, flotsam and jetsam, bearing along these people with no more volition of destiny than animals; how could he ever, ever have thought it possible to ——

It would never have been possible. It was suicide. It was madness. And then as his thoughts whirled on and the

certainty of that fine life ahead, if he could only take it, fixed like a great star before his sight, he paused a moment, as a lord of the earth might pause to regard some little poor thing, and he regarded, in his mind, Jenny. He thought of her with strange, little, tender, flying thoughts that already put her far away from him. And while those strange, little, poignant, misted thoughts of Jenny clouded the bright skies of his mind, he remembered time. It had been five o'clock when he opened the letter.

Time! So much hinged on time; on swift resolutions, retreats. He felt, in his pocket, the money there. Enough. Plans ran of their own accord into his head. She might be back from Dealy's at any moment.

He had written the brief note, left it, pinned down from the breeze by the flag basket of apples, upon her table. Her room had lost all its sometime loveliness for him. Her machine stood under its cover on the table; on all was the stamp of poverty; the geranium no longer flowered like lotus land. How could he ever have dreamed ——

Hot blood, seeing her there day after day as she nursed him; hot blood, roused by combat with Heiner; hot blood, heated by the flame of her nimbus of hair—hot blood had done it. Hadn't his blood ever raced for a girl before? It had.

He was out in the street, walking swiftly, taking the opposite way to the route by which she returned from Dealy's, not pausing for a half mile; and then, looking for a telephone booth, he went in and telephoned to Sir Lucas Riverside, at 16 Beverley Place.

"Tell Sir Lucas that Mr. Jack Riverside will be with him at eight," he said. "How is Sir Lucas?"

The servant answered, "Sir Lucas is fairly well."

VIII

HE HEADED west, traveling by omnibus. He seemed to live ecstatically through happy lambent years of time before he came to Jermyn Street. And once there, in the very heart of well-to-do masculine life, club land, bachelor chambers for the rich, and almost within a stone's throw of the Ritz, so stately and serene, he feared lest he should meet some old acquaintance who might recognize him in spite of his deplorable suit. Thus, according to the habit of the last few months, he pulled his hat brim very low over his eyes as he hastened along, bound for the old-fashioned house of gentlemen's chambers which old Stone, the retired butler, kept and ran so impeccably.

He had an uneasiness lest Stone should be out, but the old butler opened the door himself. He stood looking sharply for a moment, and then rather uncomfortably, if kindly, recognition came. Jack perceived the discomfort. He was faintly dismayed by it. The elderly servant, after his years of faithful service, now launched on his own enterprise, was not unnaturally wondering if Mr. Jack Riverside were here for a little accommodation for which he could not pay; even a little financial loan. For young gentlemen had been known to lean on old servants who had feathered their nests, sometimes to a disconcerting degree.

Stone knew of the break between Sir Lucas and his wild nephew. It was after his time at Riverside, but he knew all about it. It wouldn't be likely that Sir Lucas would pay out anything on the young gentleman's account any more.

Yet, thinking all this quietly as he stood with his hand on his respectable door, Stone was still kindly, still tolerant and deferential. He had always had a twinkle for the peccadillos of boys.

Jack looked back at him under the battered hat brim, and a smile passed between them, suddenly and easily. Dear old Stone!

"Hullo, Stone. How are you? Get a winner today?"

"How are you, Mr. Jack? Yes, I had a bit on Cleopatra for the three-thirty. And you, sir?"

"I've given up all my bad ways, Stone. Leave them to you"

The door still held dubiously between them, Stone asked, "Were you coming in, Mr. Jack?"

"If you'll ask me, Stone."

The door opened, but its movement was still dubious. Jack understood the ex-butler's hesitation. He had saved his sufficient pile, invested in this old house in Jermyn Street, and was unwilling to have a deadhead on the premises, even if he were one of the Riversides. Of course Stone had to live, and equally of course, he hoped to live with profit. This was natural, if a trifle humiliating.

"All right, Stone; it's all right, you know," Jack said, passing in, glad to be out of the publicity of that particularly intimate street.

They stood in the most spick-and-span hall, which was but economically lighted, and again Stone looked his visitor very closely and gravely up and down.

"I want you to do something for me in a hurry, Stone. I thought of you at once."

Alarm and concern increasing on the old servant's face; and his slow pulling out of his watch from his waistcoat pocket and looking at it ——

Jack smiled, a smile sharp and wistful, asking for Stone's belief in him.

"It's six o'clock, Stone."

"Yes, Mr. Jack. And I have my dinners to see to. Three of my gents dining in tonight. The wife cooks, but I have my tables to lay and ——"

"All right, Stone, don't be nervous. You see, I'm dining with my uncle tonight."

The tension in the air relaxed.

"With Sir Lucas! Then you've made it up, Mr. Jack?"

"If I can get the clothes in time. At present I only possess what I stand up in."

"You don't say so, sir! That's shocking."

Jack responded easily, "It would be if I turned up at Beverley Place in this lot, wouldn't it? Very shocking, indeed."

"Oh, impossible, sir! You couldn't let Sir Lucas see you like that."

"Help me, Stone, will you? You must know someone who could fit me up somehow—new or secondhand—who'd bring the things round here; and you'd let me dress here, wouldn't you, eh? Time's short, you see, Stone—time's short; and so's money."

It was wonderful and reassuring to see how the old fellow now jumped to the emergency. "I've got some clothes to sell for Captain Shell, sir, here now. He rooms here; makes the best of his old things. I sell 'em for him to a dealer I know sometimes. Roughly, about your figure, I should say. But ——"

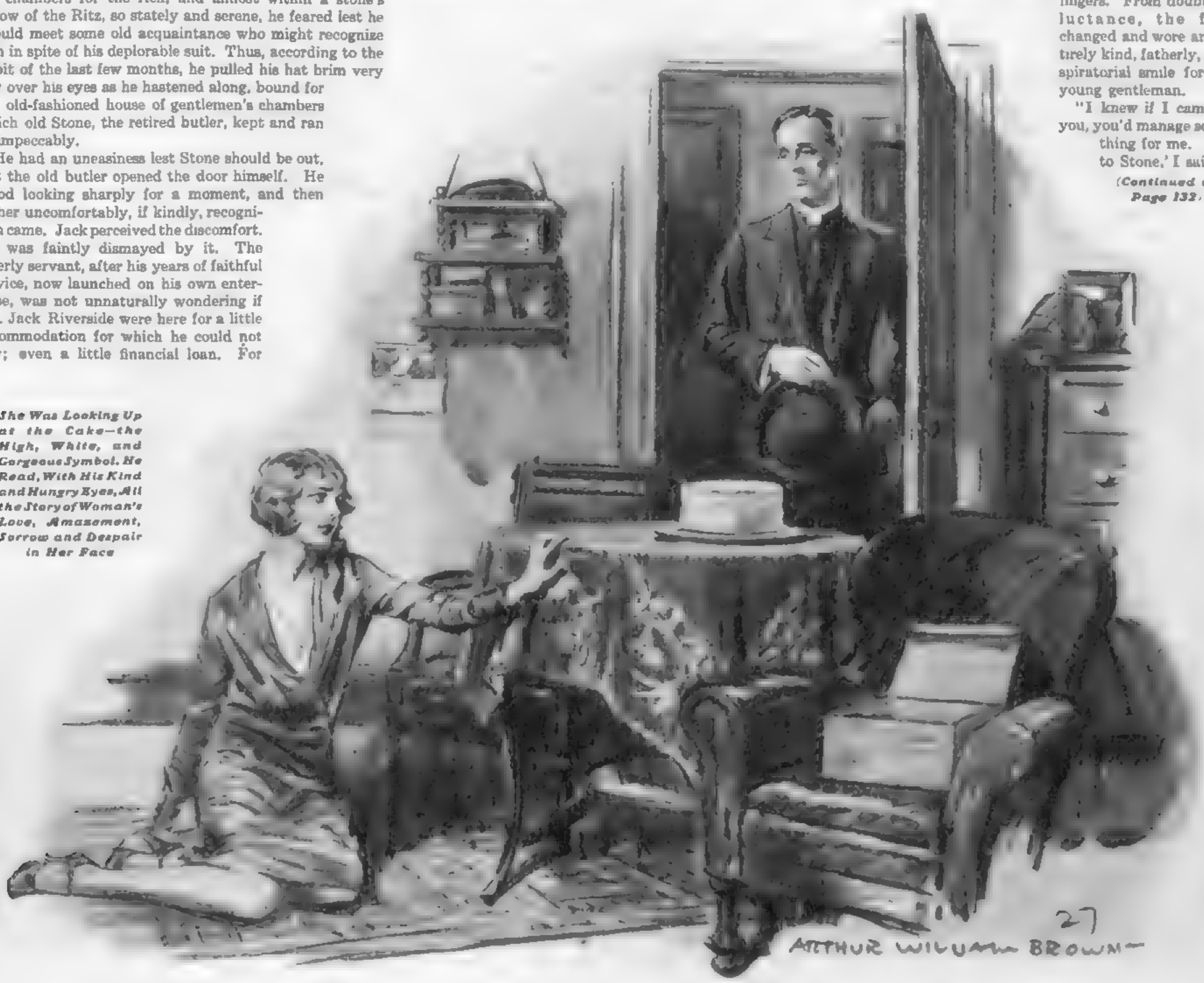
And again the faint doubt glimmering: "Is this a tale?"

Jack pulled out Sir Lucas' letter, "Read that, will you?"

With gestures of apology and deprecation, Stone did so, satisfying himself. Jack watched his clean, gray, pendulous face bent over the letter, held so reverently in his fingers. From doubt, reluctance, the face changed and wore an entirely kind, fatherly, conspiratorial smile for the young gentleman.

"I knew if I came to you, you'd manage something for me. 'Go to Stone,' I said to

(Continued on Page 132)



She Was Looking Up at the Cake—the High, White, and Gorgeous Symbol. He Read, With His Kind and Hungry Eyes, All the Story of Woman's Love, Amazement, Sorrow and Despair in Her Face

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 9, 1927

A Primer of Local Taxation

THE tax situation in Middlesex County, state of New Jersey, is not much worse nor much better than it is in scores of other counties in the Union. It is different, however, thanks to a public-spirited manufacturer, in that it has been scientifically studied and the results of a careful survey have been boiled down into an attractive little book which shows in the clearest terms where the system falls down, where it presses too lightly and where it bears down too hard. This report to the taxpayers of Middlesex County is conceived in such a broad spirit and is so much concerned with fundamentals that it contains all the makings of an excellent primer of local taxation.

In New Jersey, as elsewhere, "the principal source of tax receipts are the people who think they do not pay taxes." Those whose income is under $5000 pay more for taxes than they do for clothing; and families which are rubbing along on half that amount pay more for government than for what they buy from butcher, grocer, baker and milkman. Reduced to a per capita basis, the citizens of Middlesex County paid in 1926 a direct tax of $50.79, or a direct charge per family of $253.95 a year. About $131 of this went for school purposes. Adding Federal taxes to those for state and county, the charge to each taxpayer would be $86.79, or $433.95 per family. By an interesting coincidence this sum closely approximates the average rent paid by Jerseymen.

The figures quoted do not include the joker taxes—those invisible levies which are not itemized as taxes, but which still enter into the price of food, shelter, clothing, transportation and commodities of all sorts. It cannot be far from the truth to estimate that a family in moderate circumstances which is paying four or five hundred dollars in direct taxes is unknowingly paying about the same amount indirectly, for about twenty-five per cent of its total expenditures go to pay taxes of one sort or another. If the poor endure these very burdensome exactions with more equanimity than the rich, there is a good reason for it. A man whose income is $100,000 a year discharges most of his tax liability by check. His tax is direct, visible and exceedingly painful. Just because he can spend forty times as much as one of his $2500 clerks, he is not likely to pay forty times as much rent, spend forty times as much on the family clothing or eat forty times as much. If he did, the loudness of his outcries would be multiplied fortyfold.

The poor lose no more sleep over the taxes paid by the rich than over those which they pay themselves, for under the prevailing system of raising money for government the taxgatherer operates upon persons of small means while in a state of coma; but the rich have small benefit of anæsthetics. Proportionably the poor fare much worse; but they rarely miss that which is taken from them invisibly and painlessly.

The gravest menace which hangs over the head of the little fellow is a circumstance which he is likely either to regard with approval or to ignore entirely. This is the burdensome taxation of corporations. Middlesex County is a center of highly competitive industry. Fixed charges swollen by taxes must be figured into the selling price of goods; and the higher those charges are, the less able are local manufacturers to compete successfully in the markets of the nation. Here, as elsewhere, taxation keeps wages from going as high as they might go if fixed charges were lower. Restricted wages mean restricted purchasing power, and this is a factor which affects the well-being of the entire community. According to Mr. Samuel Crowther, who wrote the report under discussion: "The chief political bar which may be interposed against increased industrial activity is in the form of ill-advised taxation. . . . To take away the earning power of a corporation through heavy taxes is not a method of helping the poor man. It is a method of making him poorer, because it closes to him the gate of opportunity."

In New Jersey, as in other commonwealths, the report intimates, the people like to fool themselves on taxes and will keep any group in office provided they spend money liberally and tax in such fashion that they are not caught in the act. Their tendency is to get all they can, provided the other fellow does the paying, and to accept the popular theory that what they do not know does not hurt them.

This sharp arraignment concludes, as is right and proper, with a clear statement of certain basic principles which, if faithfully observed, should put all taxation on a much firmer footing. Lay the taxes where they will do the least harm. Make them as simple and cheap in collection as possible. Make taxes not only highly visible but also universal, so everyone will pay a tax and know he is paying it. Make taxes certain so that they may be provided for. Do not tax utilities in such a manner as to bring about higher rates and poorer service. Remember that exemptions from tax are not really exemptions at all, but requirements for involuntary contributions from those not exempted. Tax exemption is taxation without representation.

When recognition and adoption of these elementary principles have become universal the small taxpayer will come out of his twilight sleep and begin to realize what was being done to him while he was in a state of semiconsciousness. His discoveries will scarcely be calculated to make him an advocate of painless methods of taxation.

Unofficial Ambassadors

THE AMERICAN LEGION will go to Paris under singularly happy auspices. Thanks to young Captain Lindbergh and to his astute mentor, Ambassador Herrick, all France has a warmer feeling for Americans than at any other time since Woodrow Wilson first went to Paris. The services of Captain Lindbergh in kindling the smoldering embers of French sympathy and good will can scarcely be overestimated. His grit and daring and the success which crowned them could not alone have produced such results had he been a less admirable type of young American. His modesty, his consideration for others, his faultless tact, his ability to say and do precisely the right thing, contributed to his popularity almost as much as his great exploit. No doubt he owed much to the counsel and suggestions of Mr. Herrick; but if he had not been blessed with a knightly heart and an unusually engaging personality all the coaching in the world would not have enabled him to capture the French imagination and endear himself to the French heart to the degree that he did. All the world does homage to valor and heroism; but France esteems niceties of behavior almost as highly.

The only fault that can be found with Captain Lindbergh's career as an unofficial ambassador is that he set so high a standard of performance that many who follow him will be half beaten before they start. At the same time they will have the advantage of finding the stage all set for them and the French people ready and willing to meet them more than halfway. The opportunities for increasing American popularity and prestige which lie open to the members of the American Legion during their stay in Paris are almost boundless. If they take them seriously and apply to them half the good sense they apply to their own personal affairs, they, too, will render their country no mean service.

Too Little of a Good Thing

DURING the short session of Congress immigration matters remained virtually at a standstill. Efforts to hamstring the Johnson Act were abortive, and sundry attempts made to strengthen it got nowhere. The enemies of reasonable restriction of immigration were tireless in their attacks upon it and displayed extraordinary zeal and resourcefulness. In no activity did they manifest greater skill than in the systematic manner in which they played up and magnified in the daily press every known instance of hardship sustained either as a result of the formalities of Ellis Island or because aliens who voluntarily left their relatives in Europe were unable to bring them into the country. The tremolo stop was used with great effect in these recitals; but for a long time organized and subsidized pathos has been overplayed and most of the virtue of the old-fashioned sob stuff has gone out of it.

The fourth annual report of the Committee on Immigration of the Allied Patriotic Societies has just come from the press. The elaborate and painstaking studies of this committee are well known and its reports are examined with interest in both houses of Congress. The document in question recalls the fact that during the last days of the session a relief bill, founded on a sound principle, which would have given preferences within the quota to near relatives of aliens was passed in the House, but failed of passage in the Senate. This bill, which would have helped unite families without increasing the total immigration, was opposed by Senator Copeland, who had introduced numerous bills to let in relatives of aliens outside the quotas.

The report goes on to say: "There is good reason to believe that races which are pressing hard for a larger immigration to the United States are seeking by carefully worded appeals to sentiment to bring about increases in their total immigration through wholesale exemptions from the quotas in favor of all kinds of relatives. In view of the fact that approximately eighty per cent of all immigration to the United States consists of relatives of those already here, it is clearly necessary to confine within the quotas the admission of such relatives, if we are to continue to have any real restriction. Already the law contains a liberal quota exemption for the wives and minor children of United States citizens, by virtue of which exemptions no less than 11,154 alien wives and children were admitted during the last fiscal year, outside of the quotas."

The Johnson Act has had such a full and fair trial, and its adoption has brought such signal benefits to the country, that it is inconceivable that we should ever return to our old free-for-all policy. The country looks forward, not back.

Changes in the immigration law are bound to come, but they must be progressive, not regressive. There is already a strong sentiment for further restriction of numbers. The feeling is growing that Mexico and other parts of Latin America should be put upon a quota basis. Some form of registration of aliens will presently be forced upon us as a virtual necessity. Deportation of undesirables must be made an easier and simpler process. Fraudulent entries must be more effectively controlled and the use of forged and stolen papers discouraged. The Border Patrol, which is now doing excellent work, should be brought to a still higher pitch of efficiency.

There is plenty of new immigration business awaiting the attention of the next session of Congress.

New Myths About Uncle Sam

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

TIME-HALLOWED myths and legends play an astoundingly important rôle in international relations. Diplomats and executive heads of governments have to deal with them no less than with the facts of any pending issue. If one-third of the people of one country were to choose to believe that the people of another are fond of eating boiled infants, then that yarn, no matter how utterly absurd and unsupported by evidence, would become a factor in the relations between the two countries.

Treaties and covenants are no longer dictated by sovereigns alone. The world has gone democratic. Not only must the opinions of thinking people be taken into consideration but every bias or prejudice of the most unthinking as well. Probably this has always been more or less true, for there is ample evidence of mob hysteria forcing kings into disastrous ventures against their better judgment, even in the days when they would not permit parliaments to limit their power or criticize their actions. Nowadays the force of public opinion is even greater, and its strength rests upon numbers, almost exclusive of every other consideration.

Until quite recently the myths and legends about Americans cherished in various parts of the world made very little difference, but within a decade that whole situation has changed. Being the richest nation on earth, the United States is, from a conservative point of view, the most powerful; but it is absolutely committed by usage, opinion and fundamental law to the preservation of private property, and the principle of private property is under fire. Our Government also rests upon the ballot box and a Constitution, both of which are under fire.

Thus, in the few years since our Constitution was adopted, the United States has gone like a rocket through a process of evolution, beginning with the experimental stage, then advancing to the position of torchbearer, and now regarded in many parts of the world as the most fanatically and frantically conservative on earth. All that it stands for is challenged, and yet the world still does business as we do it—either that or very little business is done. Nevertheless, from a good-natured, glossy young cub, Uncle Sam has grown into a bearded giant capable of scowling ominously. Hence the myths and legends about him undergo certain changes. He is said to clutch and grab. Worse still, he is said to approve of clutching and grabbing, also gouging, and to back up such practices at times with his Army and Navy. This tradition, now about ten years of age, is making a great deal of trouble for Americans, especially in Latin America, where it is being spread with great energy, shrewdness and persistence. Our Government makes no provision for foreign propaganda, but some others do, and not only do they carry it into contested fields but into the United States as well, boldly appealing to the public over the heads of the President and Secretary of State. As a result, there is now a fairly well established legend to the effect that American business interests in Latin America frequently promote revolutions and otherwise upset or harass governments to obtain or retain properties, strengthen their positions and generally to increase their profits.

No specific instances of successful revolutions are cited, and so far as I have been able to learn, none has ever been cited. Reiteration of the story in broad generalities seems to be sufficient. And why not, since on its face it appears to be not impossible? But as a matter of fact, it really is impossible. On the very few occasions when such efforts have been attempted they failed dismally, without producing even so much as a first-rate disturbance. And even these few efforts were sponsored by intrepid adventurers, not by banking or large mining or commercial interests.

There are very good reasons, quite aside from decency and morals, why such interests would not engage in

(Continued on Page 123)

THE SKYWRITER

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Father and the Bathing Wardrobe

DAUGHTER, if you must woo the waves,
Purchase a bathing trousseau.
Counting the cost, your Old Man raves;
Nevertheless you'll do so.

Buy a new gown for every day
And parasols for your shading.
Swim or no swim, you must array
Yourself for some beach parading.

If to provide a one-piece suit,
I shower down like manna,
Pray do not make it too minute;
Stags now fear no Diana.

Yet if you do go out to swim
By my consent and mamma's,
Hang what you will upon each limb,
But spare us those beach pajamas.
—Fairfax Downey.

A Suggestion

SLOGAN for hosiery manufacturer: Wear our hose and have contented calves.

The Dead Line

I AM an easy mark, 'tis true,
But not for him who ill-requites me,
There's one fool thing I will not do—
That is, to feed the hand that bites me!
—Strickland Gillilan.

Who Knows?

MRS. SKINNER, the wife of Ezra Skinner, the most prosperous and also the most parsimonious farmer of Blank County, suddenly became insane and had to be put away. It was a hard blow to Ezra in more ways than one, for it became necessary to hire both a cook and a housemaid to take care of the duties formerly his wife's. A few days after Mrs. Skinner's sudden derangement, the minister called on the husband to express his sympathy.

"What in the world do you think could have happened to your wife, Mr. Skinner?" the minister asked wonderingly.

TO LINDBERGH: Chorus—"Give Us a Slice!"

"Darned ef I can see. She ain't been outside the kitchen fer thirty-two years." *—Timothy Sullivan.*

Oh, Joy! Oh, Happy Day!

MR. WAGSTAFF, with a sinking heart, perceived in the morning mail one of those square envelopes of such fine quality that the corners puncture postmen's hands. He worked at it with his thumb for two minutes and then surrendered to the paper manufacturers and used the butter knife. He drew out a second envelope. "A wedding invitation!" cried Mrs. Wagstaff in consternation.

"It's Percy Dippel. Going to marry that Sloper girl on June second. I suppose he expects us to give him a present. I'll be cursed if I'll give him a present."

"But, George, he was one of our ushers."

"Curse him! My insurance premium is due on the first. If he wants a present he can take back that electric waffle iron he gave us.

"No, we'll have to give him a nice present. Rosen's is having a sale of tea sets with one or two slightly cracked pieces. We could send one of them and blame the cracks on the delivery boy."

"How much?"

"We could probably get out of it for about twenty dollars."

"Curse him! What's he want to go and marry that comic strip for? She'll lead him a merry life. She's so mean she swipes the public pens out of post offices."

"I'll have to have a new dress to wear to the wedding."

"You won't need any new dress to send your regrets in. I'll stay right here at home on his wedding day and wear my flannel shirt and old pants and you'll do the same."

"You'll have to borrow Uncle John's cutaway coat again, unless he's been asked too."

"Curse Percy and his bride and Uncle John, and you too! I hope the girl robs him and beats him and spends all his money on antiques and runs away with a bus boy! Before I'd go to his wedding I'd be a judge in a baby show! And before I'll give him a present I'll see him sizzling in the place where ——"

"George! Sit right down and write Percy a nice letter!"

Mr. Wagstaff then sat down and wrote the following letter:

Dear old Percy: Well, old pal, it certainly is great news to hear that you're going to put on the ball and chain. The wife and I gave a regular whoop of joy when we got your wonderful announcement. She's a marvelous girl; I've been crazy about her

(Continued on Page 48)

No, Dearie, He is Not a Movie Star; He's the Inventor of the Refillable and Noncollapsible Confession Story

Popular Song Writer: "If You Want to Follow in My Footsteps, Don't Let Them Learn You No Grammar"

The flavor secret about beans

There's a definite, delicious flavor in slow-cooked beans which has won a tremendous public. It is the flavor which leads hosts of people to insist on having Campbell's Beans always.

It is produced by long, slow, thorough cooking which goes to the very heart of the bean and makes it tender, yielding and digestible. This slow-cooking brings out the full rich bean flavor.

And then our famous Tomato Sauce, with all its sparkle and appetizing zest! No wonder so many housewives consider Campbell's Beans in a class by themselves.

If there are children in your family, you should be especially careful to serve them beans which are cooked and prepared in this wholesome way.

Serve hot Serve cold

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

MOTIVE POWER

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

X

THIS astounding statement reacted on Marcus not as a new and utterly unexpected stunning blow but in the nature of a stimulant. Perhaps it served the acknowledged principle of counterirritant, or its similar psychologic principle. For the moment, however, he could merely gape.

Gregory looked even more bewildered. Then he turned vexedly to his sister. "Why didn't you tell us you had an alibi?"

"Because Mr. True was so absolutely sure, and you appeared entirely willing to accept his reconstruction."

"I believe I asked you if you had anything to say," Gregory snapped.

"Yes, and I answered 'Nothing.' I wanted to think it out a little more. To tell the truth, I wasn't quite easy in my mind about yourself. It all hung together so marvelously. Seemed to check at every point."

"Well," Gregory said, "if any of you have any lingering doubts about my location, all you need do is to call up the University Club and ask when they saw me last. Or the bank. But what about your gloves, and that green paint on your sleeve—that matched this?" He reached round and picked up the brief case.

"My gloves were a disgrace, I'll admit," Beatrice said with a faint smile. "I decided to come at the last moment, and got off in such a hurry that I grabbed up the wrong pair—some I'd been using to fight an outboard detachable motor. I didn't bother to buy a new pair. And the green paint must have come from the canvas boat the motor went with. It was quite freshly painted."

Marcus shook his head. "You really ought to have told me this aboard the train," he said sadly.

"I was too angry," Beatrice answered. "Coming right after the dreadful news about father, to be accused of all that cheap-movies stuff was not only maddening but did not seem worth denying. I really think it was what made me do the horrible thing I did next."

"No doubt of it," Marcus admitted. "It unbalanced your sense of proportion. First, I hurt you terribly, through no fault of mine, then insulted you abominably, through every fault of mine. I hope some day you may forgive me. You weren't responsible for what happened afterward."

"Well," said Gregory impatiently, "then if it wasn't either of us, who the deuce was it who maltreated Mary and stole the will?"

"That question," Marcus said, "puts us back where we were about fourteen hours ago—when I was getting pitched into the lake."

Mary Brown said quietly, "It has reopened another dreadful query."

Gregory and Beatrice looked at her inquiringly, but Marcus immediately understood. He saved her the unpleasant necessity of answering.

"Yes," he said, lowering his voice. "As long as we suspected that this prowler was Gregory, who for some reason had chosen to slip back here and reconnoiter the premises and what might be going on, there seemed no cause to suspect that Mr. Orrin's death could be from other than natural causes. Especially as it had been so singularly peaceful. His appearance was that of a man who had fallen asleep, and, for that matter, who was still asleep. The doctor commented on this fact. But now we can no longer be so sure."

For a moment Gregory looked startled; then his face hardened

"That's so. As the facts now stand, a masked prowler was outside the open door of his room and flung Mary back into hers immediately before it was discovered that father had died."

"Take This and Lock It Up Somewhere, Sheriff; on a Charge of Stealing the Will"

"And Simpson was with him not five minutes before," said Mary Brown.

In the face of this fresh development, whatever arrangements had been arrived at during Marcus' absence were set aside. Gregory leaped down and went into the house. The others followed.

"Vogel!" he called.

The manservant came from the pantry. "Yes, Mr. Gregory?"

"Has the undertaker started to prepare the remains, or have they been in any way disturbed?"

"No, sir. Doctor Miles telephoned, while you and Mr. True and the ladies were in consultation, to order that the remains of Mr. Orrin were to be in no way disturbed. Doctor Miles telephoned to the undertaker himself just after you had gone into the library."

"Why wasn't I informed?"

"Doctor Miles requested that nothing be said to the family or others until he called, sir."

"Did he say when that would be?"

"No, sir. But the doctor mentioned that he would come as soon as he could get in touch with one of his colleagues, sir."

"When Doctor Miles was here last night," Marcus said, "he spoke of a colleague who was an expert in postmortem examinations, and said that he would, as coroner, detail him for the case. But later the sheriff told me when I talked with him on the phone that there would be no autopsy performed."

"When he had made up his mind that I was the village cut-up playing May Day pranks," Gregory said bitterly. "Did he suspect that it might possibly be Beatrice?"

"Not from anything I told him," Marcus said. "But even if he had, it would have amounted to the same. I think he has struck a fresh scent."

"He spoke about leaving town," Beatrice suggested. "I thought he meant something else, but it may be that he is after his man."

Marcus suddenly remembered the sheriff's brief mention of Sam Cummings. The sheriff, Marcus thought, probably was running this trail alone, mentally at least, and so far as Marcus was concerned there was no danger of further interference.

Mary Brown evidently guessed at what was passing in his mind and desired to apply a balm, for she said quietly, "All of your last night's deduction that led to your getting back the will was right, Mr. True, except the one point of identity, and you hadn't decided positively on that until you got what seemed the perfect check of Miss Orrin's gloves and the paint smear."

"And laugh," Beatrice said.

"That wouldn't be exact," Mary Brown objected; "because his ears must have been full of water. But the other details were precise. Assuming that the bloodhound recognized the sound of the car, the masked person must have been the one who drove it, and known to Sam Cummings and familiar with the premises. The sheriff then decided to ask for a post mortem."

Marcus nodded. "All the same, I can't believe that Mr. Orrin was murdered, or even suffered a mental shock. When I looked in on him it was hard to believe that he was dead. His features were entirely reposed and his eyes closed, as if he had fallen into a quiet sleep. Doctor Miles reported the same." He turned to Gregory. "Why have you brought me back here?"

"To make a true copy of the will," Gregory said. "My sister has finally got back in her right mind. She did not destroy the will at all, in whole or in part. After she had knocked you senseless she shoved the will into her dressing bag, then burned a time-table to put you off."

"The sheriff was right," Marcus muttered. "I might have guessed something of the sort if I hadn't been a fool."

"We think now," said Gregory, "that to play safe there had better be a true copy made and duly attested. Miss Brown can keep that and you can take the original with you."

"But we want you to go to bed and get a good sleep before you start back for Boston," said Beatrice.

Marcus nodded. "Perhaps you are right. I do feel pretty queer and I don't want to pass out on the train and possibly lose this precious document again. Let's get about it."

His head was beginning to throb again, though his brain was clear—unnaturally active, as it seemed to Marcus. They went into the library, where Mary Brown quickly made a copy of the will on the typewriter. The signature was duly attested, Marcus affixing his seal of notary. He folded the document and handed it to Mary Brown.

"If Sheriff Clark is right," Marcus said, "we may find that Mr. Orrin's real intentions toward his son and toward Mary Brown were entirely apart, and his hope that they might marry, a secondary consideration."

The three looked startled. Then Gregory asked, "What do you mean by that?"

"Mr. Clark may tell you when he gets ready," Marcus said wearily. "He seems to have had the right answer to all this mess from the very start. Most professional detectives and all of us *soi-disant* amateur ones could sit at

(Continued on Page 32)

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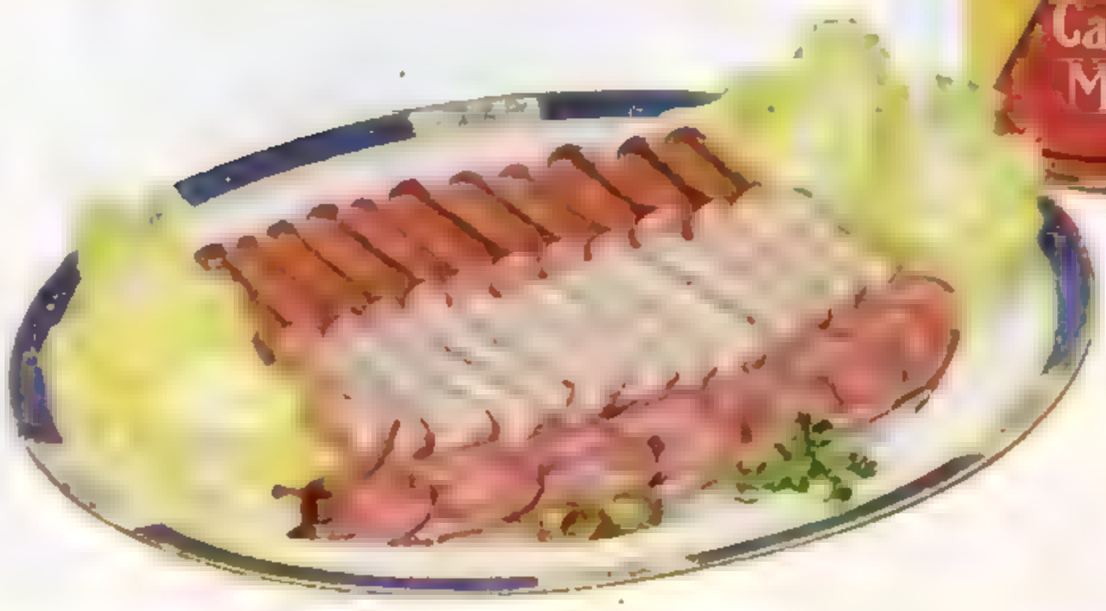

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(Continued from Page 30

his feet and learn. The sheriff applies the principles of woodcraft to his reasoning. But then, he's a woodsman."

Beatrice rose. "Well, that can wait. Come, please, Mr. True. For the next few hours you've got to consider me your nurse. The first thing is for you to get to bed."

She led the way out and to the stairs. Marcus was conscious of a sudden curious exaltation of feeling that was not only mental but physical. It was as if the recovery of the will, intact and undamaged, had eased him out from under some intolerable and crushing burden. He felt astonishingly light of mind and body. There was an eerie impression of special senses reaching far beyond their normal scope, as though he were suddenly clairvoyant, clairaudient, and with an infinite projection of the tactile sense, achieving a sixth one. Also his body seemed to have lost its ponderosity, so that he was buoyed up, floating. There was no perceptible weight to the tread of his feet.

It occurred to him that his mind, soul, whatever animated him, must have broken through its material barriers and was reaching out delightfully into some other and less restricting dimension. But this, instead of dismaying him, was infused with satisfaction, a sense of really living for the first time. There was a transparency to surrounding objects, or a luminosity that seemed to promise their removal at any moment as textures of a limiting capacity.

All pain, discomfort faded into utter well-being as he followed Beatrice down the hall. Then, opposite the door of the room in which lay the body of Mr. Orrin, Marcus paused. The door itself was open, but a light curtain was drawn. The interior was, of course, darkened.

Beatrice looked back over her shoulder. At sight of Marcus' face her own went suddenly white. She had for the instant the curious impression as of looking at some visitant from another plane; not a ghost or specter, but a presence of supermortal attributes. Marcus was standing stiffly erect, one hand slightly raised. His face was serene of features, but there was an amazing brilliancy in his eyes. Actually of an iron gray, not steely but rather slaty, they looked now to be a luminous black.

"Come, Mr. True," Beatrice began tremulously. "That's father's room."

"Of course," Marcus said. "Just a minute. I want to tell him that it's all right."

Beatrice's two hands flew up to her face. The worst, she feared, had happened. Fatigue, nerve strain, worst of all, the fearful result of her own mad violence, had finally accomplished its dreadful result. Either Marcus had gone insane, or else he was in the first grip of what the sheriff had so evidently feared. Beatrice felt herself to freeze as she stood, repressing the impulse to scream.

Marcus laid his hand on the curtain, drew it aside, stood peering into the darkened room. Then he said gently, "It's all right, sir. We all lost our heads for a few hours, but we've come to our senses again."

Beatrice was unable to move. "Mr. True," she moaned. "Oh, Mr. True!"

Marcus made a little reassuring gesture with his hand. "One moment, please." He was still staring into the room. "I think, Mr. Orrin," he said gently, "it would make it easier for everybody if you were to say just why you wanted Mary Brown to have ——"

Beatrice could stand it no longer. She drew toward where Marcus stood, her feet dragging on the floor.

"Oh, Mr. True . . . he can't understand . . . he is dead."

Marcus turned and looked at her with a faint smile. "He is nothing of the sort. That was all a mistake. I realized it as I got to the top of the stairs. You had better go in. Don't bother about me."

Beatrice, suffocating, took him gently by the arm to draw him away. But Marcus stood fast. Slowly then he reached up and slid back the curtain of the door. "Look!"

Beatrice looked, half smothered by the pounding of her heart. Then, as she looked, the head of her father turned slowly on its pillow in a movement infinitely weary, and his kindly eyes, bright and alive, looked questioningly at his daughter.

"Beatrice, darling," he said faintly, and smiled.

XI

GREGORY and Mary Brown were startled by the sound of a scream. They rushed out and up the stairs. Marcus, on his feet but swaying unsteadily, clung to the curtain of the door. As they reached him, almost together, a weak voice, but in accents lovingly familiar, reached their ears.

"There, there, Bee dear, this happened to me once before—in the Philippines."

Mary Brown rocked back as she stood. Marcus slipped slowly to the floor. Gregory plunged into the room. Beatrice, sobbing silently, knelt by the side of her father's bed, his face against her own, their arms entwined.

None of them heard the car as it entered and stopped at the front door. Neither were they aware of the presence of Doctor Miles with another keen-faced man as they paused for a moment on the threshold, then entered.

Gregory, whose nerves were strongest at that moment, was alone conscious of what the old country doctor was saying to his colleague: "Just as I felt, somehow, though scarcely dared to hope. I wasn't satisfied at getting no vital reaction of any sort, because, you see, there wasn't any post-mortem change at all. There was such a case that had us all guessing for thirty-six hours when I was doing my hospital-interne service years ago. . . ."

It dawned on Gregory then that the expert of whom Doctor Miles had been in quest was not, as they had assumed, one in post-mortem examination, but physical diagnosis. One who might be able to pronounce with certainty as to whether there was here a mortal issue or one of those rare but sufficiently proved and admitted cases of suspended animation, catalepsy. But even in his rush of joy, amazement, he thought of Marcus.

"Mr. True is in a bad way, doctor," he said. "It isn't just shock at what's happened. He's had a fearful blow—a physical one, I mean."

Beatrice looked round. "Yes, and it was my fault. If anything happens ——"

"Hush," Gregory said shortly. He caught her eye, motioned toward his father. Beatrice nodded, slipped gently from that close embrace, rose and went out the door. Her face was drawn and white. She and Mary Brown—both strong young women—picked up the unconscious Marcus and carried him into his room and laid him on the bed.

Doctor Miles did not appear alarmed over Marcus' condition. "Fatigue and mild brain concussion. He's young and healthy and ought to sleep it off."

"What about his feeling that father was alive?" Beatrice asked.

"Dave Clark and Simpson had the same, and they hadn't run into any tree in the dark. True's special senses were hyperacute just then. Receptive to higher perceptions—like a radio set tuned up. He sensed your father alive, and forgot about his supposed death. He will sleep it off, then rise and shine."

This prognosis proved itself. Marcus put in twelve hours of that kind of sleep which is the great reward of clean living, the first ten hours of it profound and the last two in a changed position of the sort that seems to rest a person from the effort of sleeping hard. He awoke from this luxuriously, stretched, yawned, blinked, rubbed his nose and passed generally through the stages of a healthy young man in good condition getting back to where he belonged.

Whatever the psychology, Marcus remembered all that had happened up to the moment of his yielding to an overpowering urge to sleep. It was as if on hearing that word "catalepsy," and appreciating its significance, Marcus had gone thankfully off watch.

He now found himself refreshed, fit for whatever might next happen, thirsty and a little hungry. A bottle of sweet milk on his night table relieved both these wants. His room was unlighted except for the sheen that came through his open window from another bright night. Marcus lay for a few moments pondering on what had happened, then passed to the problem of who the masked man could have been, and what his motive in prowling round the premises.

With his mind now free from the stress of personal considerations,

(Continued on Page 68

"It's All Right, Sir. We All Lost Our Heads for a Few Hours, But We've Come to Our Senses Again"

Body by Fisher

A car's reputation
like a man's character, is built-not conferred

A man's character is what he makes it. Every act, every thought plays some small part in its building—throughout his lifetime.

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CLEANING UP

By JOHN GOLDEN

In Collaboration With Viola Brothers Shore

From Gags to Riches

YEARS of acting and gaining business experience and writing songs would not seem to point irrevocably toward a career as a producer of plays. But as I look back I see one thread running parallel with the others in the skein, occasionally obscured by the more pressing business of making a living, but leading directly, if tenuously, into my destiny. And that was the line of experience I continued to gather in the actual business of producing plays.

Following my first rather limited experience, as manager of New York University's first theatrical venture, came a second with a somewhat wider scope, since it not only got into what we might, by a little stretching of the term, call an uptown theater but broke into the social side of New York life. For my second managerial experiment, produced at the Strollers' Theater, 67 Madison Avenue, brought forth as patronesses—the Theater Guild today would call them subscribers—an imposing array of names that began, as they should in 1904, with Mrs. Astor, followed by Mrs. John Jacob Astor, and then went down through a list that included Mrs. James A. Burden, Jr., Mrs. Henry Clews, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry, Mrs. Theo. A. Havemeyer, Mrs. Cambridge Livingston, Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Whitney Warren, Mrs. John R. Drexel, Mrs. J. W. Gerard, Jr., Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, Mrs. Lorillard, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Mrs. Wm. Seward Webb, and fifty more.

The Strollers were a unique institution. Composed originally of a set of young fellows interested in college dramatics, it had outlived its early purpose, and long after its founders had forgotten all they learned at college, it flourished as an active social institution under the powerful leadership of that extraordinary personality, Robert Cornell Sands. Due solely to his efforts, the Strollers have been kept alive to this day. And though they have long since ceased to function as play producers, they still meet once a year under the strong, guiding hand of "dear old Bobbo."

On every night of the week of May 2, 1904, a musical production entitled Round Herald Square, written by yours modestly, in collaboration with another young man, was presented to New York's most fashionable audiences. Round Herald Square had as its comic central figures those two once-famous, bigger-than-life-size bronze blacksmiths who, decorating the front of Mr. Bennett's Herald newspaper building, were so arranged mechanically that they swung hammers which struck the hours on a bronze bell. Bringing those two figures to life and sending them through what was one day to be the White Light District, was the idea of a bright-eyed, quick-witted, entertaining and modest boy who was then, as he is now, known as Rupert Hughes. I staged, managed and directed what I believe I am safe in saying was the first full-length musical play that either Mr. Hughes or Mr. Golden had been able to get before the public.

A Tour to Save the Old Homestead

IT WAS during the production of Round Herald Square that another since-celebrated man crossed my horizon. And I have always taken the greatest pleasure in stating that it was the luckiest day of my life. Since then, whenever I have been asked what I recommend as a prime requisite in the business of successful play producing, my answer has invariably been, "Get a partner like Winchell Smith."

The first meeting of the future firm of John Golden and Winchell Smith came at a time when Golden, the stage-struck young actor, was enjoying his first taste of success as a semiprofessional producer, and, as general manager, co-author and composer of a Strollers show, was not a little impressed with his association with the élite of the day. Smith was a lean, struggling young fellow, trying to prove to American audiences, with the assistance of a few thousand dollars loaned him by his brother, Dr. Oliver Smith, of Hartford, that there was a playwright named Bernard Shaw. He and his star, Arnold Daly, whose untimely and tragic death during the last few months shocked the Rialto, went into the venture of presenting Shaw's plays in a little house on Forty-fourth Street, near Fifth Avenue, called Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse—Mrs. Osborn being a fashionable dressmaker who had invested in a theater previously known as the Berkeley Lyceum.

Mr. Golden Reviewing a Show Over the Radio

To the surprise and delight of Daly and Smith, people came to their offering. So many people came, in fact, that the attention of the fire department was called to the theater, which was pronounced unfit for use and the Shavian enthusiasts were given a week in which to close their show and get out.

Smith, for the first time in his life seeing a chance at real money, went looking for another place to house his plays. And one day, through my position on the theater committee, I received a note addressed to the Strollers' Club and signed Winchell Smith, asking leave to use our theater until they could find some place to continue their run.

I replied that I would see this unknown Smith. A cadaverous young stranger met me by appointment at the little theater. And in that way was brought about the meeting which has had such an effect upon both our lives and which, perhaps it is not immodest for me to say, has done its bit in the making of contemporaneous theatrical history.

Smith told me his troubles and what it meant to him to prove the value of Shaw to American theatergoers, and he asked me to help by letting him have the house. I responded that I was interested in his project and sympathized thoroughly with his aims. He might have our theater by giving us almost the entire gross receipts for the week. I was beginning to show managerial tendencies. Although, of course, I left him enough to pay his actors. Smith demurred, but he finally did consent to the terms.

Years later I said to Smith, "I don't see how you were ever willing to have me for a partner after the tough deal I gave you the first time I met you."

To which Smith replied, "Well, I reckoned that if there was a fellow like you around loose in the theatrical world, I'd rather have him pulling with me than against me."

The Lambs' Gambols are world-famous and many a playwright owes his start to some sketch tried out on the little stage before this most critical audience, composed of the wise ones of the theater. Many an actor has found his vein of humor or tragedy in some skit put together hastily for one of these affairs.

For ten years I served on the committee of the Lambs' Gambols, gaining managerial experience I would not trade for any part of what I like to call my education. The way to learn a thing is to do it. There are no schools where a man may learn to produce plays except the hard school of experience. Of course, if he can get someone else to foot the bills for his training, so much the better. Mine was the task of reading hundreds of scripts and selecting those which would please my critical audience. And my experience included not only a contact with plays but with the people who wrote them. One thing I learned, for instance, was that the jolly fellows, the burlesque comedians, invariably wanted to write plays about stabbing their mothers in the small of the night or somewhere. Dire, dank, diseased drama was what you might expect from a funny man, and the funnier he was the more you might expect it. As for the serious actor, you would naturally look for a serious sketch from him. And that is what you invariably received. A bit of fluffy, frivolous, fantastic froth was, and still is, the hardest thing in the world to find. Oh, the enemies I made at the Lambs' Club, turning down acts that turned up! But, oh, the friends I made too.

Augustus Thomas had been my predecessor in charge of these Lambs' Club productions, and it was to my experience as his assistant that I attribute a good part of my education in the business of dealing with the theatrical temperament.

I had met Thomas years before, while doing a bit in his play, A Night's Frolic. It was Thomas who brought the Lambs' Club out of debt by producing the first great Gambol, and then touring the country with the greatest star aggregation ever assembled, playing to the highest prices then known, and bringing back $100,000 to burn up the old mortgage.

I shall never forget the sight of that square-jawed, great man of the theater, handling a company of stars as though they were babies. Once, at a big soirée given them at one of the most exclusive clubs in Philadelphia, by Col. James Elverson, owner of the Philadelphia Inquirer, Thomas stood over the boys like the nth Legree of hardheartedness.

"Get your grub," he said, "drink your drinks, and then—back to the train." They were traveling in a six-car special private train, which remained their headquarters. Some of the naughtiest boys, like Raymond Hitchcock, Andrew Mack and Eddie Foy, wanted a little more party and a little less of being treated like children. But they were all children to Gus, and the Witching Hour saw them neatly tucked in their trundles with their pretty little white coverlets up under their pretty little faces.

Managing an All-Star Gambol

IN 1911, when I took Thomas' place as chairman, and realized with some misgivings that I had a tremendous public all-star Gambol on my hands, I went about it in a businesslike way. Taking a leaf from my predecessor's book of tricks, I secured the signature of every star in that performance to a contract with the understanding that it was to take precedence over any other contract he might sign, at whatever salary might be offered him. And the amounts that could have been and actually were offered the men on that contracted list reached into the hundred thousands. But every one of them, for nothing more than love of his organization, stuck by loyally, studied, rehearsed and finally graced this great performance.

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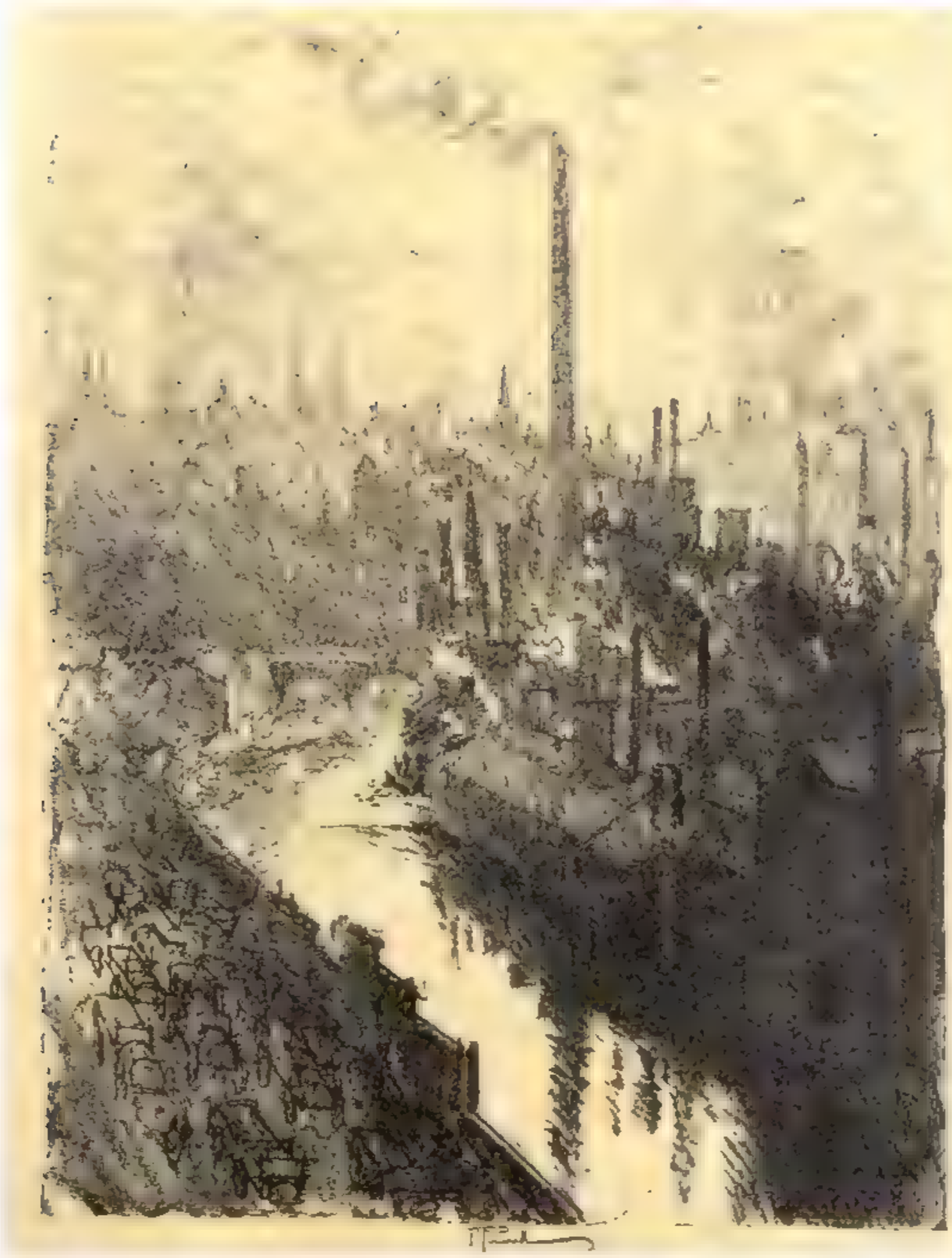
and two hundred more.

The music in this Gambol was in charge of the famous Gustav Kerker. In his day Kerker was the foremost

(Continued on Page 56)



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THE GOLDEN STALLION

By W. O. McGeehan

THERE are two secrets concerning Man o' War, the golden stallion, the horse of a million and the million-dollar horse, that may be told, now that his winged hoofs never will fly along the track again and now that his progeny are established as princes of the blood.

There always was a certain mystification over the retirement of Man o' War so abruptly. Various reasons were assigned. It was insisted that the greatest prospective sire in the history of the turf could not start to perpetuate himself too soon. The real reason for his retirement was that he had broken down, in the parlance of the turf. Man o' War went to the post in his last race with a slightly bowed tendon. He finished, not an actual cripple, but he never would have been at his best again. If they had continued to race him, Man o' War would have been doomed to an inglorious defeat. They had other and wildly ambitious plans for him, but after that race at Windsor, Canada, the news was given out that the tracks would see Man o' War no more.

Man o' War With Jockey Kummer Up. At Right—Mr. Samuel Riddle With the Golden Stallion

The other secret, which is no particular secret to the students of horse breeding, will rouse indignation against the snobbishness of the English turf. In spite of the fact that the ancestry of Man o' War can be traced back two hundred and fifty years, he would not be accepted as a Thoroughbred in England; at least not without an argument. By British standards there is a bar sinister on his escutcheon. There is cold blood in his veins—only a few drops, perhaps, but enough to raise the quibble as to whether or not he actually is an equine aristocrat.

Man O' War's Family Tree

DESPITE his achievements on the track, his shattering of records, his glorification by his whole life of the sport of kings, those studbooks are remorseless. They coldbloodedly insist on the matter of the cold blood in the veins of the king. It may have been that these few drops of cold blood made Man o' War greater than those whose blood was entirely blue, but the authorities would only sneer at this suggestion. But why not, if royal blood of the human family may be enriched by mingling with the blood of a commoner?

On the maternal side Man o' War goes back to a dam known in the old yellow tomes as Mr. Layton's Violet Barb Mare. Obviously there never was a mare with a violet coat, consequently this entry is translated as meaning Mr. Layton's Barbary mare, Violet. Weatherby's Studbook, an ancient edition of the equine Almanach de Gotha, refers to her merely as Mr. Layton's Barb Mare. Breeding historians, delving far back, have pieced out the information that this mare was owned by Lord D'Arcy in the time of Charles II. It is recorded that she produced a filly foal of which Dodsworth, a King's stallion, was the sire, and this filly was nameless as far as the records go.

On the maternal side, my informant, Mr. Guerney Gue, the great authority on horse breeding, names only the dams. There are such colorful names as Bay Bloody Buttocks, the Slayer's Daughter, who was sired by Cain, down to Mizpah and Merry Token, the more recent ancestresses of Mahuba, the dam of Man o' War. But the first of the strain on the maternal side was a mare brought to England from Barbary.

On the paternal side Man o' War's first known ancestor was Godolphin Arabian, a bay who was running on English turf in 1724. Before that the ancestors of Man o' War from the Fair Play strain ranged through the Arabian desert. It is many a furlong from Araby and Barbary by way of England to the blue-grass country of Kentucky where Man o' War first saw the light and where he will end his days, but some day descendants of Man o' War will race where Lord Godolphin's Arabian raced on English soil and they will be recognized as princes of the blood.

The ancestress whose social status causes the embarrassment to those who trace Man o' War's lineage in the studbook was a mare called Aerolite, a daughter of Lexington. It is admitted that she had good social connections and that she was a good mother, for she was also the dam of Fellowcraft and Rutherford, two first-class stake horses. Her full sister, Idlewild, was a great four-miler some sixty years ago, when they thought more of horses who could "go a distance" as they say.

The ancestry of Lexington, of course, was without question, but his mate, the dam of Aerolite, was not recorded in the equine social register. She might have been accepted in the American studbook, but she would be barred from the English studbook.

Not all of her blood were barred from England, however, for Richard Croker's Orby, a Derby winner, was of that same plebeian strain. He had a greater quantity of this blood than there flows in the veins of Man o' War, and besides, there were other traces of cold blood in him.

After he won the Derby there was a great hue and cry, and the English turf authorities decided to bar the future registration of Thoroughbreds having any of this strain. This created considerable acrimony. There were those who held the opinion that this was done to promote the sale of English sires in the United States. Some credence might have been given to this contention, for they continued to register Thoroughbreds whose ancestry was quite as defective as that of Man o' War, provided that the parent stock had been registered before the rule was passed. I wonder if they would have barred Man o' War. They did not get the opportunity, though they came near it. It will be interesting to see how the first of his get, back-tracking to the turf of his ancestors, will be received.

Of course, all this is of more consequence in the history of Man o' War than any of the sordidly commercial matters that might be mentioned in connection with him. The fact that he will have earned his owner in purses and in stud fees, if he reaches the normal years of a Thoroughbred stallion, more than $1,000,000 is a slight matter as compared to his lineage.

In the winter of 1919, Man o' War on the Riddle farm worried not at all over any bar sinister on his escutcheon nor about anything else. He wintered remarkably well, as the horsemen say. He carried himself like a prince of the purest, and his ancient retainer, Major Treat, knew that he was. Even the most ignorant stable boy knew that Red was of the very deepest purple.

The Greatest Race

AMERICAN turf history considers that the greatest race run by Man o' War, which, of course, means the greatest race on American turf—another misnomer, for American races are not run on turf—was the race against John P. Grier, one of his rivals of the two-year-old days. This became a match race, because these were the only two colts left in the Dwyer Stakes at Aqueduct that year. As a matter of fact, the Jockey Club prohibits match races, but these things can be got around. They managed it in the heralded match race between the American colt, Zev, and the English colt, Papyrus, which was looked forward to as a glamorous spectacle, but which turned out to be a runaway floundering race in a sea of mud. Of all the colts that showed in 1920, there seemed to be only this one, John P. Grier, who might give Man o' War a race.

The racegoers seemed to sense the fact that this was to be the race of the century, for if prize fighting produces frequent battles of the century, the turf must be allowed its races of the century. They crowded into this inadequate course to the number of 40,000 or more. The distance of the Dwyer is a mile and a furlong. It was not a fitting setting for the glamorous melodrama that was to be enacted, for Aqueduct at its best is one of the least sightly courses in the East. This race should have been staged at Ascot for the King's Cup, or at least at Belmont or Saratoga. But the Dwyer Stakes that year was valued at something more than $4000, which I am afraid was a consideration, and the racing dates dictated that the race must be run at Aqueduct.

They needed police reserves that day to form two little rings for the saddling of the colts. While Louis Feustel was saddling Man o' War, Samuel Riddle walked over to where

Harry Payne Whitney was watching the saddling of John P. Grier. Riddle held out his hand to Whitney and made a strange admission.

"I think that your colt is better than mine and I hope you win," he said.

"That's good of you," returned Whitney. "But I am quite sure that you have the better colt and I hope that you win." The few who heard this conversation could hardly believe their ears. It seemed to go against the very spirit of horse racing. Of course, the motive of the game is difference of opinion between owners, but always in a positive and never in a negative sense.

Clarence Kummer was riding Man o' War. Ambrose was up on the Whitney colt. The 40,000 stirred as they were walked by the stands, and then settled into a tense silence as they moved toward the starting point. This time Man o' War was comparatively quiet as he faced the barrier for a few moments only, for it was sprung quickly and the two colts sprang forward looking like one animal in profile. This time it was a perfect start. They were moving as though welded together. But for the speed, they might have been cavalry horses trying to keep an alignment.

All of the 40,000 looked for the great strides of Man o' War to take him into the lead. According to C. J. Fitzgerald, of the Jockey Club, one stride of Man o' War covered twenty-four feet six inches—an abnormal length.

But that Whitney colt had speed and stamina. Man o' War, on the inside, was pounding that track, but John P. Grier clung to him tenaciously. The men with the watches gasped as record after record for the fractional distances fell. Rounding the turn they were still so close together that John P. Grier was utterly obscured by the massive flying figure of the big red colt. Not even the nose of John P. Grier could be seen. Into the stretch they came neck and neck. Suddenly a few voices in the stands shrilled, "Man o' War is beaten." In the infield Louis Feustel moaned, "He's beating Big Red! Big Red is gone!"

It seemed true. John P. Grier began to move to the front. It seemed that Man o' War had given all that he had and that it was not enough. The pace had been murderous all along and the red-gold one seemed to be killed by it.

"We're beaten! We're beaten!" moaned Feustel. His figure sagged. Clarence Kummer brought down the whip. Man o' War seemed to take the form of a golden flame. Feustel standing beside the rival trainer, Rowe, began to dance like a madman. He called to the horse, who could not hear him, his voice drowned in the surge of sound, "Come on, Red! Come on, Red!" Nothing in Araby, nothing in Barbary ever ran like that golden chestnut then. The invisible wings that always seemed part of him almost were outlined clearly. He was a golden Pegasus and nothing of mere horseflesh could withstand him. John P. Grier did not falter, but Man o' War rushed by him as though he were standing still, to win by two full lengths.

The watches showed a new world record for the distance of 1 minute 45⅕ seconds. It was the most spectacular of the races of Man o' War in many ways and it showed the attribute more admired than his speed—his lion courage. He was beaten, but he won. He could come from behind when all but him conceded defeat—even the trainer who had known him from a foal and who knew better than anybody else in the world the soul of Man o' War.

Injured in a Sea of Mud

BUT Feustel always contends that it was in a more obscure race that Man o' War showed at his best. Also, it was a race that played a prominent part in his history, as it proved afterward, for it was after this race that he showed signs of the trouble that ended his active days prematurely.

This was the Potomac, at Havre de Grace, on the Susquehanna. That day the track was a sea of mud and the skies were sodden with rain. Man o' War was burdened by the handicapper with a weight of 138 pounds, an unheard-of burden to carry in such a race on such a day.

At the cry "They're off!" Feustel's spirits drooped, for Man o' War had been left flat-footed at the post and he did not seem able to get into his stride. The mud clung to him like thick tar and the weight pressed him into the soft track. But he began to make up and he won under restraint, from Wildair, carrying only 108 pounds, and Blazes, with only 104 pounds to take through that mud. He seemed to be winning easily, and when Feustel looked him over after the sponging he seemed to be the same perfectly molded golden thing. But as the hand of the trainer passed along one of his legs, he felt just a slight protuberance that had not been there before the race. He could have detected anything of that sort in the dark, so used was he to the feel of the colt. He looked closely. What he found was the first sign of a bowed tendon.

"I knew then," Feustel said long afterward in the dialect of the horseman, "that Red was fixing for to break down, and that it might not be so long before he would."

Of course, the golden stallion never lacked for attention, but after that he was treated even more tenderly. Feustel concentrated on the tendon that had started to bow, but when Man o' War went to Windsor, Canada, he was what would technically be called a patched-up horse, but even in this status he was still champion of all the equine champions and worth his weight in the metal the color of which is the same as his burnished coat—and Man o' War's is no slight weight either.

The secrets of the Glen Riddle Farm were well kept. This particular secret has not leaked out until now, for the owner of Man o' War is even more close-mouthed than was his trainer, and cautious to a degree. One of the best-known veterinary surgeons in the East tells an amusing story on himself to illustrate the precautions gone to by Samuel Riddle to watch over Man o' War. This veterinary had to go over the colt from time to time, and every time he inspected Man o' War he was watched by a detective in the employ of Riddle. The owner once had heard of a horse being sponged by a veterinary and would trust nobody where the million-dollar colt was involved.

Man O' War's Last Race

THE last race of Man o' War was the International Race at Windsor. Commander J. K. L. Ross, the Canadian millionaire sportsman, owned Sir Barton, who had won the Belmont when Man o' War was a two-year-old. The prize was a $75,000 purse, with a gold cup thrown in as a trophy. But it was the purse that caused Man o' War to be sent to the Kenilworth track, with Major Treat, the old hunter, and a retinue as numerous as that of the various Baron Renfrews.

According to the plans of Samuel Riddle, this was not to be the end but almost the beginning of the racing triumphs of Man o' War. After this race he was to be shipped to England to race over the tracks where his ancestors used to run. He was to be made the most famous horse in the history of the world. After that he would return to the United States and race for years more. Why not? They had said that Man o' War could run on forever. He was not mere mortal horseflesh. As one said of him unpoetically: "He is steel with horsehide stretched over it and a dynamo inside that never will run down."

But this prophet, being prosaic, did not know the story of the tendon of Achilles. The tendon of Man o' War was not any more durable. Feustel was worrying about it when he accompanied the colt to Windsor, but this was such a miracle colt that he could not believe that the injury would grow into anything serious. He worked at that tendon tirelessly.

Never was a king or a president more carefully guarded against cranks than was Man o' War on this journey. Everywhere he was furnished with extra police guards in addition to the detectives that Riddle had hired to watch over him. Waking and sleeping, there were always several on guard at the car or the stall of Man 'o War, not counting the old hunter, Major Treat, who would let no strangers near his prince, and Major Treat could still throw a fairly accurate pair of heels.

Earl Sande, the greatest of the jockeys of that time and mentioned as the greatest who ever rode, had been asked to Windsor, and fully expected to ride Sir Barton. But on the day of the race he was told by Guy T. Bedwell, trainer for Commander Ross, that Keogh would ride the Canadian horse. Sande was so hurt that they said he actually wept over what he felt was a slight. Since then he must have been glad that he was not asked to ride.

It was a great gathering, but not a horse race. Nobody seemed to feel that it would be. The Canadian betting is of the parimutuel variety. By Canadian law the better cannot be paid less than five cents on the dollar, consequently Man o' War is recorded as being a 1 to 20 favorite. As a matter of fact, he was 1 to 100, and the Canadian Racing Association lost thousands of dollars in making up the difference. The stands were decked with American and British flags and there was the mingling of American and British airs and all the amenities of an international sporting affair. Before the race Trainer Bedwell instructed Keogh to make Sir Barton work.

"He can stand a lot," he said. "He is a big-game horse and can be made to win if you make him."

The instructions of Feustel to Clarence Kummer practically were: "Let Red do about as he pleases. Let him alone."

It was a runaway race from the start. Man o' War started out with those long, easy strides and was leading after the first few jumps. The distance increased steadily and rapidly. It obviously was so certain that the crowds began to surge into the track near the finish line and to close in behind Man o' War.

The track began to become so cluttered that Kummer became worried. He was whirling about to see that the finish was clear and then back again to see to it that Sir Barton was not closing up. There was little danger of this, for Man o' War finished at something like seventeen lengths, before Sir Barton clattered up, a very weary and discouraged animal. Then the the surge was around Man o' War, the greatest horse in the world, the greatest horse that ever lived. The police fought to clear a passageway. Man o' War was led up to where Samuel Riddle was receiving the gold cup.

"It was foolish of me ever to believe he could be beaten," said Riddle.

"He never will be beaten," Commander Ross was acquiescing.

Man o' War was being held near by by Feustel. Some of the stewards had started popping champagne corks, for they were about to fill the golden cup so that the health of the golden stallion might be drunk by those present. Man o' War was thirsty after his work. He heard the gurgling of fluid and he forced his way to the table. He thrust out his muzzle in the direction of the cup.

Samuel Riddle seized the trophy, which by this time was half filled with bubbling wine, and dashed its contents to the earth. "Bring some water," he said.

The well-trained stewards felt that this must be an insane gesture from a prohibition advocate from the country across the border, but they complied. Riddle filled the cup with water and held it out to the colt. Man o' War drank gratefully out of his own golden cup.

"He won it," explained Riddle. "It is only fair that he should have the first drink out of it." Then the cup was filled with champagne and the admirers of Man o' War drank after him in the order of their rank on the turf.

Riddle had all arrangements made for what was to have been the triumphal trip of Man o' War to Europe. He would race him at Ascot, at Newmarket, at Longchamps and Chantilly. He would leave a few days after he arrived in the United States. All that he wanted to do first was to show him at the horse show at Philadelphia. Man o' War would stand the trip; nothing could stop the golden stallion—nothing, indeed, but the same sort of trouble that stopped Achilles the invulnerable. The appearance of Louis Feustel that night was the skeleton at the feast. Feustel had planned to return immediately to the United States with a few friends. They were awaiting him at the hotel. Feustel called them up and sobbed over the wire: "I can't go. Something has happened to Red. I can't tell you what it is, but I am afraid that it is something very, very serious. You must never breathe a word of it, and I shouldn't even be talking to you, but I had to say something to somebody."

And that is all that leaked out to anybody at the time. Man o' War returned to the United States in triumph. Samuel Riddle was able to wear a complete mask. Man o' War was shown on schedule at Philadelphia, and he won the first prize, even though he was shown in the ring with bandages around all four legs.

There was a reason for this, of course. Some shrewd judge of horses might detect the bowed tendon. Riddle wanted to keep that secret as long as possible. He still hoped against hope and against the positive verdict of the trainer, that Man o' War would be able to race again after the winter's rest. Nobody outside of the stable even dreamed that this anticlimactic race at Windsor would be the last for Man o' War. They were looking forward to the breaking of all records by the golden stallion, who was just about to come into his greatest racing form.

To Carry on Their Sire's Work

THEN it was announced that Man o' War would be retired to the stud. Even then they felt that this would be only temporary, and for some time afterward it was announced that Man o' War might return again to the track for a match race with some upstart successor. But the golden stallion remained in the charge of Miss Elizabeth Daingerfield on her Kentucky farm. His racing career was closed. The remainder of his destiny was to become the sire of another golden stallion. The first foals sired by the golden stallion were twins. They died soon after birth. The breeding authorities were skeptical as to what Man o' War would produce as a sire. Now the verdict seems to be that the golden stallion will be the greatest sire of all time.

"That is too sweeping a notion," some of the conservative students of breeding insist. "You have to wait several generations to find that out. But it does look as though Man o' War promises very well indeed."

Miss Daingerfield, an unquestioned authority, insists that Man o' War will prove to be one of the greatest, because of the early age at which he was retired. He began his work of reproducing himself years before the average breeding stallion. When they have studied the results and they continue as promising as they have been, it may

(Continued on Page 158)

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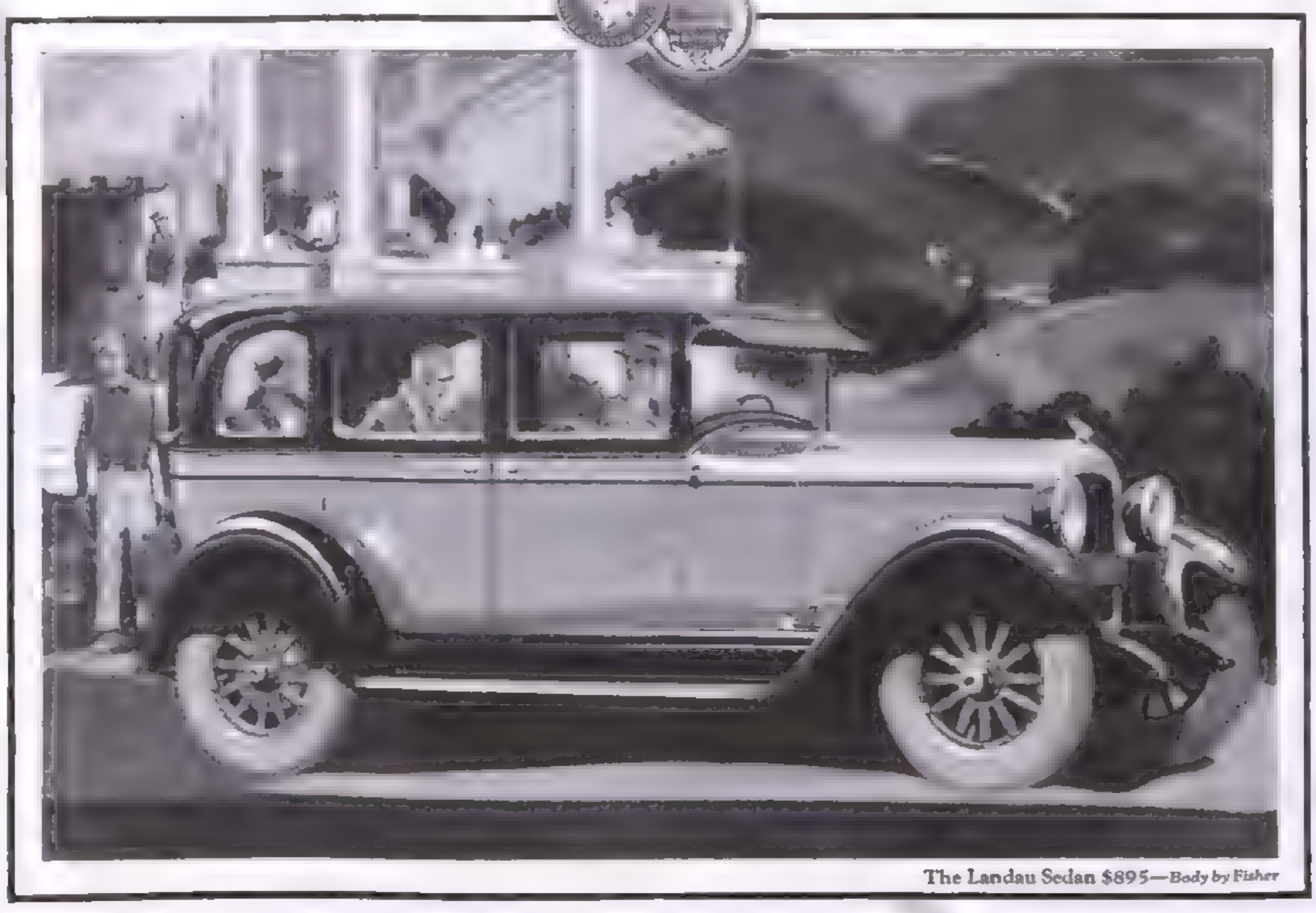

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By MAJOR GENERAL HUNTER LIGGETT, U. S. A., RETIRED, WITH WESLEY WINANS STOUT

WHY is a staff? Officers and men of the line dragging themselves down a road after days or weeks in hell, fighting day and night, lousy, muddy, unutterably tired, emotionally shaken, their comrades dead or broken, now and then encountered a spick-and-span staff officer sizing them up with a presumably critical eye. An occasional ass will creep into any organization, so that eye actually may have been coldly critical, but with rare exceptions the criticism existed only in the imagination of resentful minds in racked bodies.

"Who the hell is he?" the line asked profanely of one another, and: "What's the large idea? I'd think a lot more of you, you swivel-chair warrior, if you were as dirty as I am and had been where I've been."

When the line is not bitter about the staff it is inclined to be humorously acid, and it is asking a little too much of human nature in the mass, I suspect, ever to hope that it will change. Even the old soldier who knows exactly how invaluable the staff is, and the line soldier who has seen staff duty himself, are not always able to choke down their instinctive resentment at the contrast in the relative comfort and safety of line and staff.

Yet it is just as illogical of a line soldier to hoot at the staff as it would be for a railroad fireman to mutter at the superintendent of motive power or at the chemists who test the thermal units in his coal and the lime content of the water used in the locomotive boilers. Without a staff an army could not peel a potato, let alone fire a shot. In all its branches the staff is nothing more than an instrument for the service of the line, and the more mechanical and complex war grows the greater importance the staff must take on. It is the nervous system and the brain center of the army.

In organization an army is essentially no different from such industrial corporations as the United States Steel Corporation, the General Motors Corporation or the Pennsylvania Railroad, except that a modern army is larger and more ramified than any or all of these. An army's business is to make war; these corporations make steel, motor cars and operate trains, respectively. Line soldiers make war only in the sense that puddlers and blast-furnace crews, for example, make steel, lathe operators and valve grinders make motor cars, and train crews operate trains. Back of each is an army of technical men, executives, clerks, accountants, purchasing agents, salesmen, draftsmen, legal advisers, and the like. Line troops are the laborers, machine workers, their foremen and superintendents. These are the men who perform the primary functions of the organization, but without their staffs they could not turn a wheel. The treasurer or the metallurgist has no more business on the shop floor, except as an onlooker, than the staff officer has with a machine gun.

In times past an iron furnace was set up alongside an ore bed and a few men, perhaps a family group, mined the ore, smelted it, wrought it into homely useful and elementary forms and sold it at the shop door. In times past armies lived off the country over which they fought, foraging, pillaging and exacting tribute, paid in loot, fighting only with swords or pikes, and as oblivious of transport, technical aids and administrative services as the original iron master was of advertising appropriations. As industry has changed and expanded, war has evolved with and in direct relation to it.

A Better Showing Than in Previous Wars

WE BEGAN life as a people with an ingrained distrust of standing armies and of compulsory military service in peace or in war, and we held to that prejudice in the face of repeated disaster down to the last war. Then, for the first time, we enforced equal liability to military service, with such incontestable results that, revolutionary as it would have seemed to an American of John Quincy Adams' or of Grover Cleveland's Administration, it now is an accepted theory and practice of our Government. In our next great war the draft will be all inclusive and there will be no volunteers. I see no signs, however, of any growing willingness on our part as a people to support a standing army remotely adequate to defend us in war, or to prepare in peace, by universal service, a citizen soldiery for war. So for some time to come, at least, our Regular Army will continue to be a national police force and the skeleton organization of an army for war.

The Navy being our first line of defense, and it being apparent to all but the dullest wits that battleships and their crews cannot be conjured out of a hat upon a declaration of war, we support a fleet—a fleet not strong enough for safety, but strong enough to give any foe pause for thought. We go on, however, expecting the Army to sow dragon teeth at night and reap a great harvest of trained soldiers tomorrow. There is not and never can be any substitute for training and experience for fitting men for any task, and as the task grows more complex the training becomes that much more imperative. I do not know how better to describe the Old Army's predicament on the outbreak of war than to compare it with a country doctor restricted for years to a pharmacopœia of salts, calomel and quinine, and an equipment of a clinical thermometer, a pair of forceps and a horse and buggy, expected to improvise instantly a motor car, a supply of antitoxins, a corps of assistants and the medical skill to combat a virulent epidemic of diphtheria. The notable thing is that the Army did, with the whole-hearted backing of the nation, after a fashion accomplish something like this in the last war.

In this war we made an incomparably better military showing than in any previous war; not so much that we were so good this time as that we were so bad in the past. There were three simple reasons for our better showing. The first was that we had Allies to sell us the war materials we lacked and which we could not make in time, and to stand between us and the enemy until we were ready. The second was an immeasurably more intelligent military policy on the part of our Government, together with a greater unanimity among our people. The third was that we had, for the first time in our history, a skeleton corps of officers trained in theory to high command and staff duties.

Postgraduate Schools for Officers

THERE is no finer school in the world than the United States Military Academy, sweeping as this statement is, but I trust that the taxpayers do not suppose that it takes boys in their teens and in four years makes of them military experts competent to the defense of the nation. Does the University of Pennsylvania Medical School graduate hospital chief surgeons, the Harvard Law School corporation counsels, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology consulting engineers?

After four rigorous years West Point turns a boy out with a sound academic education, a disciplined character, a soldierly physique and an apprentice's training in the profession of arms. That is a foundation that goes down to bed rock, but what the fledgling second lieutenant builds on that foundation depends upon the second lieutenant. His real education begins where West Point leaves off, and in the time of my eighteen years' service as a lieutenant, a not uncommonly long novitiate in the post-Civil War period, that education was left solely to the initiative of the individual. There was no study of war problems in the academy's curriculum then. There is now, but it must of necessity be only a passing glance at the subject.

There is a magnificent military library there, but the cadet's time is so fully apportioned that he has the scantiest opportunity of using it for general reading on his profession. I graduated several points lower in my class than I should have, had I spent less time in the library reading on matters not directly applicable to examinations. Many of the best of every class resigned from the Army as soon as they could, to exploit their education, character and self-discipline in civil life, where they brought higher dollar returns. Some of those who remained regarded their schooling as finished and drifted into poker playing, garrison small talk and a despairing clinch with boredom.

A young lawyer, doctor or engineer goes on with his education automatically—he can't avoid it if he practices his profession—but the duties of a young officer in the Old Army in peacetime demanded little of him that he had not mastered at West Point. If he went on, his own intellectual curiosity and ambition had to supply the motive power. When I graduated from the academy in 1879 there was not one postgraduate army school. Today there are more than thirty, beginning, from the top downward, with the War College, then the General Staff School and the School of the Line at Leavenworth, and the various special service schools—Infantry at Fort Benning, Georgia; Cavalry at Fort Riley, Kansas; Field Artillery at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, Camp Bragg, North Carolina, and Camp Knox, Kentucky, Engineers at Camp Humphreys, Virginia; Signal Corps at Camp Vail, New Jersey; Ordnance at Watertown Arsenal, Massachusetts, and Raritan Arsenal, New Jersey; Aviation at Fort Sill, Langley Field, Virginia, Chanute Field, Illinois, and Ross Field, California; Coast Artillery at Fortress Monroe, Virginia, and fourteen other special-service schools.

All these had their faint beginnings at Fort Leavenworth in 1881, when General Sherman, then General of the Army, founded the School of Application for Infantry and Cavalry. The first-year course was little more than a review of the students' elementary schooling, concerning itself with such fundamentals as penmanship, arithmetic and grammar. The second and final year was given over to the study of certain books on the science and art of war, the preparing and reading of papers by students and professors and some practical field work in surveying and reconnoitering. The assignment of faculty and students was haphazard. For seventeen years, or until the Spanish-American War, Congress did nothing more for the school, but with the assignment of the gifted young lieutenant, Arthur L. Wagner, in 1886 to be instructor of military art, the institution began to take form and purpose, and his work was continued and developed by General John Morrison.

From the impetus of these courses a demand arose for instruction in the specific technic and tactics of the various arms, to supplement the study of strategy and tactics in general, and the first of the special-service schools—for cavalry and light artillery—was authorized by Congress in 1887, after much persuasion, but was not established until 1892, at Fort Riley, Kansas. The graduates of these early rudimentary courses pushed to the front so quickly in the Spanish War that Congress in 1900 authorized the creation at Washington of the Army War College for "the direction and coördination of the instruction in the various service schools," a graduate school for all branches of the service and for higher work in strategy and military information. Three years later we finally obtained an Army General Staff to anticipate the defense and mobilization problems of war, and with it an Army Staff College at Leavenworth to instruct specially selected officers in the duties of the General Staff and for service in the War College faculty. A School of Fire for field artillery was established at Fort Sill in 1911, and at the same post, two years later, a School of Musketry was founded. This was the germ of the present great Infantry School at Fort Benning. By no great feat in arithmetic it will be seen that 1913 was only one year before the outbreak of the World War, and most of the special-service schools date well after this.

My first opportunity of attending one of these schools came in 1907, when I was assigned to the Thirteenth Infantry at Leavenworth. Though not detailed as a student, I managed to assimilate most of what the School of the Line and School of the Staff had to offer. Two years later I was sent to the War College as a student, graduating in 1910, assigned to the faculty and later made president of the college on the recommendation of General Wotherspoon, at the same time serving as a colonel on the General Staff. After five years at the War College I asked to be relieved and was sent to Texas City to command the Fourth Brigade of the Second Division, concentrated there against eventualities in Mexico.

Solving War Problems in Peace

THE one year's course at the War College began in early September and continued until the following July, with a fixed schedule of instruction for every day of the course, adhered to strictly. The classes of thirty to fifty officer students were selected from all arms of the service on the recommendation of regimental commanders, and the like. They included the best of the graduates from the Leavenworth schools, and we usually had two or three naval officers in a class. The object of the course was to prepare a graduate to grasp the fundamentals of any conceivable war problem, and how to go to work on it.

The first month was given to a study of the Franco-Prussian War, with special emphasis on the siege of Metz and its bearing on the Sedan catastrophe. Thereafter for defensive problems we defended the North Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific Coasts from imaginary invasions, and organized hypothetical expeditionary forces for offensive theorems. On the defensive our first task was to resist the landing of the enemy, if we could, with our small and scattered Regular Army; but to delay and impede him in any event, while we rallied the strength necessary to overwhelm him. A force of several divisions usually was predicated as the invading unit. No one dared breathe the word "draft" fifteen years ago; we put our reliance, as in past wars, on the National Guard and volunteers. There was nothing of the old-time Fourth of July sham battle about the work, and much more than strategy and tactics was involved. The problem included everything in the art of

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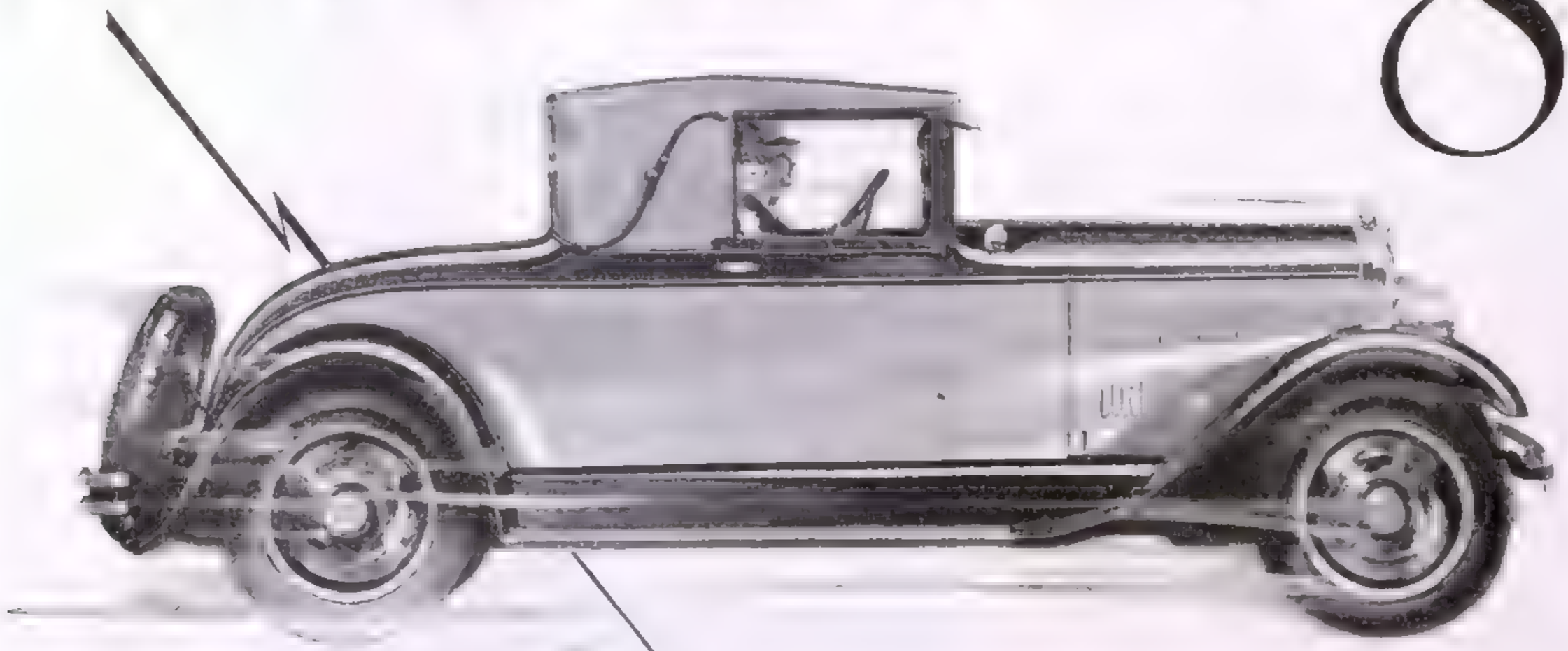
The MARMON 8



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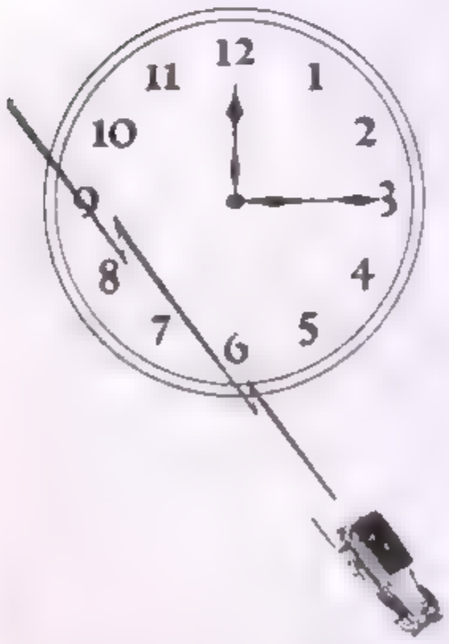

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In a word, here's what the Marmon 8 is, and here's what you get

—the greatest degree of *usable speed* ever offered in any car—70 honest miles per hour and everything that goes with it

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—not a sluggish, hesitating and often dangerous three seconds while you're waiting for the motor to "get its breath" but an instantaneous flow of super-power and flashing pick-up with a tenacity closely approximating that of electricity or steam.

These remarkable results are due to many important engineering factors

—*correct ratio of power to the weight* of a full-equipped and fully loaded car

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—plus real individuality and the pride of Marmon ownership, all within the price range of conventional cars.

With good reason, therefore, we urge every motorist who is in the market for a new car to find out for himself what this Marmon 8 is and what it will do.

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70 honest miles per hour, coupled with perfect control and ample power on hills.

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(Continued from Page 40)

war—the supply, equipment, transport, mobilization of both troops and industries, recruiting, training, replacements and disposition of the rapidly expanding army. Offensive problems reversed the picture and introduced the organizing of sea transport and other new factors.

The first necessity of such theoretical fighting is absolutely complete and accurate maps. New countries, poor maps; old countries, good maps, is a cartographical axiom. The ordinary atlas map of commerce is no map at all to a soldier; it is made for the layman who is interested only in the relative location of Altus, Oklahoma, and Quanah, Texas, the approximate course of the main roads, railroads, perhaps the more important streams and the imaginary state line. A railroad folder map on which the B. C. & D. is shown in geometrically straight lines and its competitors largely ignored would be only a little less useful in war. A proper military map is so intricately comprehensive that it is forbidding for ordinary lay uses; the untrained eye cannot see the forest for the trees. The most complete map can be no more than a flat projection of the ground, but a good one gives a perfect picture in perspective to those who know how to use it. If the trained eye cannot recognize every major feature of the landscape after an hour's preparatory study of the projection the map is of little value. It must be photographic in its accuracy; delineating, for example, every elevation, where the ordinary map is oblivious of anything less than a mountain range. Obviously an officer cannot afford to guess at what lies over the hill from him. He should, in fact, be able by study of the map, to foretell pretty nearly what his opponent will do and where he will go under any given condition. I am as much at home with a land map as an astronomer with his stars. I was map minded to begin with, West Point gave me a good working course in cartography, I practiced map making as a young officer on the frontier where the country still was only superficially charted, and I have studied maps perpetually out of an innate interest, as well as professional need.

A Visit to the Battlefields

The French and the Germans are the best map makers in the world, the Germans have written the best military textbooks, and both countries have been the scene of repeated campaigns. For all these reasons we used French and German maps for the most part at the Leavenworth schools and the War College, with the result that many of us found Western Germany, Lorraine and much of France as familiar as the hills and valleys of our boyhood. Much of the effective artillery firing in France in this war was from marvelously complete maps made by French topographical engineers in peacetime. We have nothing comparable in America. The only first-rate maps of the United States are those of the Coast and Geodetic, and the Geological surveys. The former has not penetrated far inland and the latter has mapped only sections of the country. Tiring of fighting all our battles in France and Germany, we shifted occasionally to the Coast and Geodetic maps of the Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut coastal regions. At other times we disguised maps of such Civil War battles as Shiloh with German names, without a student recognizing the operation. For Mexican problems we used Mexican Government maps, which are reasonably good.

On May first the War College class was divided into sections and each section assigned to an intensive study of some Virginia, Maryland or Pennsylvania campaign of the Civil War. Papers detailing every movement of troops on both sides were prepared to be read later on the battleground. Then, about June first, the whole class took to the saddle for staff rides over these battlefields. A detachment of negro cavalry from Fort Myer, across from Washington, took care of the horses, served as orderlies and manned the wagon train which carried our food, camp equipment and personal baggage.

Fredericksburg was the first stop. First reviewing the general nature and purposes of the fight, class and faculty then would follow the course of the battle from point to point. This done, the students were set the problem of what the course of the battle would have been under the changed conditions of modern warfare. The same order was followed on the successive fields of Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Totopotomy, Cold Harbor, McClellan's Seven Days' Campaign on the Chickahominy, and Petersburg, with special emphasis on the transfer of Grant's army from Cold Harbor to the south side of the James River, a splendid job of staff work that would have been inconceivable in the early stages of the Civil War. After Petersburg, we rode to the Shenandoah Valley and followed Jackson's valley campaign, then the first and second battles of Bull Run, Antietam, South Mountain and Gettysburg. This concluded the course, but the faculty had to give the balance of the summer to preparing the next year's course of study.

The Policy of the South

On one staff ride Colonel Faison, a member of the class, suggested that the distinguished Confederate cavalry leader, General Munford, was living at Charlottesville, and that it would be mutually interesting if the veteran should accompany us. General Munford accepted our invitation eagerly and joined us at Fredericksburg. At Chancellorsville he had been with Fitzhugh Lee, whose cavalry brigade had covered Jackson's march against the right flank of Hooker's army. There he led me to a little hill in the angle of the Brock and the Plank roads and showed me where Jackson, whose army was moving up the Brock road, had ridden to the crest of the hill and looked directly down along the length of Howard's lines not 500 yards away.

The Northern troops had stacked their arms and were smoking and lounging while the cooks butchered cattle and prepared the evening meal. Jackson ordered Munford and the courier to remain under cover, but he himself stood for five minutes studying the Union positions without being observed. Turning to his courier he ordered him to go back and instruct General Rhodes, commanding the advance of Jackson's column, to continue up the Brock road to the turnpike, where he would join him. Jackson did join Rhodes there and turned his column down the turnpike. Where he would have attacked Howard's corps obliquely, but for his discovery, he now struck the Union forces in reverse as well as in the flank, and routed them.

Howard's corps, of course, should have seized the hill as an elementary precaution, commanding the two roads as it did. Had they used the observation it offered they would have seen Jackson coming. It was an inexplicable case of negligence, for Howard was a good soldier.

The aged Confederate was greatly touched when the class, Northern and Southern born, alighted in the Wilderness to renew the cairn an earlier class had built of rough stones to mark the spot where the Confederate general, Jones, fell in the first day of that battle. Each year the children of a near-by school would scatter the stones, knowing nothing of their significance, and each year the class would gather them again into a cairn.

The students needed the trip to send them back to their troops physically and mentally fit after the long winter grind in school. No officer who took these staff rides failed to appreciate their immense advantages mentally and physically.

This is a fragmentary picture of the methods by which the army prepared, as best it could, for the unknown task that lay a brief way ahead of it. The total the treasury has spent on the War College, the Leavenworth schools and all the special-service schools since 1900 would be an inconsiderable item in the Federal budget, and the Government rarely has bought more for so little.

There was confusion, waste and bungling in our war effort, but for a proper perspective it should be compared with what we have done in the past. The average literate American understands that the North did not do so well at first in the Civil War, but how and why he never has known or long ago forgot. The Union's floundering in 1861 and 1862 makes a sorry story, but it is not one that the nation should be permitted to forget, for it was characteristic of all our wars until the latest one.

There is no mystery as to why the numerically and mechanically inferior and beleaguered South held off the North so long and defeated greater Union forces so often and so soundly, nor was it due, as romanticists believe, to the fact that the Southrons were a more warlike people. It is true that there was a more militant tradition in the South; the prevalence of military academies below the Potomac is one evidence of that. It is true that there was a more general familiarity with firearms and a distinctly superior horsemanship in the agricultural and baronial South than in the industrial North, and that Dixie had more visibly at stake in the quarrel, but these were superficial advantages.

The controlling difference was that the South knew precisely what it was about and had an enlightened military policy as an instrument of its purpose, while the North, betrayed by Buchanan's Administration into an initial disadvantage, sedulously cultivated that disadvantage by its own weakness of will, confusion of purpose and ignorance of the A B C's of war.

While Lincoln was making his way incognito to Washington to take oath of office, the Confederate Congress was electing a trained soldier to the presidency and authorizing him to call as many one-year volunteers to the colors as he thought necessary. He called out 100,000. Two months later President Lincoln called out 75,000 militia for three months' service to suppress a force one-third larger and enlisted for four times that term. In less than a year the South, which had gone to war in defense of states' rights as a general policy, abandoned it utterly as a military policy, made Jefferson Davis the powerful executive of a highly centralized government and drafted every able-bodied citizen between eighteen and thirty-five into the army. It never had permitted troops to elect their officers or governors to appoint them above the grade of captain, and now it took away the appointive power of the state executives entirely. Davis was a graduate of West Point, a veteran of distinction of the Mexican War and a statesman of long service in Senate and Cabinet. He thus was equipped to make intelligent use of his unprecedented wartime powers. The South was more nearly united on the war than was the North, but its solidarity was due as much, I think, to the Confederate Government's stern suppression of dissent as to any unanimity of sentiment among its people.

In the North Lincoln, a novice at arms, although a volunteer in the Black Hawk War, had to lead a nation split into a series of contentious factions tactfully into war, hampered and bound on every side himself with the restrictions of the Constitution and tradition.

Political Commissions

The firing on Fort Sumter found 183 of the Army's 198 companies scattered in 79 different posts on the far frontier, the remaining 15 companies protecting the Atlantic Coast, the Canadian border and manning 23 arsenals. General Twiggs, in command of the Department of Texas, surrendered nearly one-fourth of this army and all the public property in his care to the South on demand. While Buchanan and his Secretary of War, Floyd, sat supinely by, the South seized 235,000 army muskets from various arsenals. Its infantry was well and uniformly equipped with arms, while Union infantry went to war with flintlocks, old English Enfields, German and Belgian smoothbores and almost every other relic that could be picked up here or abroad.

In the division of the trained soldiers of the Old Army it is agreed that the South got much better than an even break in quality, but the more I have studied the Civil War the more I have come to wonder if the true inwardness of this advantage may not have been more that the South knew what to do with its trained soldiers and the North did not. It is true that the Union did not produce, until late in the war, generals comparable, on their records, to Lee, Jackson, Longstreet, the two Johnstons and other Confederate commanders; but was it the fault of the officers or of the system?

Of a total of 900 officers in the Old Army 269 resigned to join the South and 26 were dismissed for disloyalty. Of these 182, or 62 per cent, rose to the rank of general officer of the Confederate Army, among them the five great soldiers I have just named. Of the more than 600 officers, numbers of them Southern born, who remained loyal to the Union, only 142, or less than 24 per cent, rose to general-officer rank. More than half of the loyal 600 failed to reach the rank of colonel in the Union Army in a war that lasted four years. The Union Army, being almost entirely volunteer and no provision having been made for utilizing these trained soldiers to command volunteer troops, several hundred men who had spent their lives preparing themselves for such an emergency were submerged and lost in the welter of state-commissioned and political soldiers, intrigue, wire pulling and military chaos. It was no fault of the Government that the services of Grant, the greatest of the Union commanders, were not lost; he got a commission only by chance that he was known as a former soldier to his neighbors in Galena, Illinois. Is it not likely that other great soldiers sank without trace in the confusion? It is a relatively small detail, but a significant one, that on the Southern side a full general commanded an army, a lieutenant general a corps, a major general a division and a brigadier a brigade, while the North had only major generals and brigadier generals for all four units, and a general commanding in the field had to apply to the governor before an officer of troops of any state could be promoted.

Barracked in the Capitol

The single battalion of regular infantry and the few companies of regular artillery and squadrons of cavalry in Washington were swamped in the 40,000 or so uniformed citizens that poured confusedly in on the capital. Major Ganoe in his History of the United States Army has described how the Capitol and other public buildings were turned into barracks for troops that did not know how to take care of themselves in camp nor have the necessary equipment. A German regiment occupied the floor of the House. Beds were in the corridors, a sergeant sat in the Speaker's chair, murals were defaced, members' desks broken up and the congressional hall given over to pillage and abuse. Uncontrolled drunkenness made the residents of Washington more fearful of friend than enemy. The farmer colonel and the apothecary major in many cases strutted in bar and lobby, drew their pay and did not go near their regiments for weeks. It is possible that they earned their wages better by their absence.

Already the country had spent in these few months enough to have supported a sufficient trained force for the ten years preceding. Recruiting posters promised that "as this regiment is to be constantly garrisoned in the forts around Washington, those anxious to enter the service will find

(Continued on Page 158)

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PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

CHARLESTON

(Continued from Page 11)

His father said, "That's so, the rascals. It won't stay in my mind. I hope the woman still comes in to cook. A gentleman may cook on a military campaign, but not in his own house. Where were you all afternoon?" John Fearnes told him that the Carolina Rifles had been parading with the Schützencorps. "You did say that," he admitted. "John, I'm tired, and I'm not a third through the register. If I don't live to finish it, you must take it up." They were seated on a balcony at the back of the house. Below, a garden had grown into confusion. There was the heavy scent of a banana shrub. A musical cry came from Legare Street, "Sweet rose tomaytoes!" There was another, far off, "She craib—she craib—she craib!" The elder Fearnes repeated, hardly above his breath, "Load my gun wid sweet sugar plum. An' shoot dem nung gal."

"I will have to go to Columbia tomorrow," John Fearnes said suddenly. "I must be away two or perhaps three days. I hope you will be all right. I will give you some money, only you must be careful with it. Let Saby in by the side door. I don't like to leave you, but it can't be helped."

Why, his father demanded querulously. "I can take care of myself. I always keep a pair of loaded pistols by me. It's safe to kill almost anyone now." His hands, on the arms of his chair, were remarkably like his son's; but the skin was like the rind of a lemon; the veins were indigo. A mockingbird sang with a sustained liquid sweetness. "You never hear a chuck-will's-widow any more," Alida Fearnes complained. "They used to come with the dusk."

The rebuilding of Columbia, Fearnes saw, was confined to the main street; the heaps of fire-blackened bricks and charred rafters were being hauled away and new stores were in course of construction. Columbia, like Charleston, was sunk in a careless and exhausted lethargy. Walking toward the State House he passed imposing and dilapidated mansions set back in melancholy neglected gardens. Urns and statues were overthrown and broken, paths were unraked and lost, the porticoes were empty. Soon, however, he was caught in an increasing activity of negroes. A rough fence inclosed the littered and barren grounds of the State House. Near by a white officer from the Army of the North was drilling a black company; there were groups of negroes in serious consultation; others—legislators—slept sprawled on the grass; a solitary statesman in an old black frock coat, with a rusty high silk hat and a torn woolen scarf about his throat, paced muttering loudly to himself. There were shouts of laughter, high calls, even a wail of song.

Where, John Fearnes asked a decent-appearing negro, could he find Beverley Nash? It was hard to say about Mr. Nash, he was informed. Mr. Nash was busy with near everything and everybody. He might be in the Senate Chamber, and then he might be in one of the committee rooms. Sometimes he stopped next to the office of the Clerk of the Senate. That retreat, Fearnes discovered, was completely furnished with senators and representatives, wines and liquors, cold dishes and cigars. There was no formality in the frankest satisfaction of personal appetites—there were negroes with champagne and corncob pipes, negroes with whisky and Havana cigars, negroes happy with beer and sliced chicken, negroes with unrestricted gin and Virginia ham. They were neither sober nor drunk, but united in a spirit of amazed and noisy pleasure. They were not only continuously eating and drinking but begging one another to drink and eat just a little more.

Where, Fearnes asked again, was Beverley Nash? Beverley had been in that very room not a minute ago. Probably now he was back in the Senate. A white friend of Senator Nash's was looking for him. "Here, boy!" A ragged negro child was captured. "You're one of the Senate pages. Take this gentleman where he can find Mr. Beverley Nash." In the Senate Chamber Nash was discovered to have gone to the House. There the floor was in an uproar. A dozen members were on their feet at once in a shouted confusion of parliamentary terms. "A point of order! . . . A point of personal privilege! . . . The gentleman from Laurens County! . . . The chair, please, and I was talking first." The gavel fell in a sustained minor thunder of warning. The confusion slowly subsided. There were scattered laughs. The members, in every variety of dress, were seated in every possible attitude; in a majority of cases incredible feet were elevated on the desks. There was a general eating of bananas and peanuts. Banana skins, peanut shells, were dropped over the floor.

A representative was speaking: "Congress has passed the Force Bills. The Ku Klux trials came to the right end they came to. For one I am not in favor of delving into the past. The present is what this honorable body is engaged with. For that reason I am opposed to devoting any large sum of money on the Ku Klux and our scattered country brothers. Let us concentrate our money and our power. There is too much personal talk here. Take it to Captain Hubbard and the state constabulary. See the committee on contingencies. Don't burden us with your aches and pains and troubles ——"

He was interrupted by a second lawmaker: The honorable gentleman forgot that he was once a scattered country brother. Did he ever have the Ku Klux wang in his door? Did the honorable gentleman ever see a Ku Klux in the middle of the night with red horns a foot long?

The gavel fell. Speeches on the floor were limited to five minutes. In a corner, silent and bewildered and grim, sat the few white Democratic members of the House. They were from the mountains—a useless sacrifice in the magnified black chatter. John Fearnes identified the seven white men who supported the negro party. They, rather than the negroes, were growing rich in the universal stealing. The entire appropriation for the state insane asylum had disappeared. There was a new issue of fraudulent state bonds at every session.

He approached a small group of white men at the rail. "I am looking for Beverley Nash," he explained. There was no answer. John Fearnes repeated his words. An individual in a wide battered hat, his lips brown with tobacco, replied that he was damned if he cared who anyone was looking for.

"Nash is over there," another member of the group said. "You can just see his head. . . . Now, Crews," he returned to a confidential discussion. That, then, was Joe Crews, the ex-nigger trader. He had been in the legislature, a commissioner of elections and a trial justice, and military aide to Governor Scott. Crews had armed the negroes of Columbia with six or seven hundred stands of improved Springfield rifles and ammunition. The taller man, with the patriarchal beard, Fearnes decided, was Whittemore. Fearnes recognized Beverley Nash.

"Nash," he said, "I am Colonel Fearnes, of Charleston." Nash, who was a tall and handsome negro, carefully dressed, looked down on John Fearnes. He didn't, he replied, appear to remember him. He hoped, however, Fearnes had been colonel on the right side. "In the sacred cause of liberty." Fearnes ignored that. "I came to Columbia to see you about a rumor in Charleston." Nash interrupted him. He wasn't, he said, interested in Charleston rumors. Charleston, it was known, was disloyal to the Union, and as far as he, Beverley Nash, was concerned, the city might be excised from the map. Things seemed as if it might be. That, too, John Fearnes overlooked. "I want to talk to you," he replied more decidedly; "and this doesn't seem to be the place." Nash, it appeared, couldn't talk to him now in this place or any other. He had three committees that afternoon. This was Tuesday—he might see him on Friday. Yes, it was barely possible he would be at liberty, for a very little while, on Friday. Fearnes said, "Today or tomorrow." His voice was low and cold and quiet. Beverley Nash started to speak more loudly; it was possible that in a moment more he would be shouting; but suddenly his manner changed; it dissolved before Fearnes' level stare.

The best Nash could do was that night, and then it would be very inconvenient. Governor Moses was having a ball, and if Colonel Fearnes would come to the governor's mansion at about eleven o'clock he would contrive to see him. That, Fearnes realized, was final. He agreed shortly: "Very well." He left the State House as quickly as possible. His face was whiter than usual, and his knees were weak. His lips were pinched. From the United States barracks, on the outskirts of the town, came the strains of a military band playing John Brown's Body. The street was full of negroes on foot and in gigs going out for the parade and sunset music. Even war had been corrupted. John Fearnes thought with envy of all men killed in action. His mind was haunted by the insane spectacle of government in the negro House of Representatives, by the greed, the political malice, of the North. Mingo Harth was the symbol of Union, a black seal on the fate of South Carolina.

Seated in an alcove of the mansion lately acquired by Governor Franklin J. Moses, waiting for the social activities of Beverley Nash to reach a pause, John Fearnes' faint constant sense of horror was increased by the grotesque unreality of his surroundings. The governor, in a florid version of evening dress, passed accompanied by his aides, negro and white, in uniforms brilliant with looped gilt cords and buttons, and the lieutenant governor, Gleaves, in a violet coat and hair pasted across a black forehead. The orchestra, in a farther room, played a triumphal march, and the dancers crowded respectfully forward to view the imposing cortège. It was followed by exclamations of satisfaction and wonder. Most of those present were negroes—negroes of every conceivable shade; there were girls so pale, so gracefully lovely, that even Fearnes was in doubt about them; and men with the dry blackness of charcoal. The girls wore bright colors—green and primitive red and sunflower yellow—their light or dark bare shoulders were gray with powder. Their necks and wrists hung with gold and barbaric stones, and they were drenched with heavy perfume. The men were more variously garbed; there was an extravagant elegance and bright shabby makeshift. Against a background of music a continuous bass and treble laughter rose in an eager stammering pressure of pleasure with a threatening undertone of hysteria. None of this would have caused John Fearnes the slightest uneasiness; it was familiar and merely distasteful; but as the body of a ball in the executive mansion of the state it was, briefly, monstrous.

The degraded white element, he decided again, was what gave the occasion its air of corruption. He was repelled by the animal vigor of the negroes; but, following with a cold curiosity the white figures in the throng, his face was bitter. He saw a woman in pink tulle, unmistakably blonde, dancing with Cardoza, the mulatto state treasurer. A Northern captain in uniform was dancing with a young girl with the rich negro whiteness of a gardenia. She wore a honey-colored dress and long earrings of topaz and pale Spanish gold. A Gulla negro of the Fifty-seventh Massachusetts Regiment roughly shoved aside a carefully dressed and apologetic white man. Beverley Nash stopped in front of Fearnes. He referred to John Fearnes as his nemesis, and doubted if, after all, he had time to confer with him.

"It will only need a few minutes," Fearnes proceeded. "There is a rumor in Charleston Mingo Harth is to be nominated for mayor on the Union Republican ticket. If he is elected it will be fatal for the negro cause in South Carolina. At last. There is a limit, Washington will discover, we can't go beyond. I'll remind you that none of this was Mr. Lincoln's plan. The Union League and Freedmen's Bureau, the North, are only interested in your vote. In separating you from the Democratic Party. Before the war no respectable negro would recognize Mingo Harth." Nash interrupted him to say that if he had known what the colonel was after he would not have granted him an interview. Beverley Nash repeated that he had no concern with Charleston. Mingo might be bad, but he couldn't be bad enough for that white sepulcher. Besides, times had changed; what was low had become high, and Mingo Harth had come up. He would, today, get a big vote, for several reasons. John Fearnes saw that it was useless to go on. Probably Mingo Harth would be mayor of Charleston, for a little. However, the damage in that short period must be incalculable.

He was sorry, Nash said, but he could wait no longer. Governor Moses wanted to consult with him, and there were others. Very different. But there was no reason for the colonel to hurry away. He had better stay and enjoy himself. If he took a fancy to anyone in particular say that he was Beverley Nash's guest. John Fearnes made no reply; his face was set like a death mask; and Nash suddenly uneasy withdrew. He must go at once, Fearnes realized, but for the moment he was incapable of movement. He was crushed into his seat by the whole weight of present tragic misfortunes. The dance continued. The music and voices grew louder. Joe Crews, his planter's hat arrogantly across his eyes, passed. Fearnes saw the bearded and reverend-appearing Mr. Whittemore. Cardoza, who was from Charleston, stopped and spoke civilly; he presented the woman with him. She was a Mrs. Dembo. She came, Cardoza proceeded, from Havana. John Fearnes acknowledged this adequately. He was standing, turning finally away, when he happened to see an artificial blue mark in the palm of the woman's left hand.

She was slight, graceful and pale; her skin was uncommonly bright, almost orange, in color; and her eyes, no more than half opened, were amber, somnolent. She spoke in a low and indifferent voice, with a trace of Spanish. Her whole bearing was indifferent, supported by the insolence of some hidden pride or power. Perhaps Mrs. Dembo would like to talk to Colonel Fearnes, Cardoza proceeded. He bowed ceremoniously and turned away. She didn't, she said, like the party or the people around them. The men had the manners of field hands, the women were frightfully dressed, and the music horrible. In Havana such an occasion would be very different. Did he know the danzón?

"I have never been to Cuba," Fearnes acknowledged. There was a fine gold chain about her neck, its ends disappeared into the lace at her breast, and he speculated upon what was hidden. He had given up the intention, neglected the need, of leaving immediately.

Mrs. Dembo fell into a silent remoteness. In repose her face was haggard; her mouth was bloodless and malign. She was in reality curiously hideous. Her grace, her bright and surprising color, ordinarily hid that. It was impossible to guess her age. At first John Fearnes would have said

(Continued on Page 46)

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OLDSMOBILE SIX

(Continued from Page 44)

thirty; now he saw that she might be fifty. She wasn't, of course. He asked her, formally, if she cared to dance.

He found that she danced better than well, with a complicated perverse rhythm within the time of the music. She was extraordinarily light and cold in his arms. A wave of giddiness swept over John Fearnes; the weakness in his knees returned; his breath, he thought, had turned solid, choking him. The room was packed with dancers, hot beyond support. The music had become horrible. He turned sharply to avoid collision, and the object at the end of her chain swung into view; it was a small crucifix of black lava, every carved agonized detail was perfect, but it was attached to the chain at the bottom. It hung upside down. The time had come to speak. His lips were close to her ear: "When the rooster sings the Ave Maria I give thanks to God that let me into the day with breath."

She sighed faintly. There was no other evidence Mrs. Dembo had heard him. The music tore at him with a feverish and destructive intensity. He had failed again. Mrs. Dembo's fingers tightened on his wrist. She was replying. Kill the rooster and give the blood to the Bongó. Fearnes continued, "Come with me. Where did you leave your feet?"

There was an amber glimmer between her eyelids. "Where I left my head."

He said, "Illamba and Mocongo are well. They are working inside." The crucifix had vanished. His giddiness changed to an acute sickness; it was absolutely necessary for him to get out into the air. He led Mrs. Dembo to a side door, and they stood at the top of a narrow flight of steps leading into the garden. The noise behind them lost all sense; it became an inarticulate jabber; at intervals he heard the low beat of a drum. A darkness of massed and neglected shrubbery lay below them. "I must speak to you," Fearnes said. He almost laughed at the commonplace absurdity of his words.

Returned to Charleston he found the iron gate and doors of his dwelling unceremoniously open. There were negro soldiers in the hall. The old man, they casually informed him, had been killed last night. They knew nothing more than that and sullenly resented further questioning.

John Fearnes saw Saby and cried at her, "What has happened to my father?" She, too, was ignorant; half insolent in manner. There were negroes in the drawing-room above, rifles and belts in the corners; but Allds Fearnes, incredibly emaciated, was alone. When his body had been carried away, under a guard of honor from the Carolina Rifle Club, John Fearnes began an existence of complete solitude. Saby had gone, and he conducted all the practical details of living. The negroes continued to inhabit the lower floor; he drove them out, but they returned. A formal request to have them moved brought no reply. They gambled and slept and argued—turning his hall into a kind of guardroom—and, except for stealing his food and clothes, paid very little attention to him. Fearnes, against urgent advice, stubbornly remained. He sat mostly on the rear balcony, listening to the mockingbirds and the musical cries of the streets. He kept his father's papers together—if Beverley Nash and the black Republicans were successful in totally obliterating Charleston the Register of St. Philip's Parish might be valuable.

The spirit of Charleston, however, was not entirely dead. There was, for example, a changeless love for it in himself—for its wharves and water and tranquil streets, its single houses and walled gardens. It was closer to him, more actual, than any abstraction of union. South Carolina was a reality, its history was his history, its annals were the names of his ancestors. Charleston was the evidence of its pride and richness, and of its fall. It had fallen. Oh, very decidedly. It could never be born again. None of Fearnes' associates agreed with him; they insisted the state would survive, glorious; Charleston, they contended, would be built again. Never, he knew, in the old form and mold. The very shape of life had changed. The cotton warehouses on East Bay Street would never be filled again—cotton had moved South and West. There could be no plantations without slaves. Without plantations the familiar cherished facts of South Carolina would become a tradition.

That, though, would live forever; Charleston would be deathless in the history of lovely cities. Its tradition was as tangible as stone and brick. He had fought—a last act of veneration—to leave it perfect. John Fearnes hadn't, through the years of the war, realized that. He saw now that success had never for a moment been possible. It wasn't the North but the present which had conquered him. He didn't, at the last, very greatly mind. He preferred to belong to the past. There was a noise in the room behind him, and he found three negroes in uniform bending over an opened drawer. They were visibly confused and, muttering they had thought he was out, left quickly.

There was a long-drawn call outside: "Fresh whiting!" The fishermen had returned from the bay. Later he encountered a negro soldier, a captain, of a different spirit, on the stairs. He wasn't a colonel, Fearnes was told; Fearnes was nothing. If he got in the way he would be less. The captain's sword was bare. There was no one else near, the hall was darkening with evening, and John Fearnes said rapidly, "No one outside the famba has any power here. If your body is filled with pins, it will be for a reason." The sword fell and slid clattering down the bare steps. The negro flattened himself against the railing for Fearnes to go by.

His feeling of sickness returned, accompanied by self-hatred. John Fearnes told himself that he had betrayed his birth; he was sinking deeper and deeper into infamy. He was tormented by what he knew. Yet the reason for his interest in—in primitive religion, his plans, justified it. He recalled Walker Irvine's command; his assertion that the Carolina Rifle Club must be obviously innocent. He was therefore proceeding in the best way open to him. What frightened him were the dark implications of the world he had entered. The magic of poisonous words filled his head: Mama Lleneca, guanañongó acuá, Efé Bruton Efó, Otan que Ibane—Words older than history—Bricamó. He opposed against them—for the escape of his soul—the serene and familiar phrases of the Book of Common Prayer, but its beauty was remote from him, like its heaven. That region, spun of gold and blue, was hidden by an imminent pall. John Fearnes had a destructive illusion that his skin was turning darker; it was, of course, nonsense; but it persisted at the back of his mind. He woke suddenly at night and, hearing the negroes below, lost all sense of his identity; he might be black or white, living or dead. He didn't immediately know. He fought off an impulse to light a candle and, getting the yellow chalk he kept hidden, draw an indicated pattern on the floor of his room and step within it. If he did, he argued, he would never come out again. John Fearnes would be visible for a moment and then his place taken by—he couldn't quite face that, yet. Anyhow, it was nonsense.

His actual plan couldn't be hurried. Negroes couldn't be hurried. He put himself in a position to see Mingo Harth—a powerful negro, pure in blood, with mad eyes—and heard echoes of his existence: Harth was to be nominated for mayor; he hardly ever left the house where he stayed on Calhoun Street; his supporters were always around the door. It was openly said that a year after his election there wouldn't be a white inhabitant in Charleston. That, it appeared, was Mingo Harth's political creed. It wasn't, John Fearnes thought, entirely fantastic. It wasn't fantastic at all, if Harth was elected—if, in other words, he lived.

For the present there was nothing Fearnes could do except to remain alive himself. That was not to be taken for granted. However, the negroes in his house left him and his belongings severely alone. They never now went above the first floor. When he passed through the hall there was an uneasy silence and rolling eyes. His house, in reality, lost favor as a place of congregation; the negroes moved out to the exterior steps, to the garden at the back, and began to fall away in numbers. He was even conscious that long glances, muttered syllables, followed his passage on the streets.

He stayed away from the meetings of the rifle club, avoided people and places he knew. Fearnes walked about Charleston at unusual hours—early in the morning and at dark—he had lost all consciousness of danger. He discovered remote and unfamiliar waterways by the ponds on the Ashley River, at the end of Cannon Street and along Beaupain; he grew familiar with the marshes of Town Creek, the old parade ground and King Street past Sansouci. He discovered Rose Lane and Sires Street, the Mall and Aiken's Park, secret alleys and stone courts like traps. The arrogant or furtive or drunken negroes never interfered with him; instinctively—like the captain on the stairs—they pressed away from his passage. Fearnes was, accordingly, surprised when a negro came through the upper room to his balcony. Colonel, he said, a lady was waiting to see him in the hall. A colored lady. "Who is she?" Fearnes demanded. The soldier didn't know. It was evident that he'd had no intention of asking. He was very much frightened, and, his message delivered, he quickly and silently vanished.

Very much later John Fearnes slowly walked up King Street, and at Tradd he stopped before a negro fire house. It was the center of the criminal black spirit of Charleston; usually it was lighted, filled with activity, until morning; but Fearnes found it dark and deserted. He discovered, however, an uncertain thread of light at a door and entered. He was instantly halted by a vague figure.

"In Guinea," Fearnes said, "my mother was a monkey. Here she wants to be human." He proceeded up a totally dark, boxed stairway to a large room with a floating light of candles against a black curtain hung across a corner. There were other men present, all negroes and silent, and, he dimly saw, a single woman. She was seated alone, motionless, in a formless cape. A growing excitement invaded him, an anxiety of eagerness and fear. He felt, too, curiously lost, as though he were in a totally strange and primitive world; it seemed to John Fearnes that he had fallen through a horrible chasm of time, into the universe before light. Light became a thing of dread; he slipped aside from it merely as an idea; he wanted to wrap himself, to hide, in shadows. The rays of the sun, he felt, would pierce him like steel; the stars were bright-barbed fatal arrows. John Fearnes crouched instinctively in a corner.

The feet of the negroes were bare and noiseless; he dragged off his shoes he couldn't, now, support the betrayal of their clatter He must move quickly and secretly, his collar was tight about his throat, his coat caught at his shoulders and wrists. It was better without them. His sight grew sharper, and he saw Mingo Harth. A small negro, totally naked, held a struggling rooster that kept up a smothered hysterical protest. Facing the black curtain the negro said, "This is Bibi. The palm is here."

He rubbed the rooster with his hands, strangled it and quickly covered the body with a variegated cloth. He drew a yellow pattern on the floor and raised a singsong voice: "Efó baptized Efé and Efé baptized Efó." Mingo Harth advanced, bare to the waist, and the singer drew symbols in yellow on his head, his arms and on his back. He then led Mingo into the circle of chalk. Fearnes was shaking with excitement; if the Postle could stand erect there he was invulnerable. There were gasps in the darkness, but the seated woman was unmoved. The curtain had been dragged aside and a profane altar exposed; on it were three small figures of clay—figures with distorted heads on long stems—above was a cross in bright metal, with four black-and-white feathers. There was an indiscriminate collection of ordinary objects—a new tin cup, a broken blue vase, a pair of recumbent china deer, part of a holy figurine. Hanging on a string, by the neck, was a child's rag doll. The ceremony before the altar proceeded slowly.

John Fearnes was filled with a sense of mystery, of unseen omnipotent things. They were not benevolent. He had a feeling of fingers on his face, of heads like the heads of the images advanced toward him. The shadow of Harth was independently alive. It had Mingo Harth by the ankles. Suddenly there was a flare of cruel light, an open explosion of gunpowder. The small negro interrogated his companion: Did he swear to tell the truth in all he was asked? Yes, sir. With what idea did he come to this part? It was with the idea of helping his brothers.

The woman, at last, stirred: her cloak fell away and she moved forward, squatting outside the yellow circle. She interrogated the gloom, swaying on her hips. Her voice grew louder and the swaying more pronounced. It had a perverse rhythm he was already familiar with. Voices joined in her flat singing, but she easily dominated them. The chant was like the broken breathing of an inconceivable and immense animal. Fearnes was a part of it. "Efé Bruton, Efó que name rulon!" The sound and movement were in his blood. He was conscious of a new power rising through his veins, a hotter tide of life than he had ever before known. He was filled with a bitter vitality. The swaying body of the woman dominated his being. He was strong, but she was stronger. She was a palm tree. She was the earth. An irresistible impulse possessed him to be near her, and he slipped forward without a sound. The others were drawing nearer. John Fearnes was close behind her sweating and convulsed back. He, too, was squatting and swinging on his hips.

Only the Postle was erect, a massive and stolid silhouette against the faintness of the candles. A slow hatred for him possessed Fearnes, a wish that he could be forced out of the protecting circle. He tried, by the sheer weight of his will, to move Harth. He thought of his will as a great wind—a wind bending the palm trees to the sand. The singing grew louder and more savage. It was beneath words, passion itself made audible. They would blow Mingo Harth out of the circle. The woman's head was now sweeping the floor. But she was still coherent. The impure burn in their own blood. Mingo Harth had lost his erectness, he was crouching, immobile. A name floated independently into John Fearnes' memory! Mrs. Dembo. A mulatto woman at the ball given by Governor Moses. She was, suddenly, still. The voices died away, but the tension was increased; the silence was charged with a tangible menace gathering, rising, about Mingo Harth.

Mingo Harth would be driven out of the circle. This, in Fearnes' thoughts, was taken up, magnified into a cry. It beat on the bare walls of the room and it beat on Mingo Harth. He was bowed down with his head in his arms. The smaller man had

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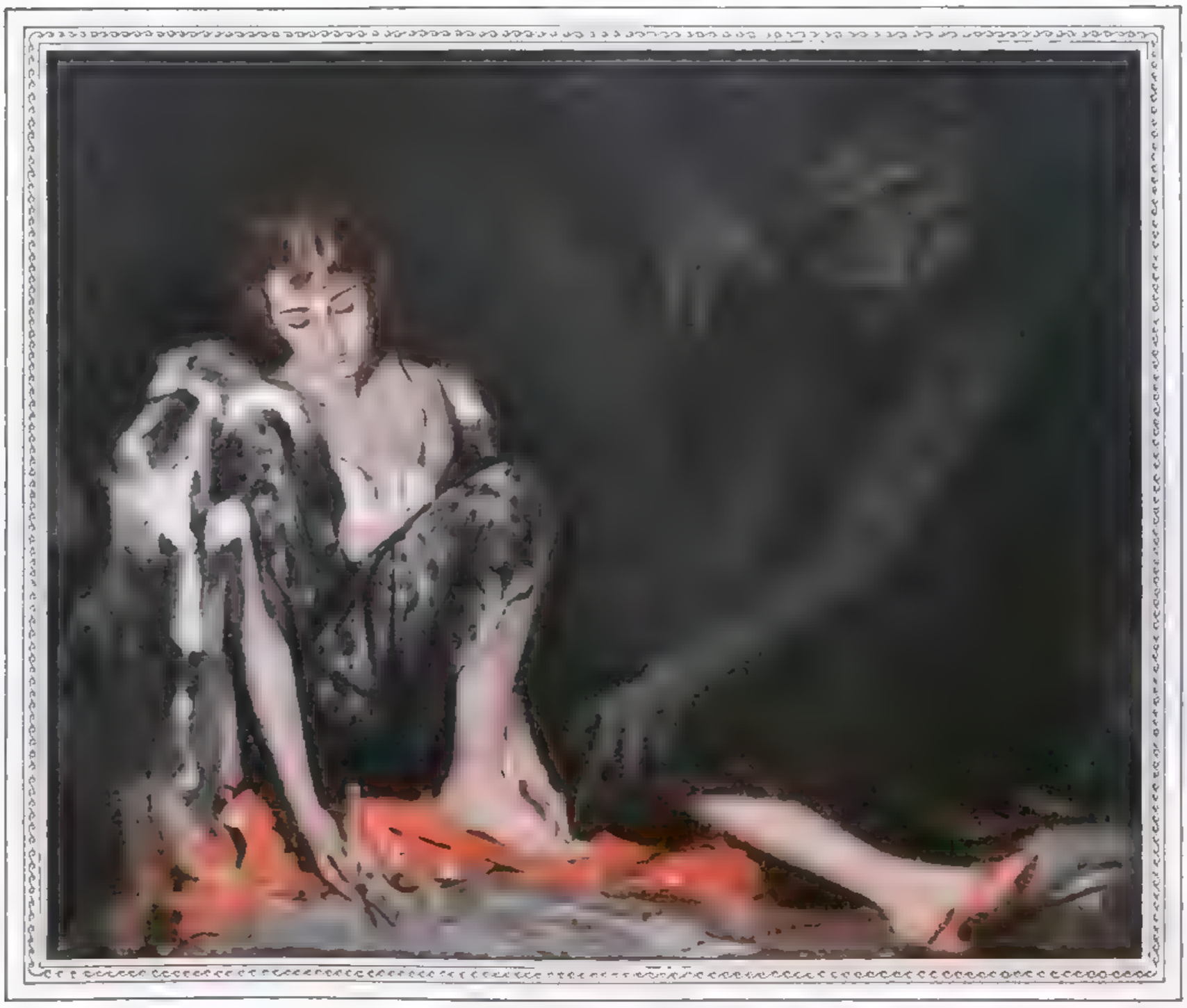

SEPTIC POISONING FREQUENTLY RESULTS FROM AMATEUR CORN-PARING

Amateur Corn Paring is a flirtation with THE GRAY SPECTER OF INFECTION

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"Blood-poisoning frequently results from amateur corn-paring. And such infections have many frightful possibilities. I cannot say this strongly enough: Corn-paring is a chiropodist's work. No layman should attempt it."

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That way is sensible, gentle and safe. There's no guesswork. No possibility of applying too much medication. Each plaster is a standardized treatment, with just the right amount of the magic wax to end the corn. The cool felt pad relieves the pressure, as only a pad can. The pain stops at once. If the first plaster does not conquer the corn, a second or third, costing less than a nickel each, will do the work.

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FOUR good people with four bad reasons for buying a motor oil. Yet thousands of motorists do buy second-rate oils for just such reasons. And that explains why the car owners of this country pay more than a billion dollars each year for repairs that *correct lubrication would have prevented.*

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When you choose a motor oil there is only *one* factor worth considering—How thoroughly will the oil safeguard your motor from deadly heat and friction?

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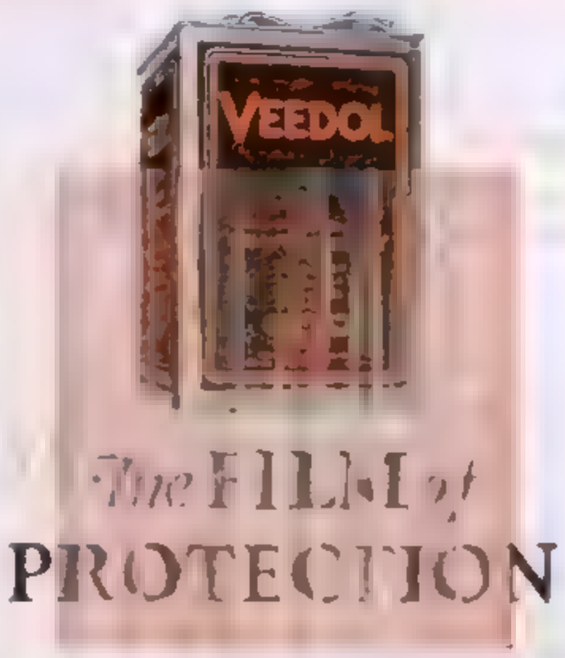

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To the man who foots the bill

THROUGH the new complete Veedol Lubrication Service it is now possible to have that added Veedol protection at every friction-spot in your entire car. A dealer near you specializes in this service. Let him take entire charge of your car's lubrication. You will know him by his orange and black Veedol sign.

Always ask for Veedol Lubricants by name. Ford owners should ask for Veedol Forzol.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

(Continued from Page 46)

vanished. Soon Harth would be outside protection of the juju. Until then, Fearnes realized, they were helpless. The woman raised gleaming arms—arms with a clinging pale cold fire. The cry rose and fell: "Mingo Harth! Mingo Harth!" Fearnes was as strong as the great apes. He could tear up the boards under him, break down the walls of the building. Suddenly Harth stood erect; he turned with his face blank against the body of voices; there was no mark of his eyes, no living gleam. He took a step forward, he moved again, and there was a screaming tumult and huddle of men.

Mrs. Dembo had disappeared, and an utter panic drove John Fearnes cold. He blundered desperately to where he had left clothes and struggled into them. He couldn't find the door to the stairs, and felt along the walls with his heart jumping. The stairs, he had a crazy illusion, had gone. There was no escape. He could see only the altar under the lighted candles. The rag doll hanging by its neck revolved slowly. A thin brightness was reflected from the tin cup. The shrill uproar and struggle had stopped. There wasn't a stir. He searched again for the door and, finding it at last, fell more than halfway to the floor below. A solitary negro, nothing remarkable in looks or bearing, was standing on the corner. He showed no concern in John Fearnes' abrupt appearance. King Street reached familiar and deserted toward the South Battery. The sky was softly luminous with stars. A salt and cooling air had set in from the sea. But Fearnes, hurrying over the brick sidewalk, felt he was alien to it; he was an outcast in Charleston. There was a sensation of cobwebs on his face. He tried to brush them away. A long shudder seized him. Then he laughed loudly and uncontrollably—he, John Fearnes, was rifle master of the Carolina Rifle Club. He marched upright and honorable-appearing carrying a bouquet of Charleston violets. He was Col. John Fearnes.

The next day his loneliness was intensified; a complete stillness seemed to have fallen about him; he was the sole inhabitant of a circle without horizon or perspective. He unwrapped one of his father's pistols, rammed into it a heavy charge of powder, a heavy ball, and then sat with it before him on a table. John Fearnes was appalled by the noise it would make; it would, he thought, shatter the sky. He was deeply engaged with the problem of how to accomplish his end without an unthinkable uproar. There must be some way to do that; he put the pistol away, loaded, until it occurred to him. He turned from it to his father's papers, the Register of St. Philip's Parish. Allds Fearnes had reached the tenth of May, 1731. His handwriting at the end was thin and crumbling, but it preserved a certain elegance. It broke off at the middle of a page. At the table he had left, with the same pen, John Fearnes wrote: "Ann Daughter of s^{d}. Joseph Wragg and Judith his wife was born"

It was noon and he copied, from his father's notes, the records of forgotten Charleston births and deaths until the room was dark. He rose suddenly, cramped and with aching eyes, and crossed the drawing-room to the bell rope. He was in the act of pulling it sharply, to inquire why the candles hadn't been lighted, when he remembered there was no one to light them. The servants had gone. Even Saby no longer came to the house. However, he could light the candles; it was better to do that himself, unconquered, than to surrender to General Grant. Charleston hadn't surrendered. It would be necessary for him to prepare supper, and he hoped no one would find him at that. While it was proper for a gentleman to cook on a military campaign, it was a very different affair in a Charleston mansion.

Carrying a candlestick in the vast high darkness of the house he carefully closed the shutters of the kitchen. Later he returned to the balcony above. The night was quiet, close and heavy. He would sit a while and rest, he thought, and then return to the Register of St. Philip's Parish. John Fearnes was bothered about the spelling of the various Greens. The original recorders had been criminally careless. He was bent over his table, it was late afternoon, when he heard the passage of feet on the stair. Fearnes rose impatiently—it was Ashton Charville. He had had, he said, no idea what John was busy with. A list of old Charleston names! He would have to put that aside and come with him to the rifle club. A son had been born to Dobbs Fenwicke and there was, as customary, a bowl of punch at Fenwicke's expense. Fearnes protested, he couldn't leave his records; but Charville, with a positive good humor, forced him out of the house.

The rifle clubrooms in the Trenholm building were full of men and raised voices. It was far too noisy and crowded for John Fearnes; he withdrew to an inconspicuous seat. Walker Irvine found him there. "John," he proceeded affectionately, "I was glad the Postle affair turned out the way it did. You were saved a lot of trouble. I heard when Harth was found in the fire house he was literally torn into strips. There was something else, too: You never liked being rifle master; we forced it on you, really, because of your extraordinary sense of duty, your character; and we all agree that if you want to give it up we can't stop you."

He thanked Walker Irvine. "I would like to have more time for myself," he acknowledged. "I am finishing the Register of St. Philip's Parish begun by my father. It is very difficult because the names weren't accurately entered by the clerks of the parish. When that is done perhaps I might be active in the club again."

Irvine said, "Of course. No one is more highly thought of than you." John Fearnes escaped with a sensation of relief. His house, after the confusion around the punch bowl, was delightfully still. Carefully closing the kitchen shutters he cooked a small satisfactory supper. Then he returned to the register. There were, he found, omissions in his father's work, whole lines left out; and, after a week of tremendous thought, he saw that all the work would have to be done again. Instead of taking up Allds Fearnes' task he must go back to the beginning. The notes he had were untrustworthy; he'd have to refer to the originals.

It got, he thought, cold very soon; there were high winds and rain; the waves broke over the South Battery wall; Charleston Bay was white. He had a small recurring sum of money from Georgia through his mother's estate, and he was obliged to spend most of that for coal. He moved his table close to the open fire in the drawing-room; he deserted the balcony and stayed longer by the stove in the kitchen. Then, by an opened window, he heard a cry from the street: "Whiting—fresh whiting!" The fishermen were back from the outer bay. What was the negro rime his father had liked to repeat? "Load my gun wid sweet sugar plum. An' shoot dem nung gal." The warm evening, the singing of the mocking-birds, entered his blood, and he determined to go to Louis Kenake's Restaurant on King Street and have shrimps and Egyptian peas for supper.

Greatly to his surprise Louis Kenake had gone. He asked a man, standing in front of where the restaurant should be, what had become of Louis; but, evidently a newcomer to Charleston, he didn't know. John Fearnes was puzzled. The city looked strange. He then proceeded to Broad Street, to the Courier bulletin board he would discover there all that was happening—but the bulletin board had gone too. There had been a great activity of building the bridges, for example, across the Ashley had been replaced. The Yankees had burned them. He followed Tradd Street to the Breakwater, to Cantini's Wharf. There, Fearnes decided, he would wait for the fleet; when it came in he'd get some whiting and have supper, as usual, home. What the devil, he thought—what the devil! The Breakwater was so changed he wouldn't have recognized it. Chisolm's mill was totally different; Toale's factory simply didn't exist.

He went hastily back and turned, in a mental confusion, into Legare Street. He was, John Fearnes was certain, getting queer. The stone steps at the entrance to his dwelling were broken; he hadn't noticed that before. They must be fixed, another time. The Cherokee roses that banked the steps and door were green. Very soon they would be gold. They were a burning mass of pale gold. But the blossoms lasted only a little while. It was surprising how soon the petals covered the stone.

However, they'd come back again. Roses were very satisfactory that way. He saw very little of them, though, for he preferred to sit at the back of the house, on the balcony where he had played as a very little child. But there were now no chuck-will's-widows, birds that used to come, softly crying, with the dusk.

John Fearnes sat on the balcony for longer periods than formerly; he was there in summer more than at the table over St. Philip's Register. His eyes made the copying very laborious; his hand trembled unaccountably. In addition he was tired. His cooking was very simple now—by the time he carried the coal from where it was left on the side porch to the kitchen it got to be damned heavy. It was a long journey to the second floor. Well, why not? John Fearnes looked querulously into a mirror. He saw a very old man. His hair was white. But there was still a trace of youth, of candor, in his faded eyes, an expression of gentleness and a slight wonder. His face was scarred, drawn, as though by the memory of insuperable pain.

from the first moment I saw her, and you certainly are the lucky devil to get her. The wife and I wish you all the happiness there is, but I guess you don't need our wishes, because with such a disposition as hers, life is bound to be just one long dream of bliss. Well, old sport, you'll get a little present from us before long; it isn't anything very much but I said to the wife, it isn't every day that old Percy Dippel gets married. We'll be at the wedding, of course. I'd rather lose my right foot than not be on hand when old Percy puts his head in the noose. Well, as I said before, this is the best news I've heard in years. I can honestly and sincerely swear to that.

Mr. Wagstaff then cursed savagely for some time, and then called up his Uncle John to ask for the loan of his cutaway.

—*Morris Bishop.*

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

News of Ranch Neighbors

O'T in the West where men are men,
I can mention eight or ten,
One jerked the leg off his dearest friend,
And beat him to death with the gory end.

A grub-line rider is Shorty Bunn.
He rides for food and he rides for fun,
He is fond of bacon, likes his veal,
But beans, he says, have no sex appeal.

Back and forth she walked the floor,
Her tooth was aching, her gum was sore.
The cowboy thought he'd stood a lot,
And he yelled at his consort, "Fer Gawd's sake, trot!"

"It sure foaments," said Daddy Spence,
As he leaned upon his high worm fence.
"If you look in the keg in my mountain home,
You'll see an inch or two of foam."

Johnny wears chaps of leopardine,
And a four-quart hat; he sure looks mean.
He's a bronco buster, but not for hire;
He breaks his broncs by the kitchen fire.

The schoolma'am looks over her spectacles' brim
And says to her pupils, "Say 'clumb,' not 'clim,'
And never say 'knowed' when you mean 'knowed'"
They'll have learned a lot by the time they're growed!

A bronco twister is Smokey Grange,
He has the longest feet on the range.
When he hits the breeze to round up the calves,
You'd swear that his pony lopes between shafts.

She's on the prod, she's on the peck.
She's a darn good housewife, but orn'ry as heck.
When she listens in on the party line,
She gets an earful every time.

Clickety, clack! Clickety, clack!
She lopes her pony from shack to shack.
Tell her your gossip and scandals rare,
If you're willing to bet they'll die right there!

—*Gardner Evans.*

What Price Citizenship

EVERYBODY he has a fruits stand, so I say I maka da automobiles car. I go to da factoree, and dey say where is da fust paper. I no got, so I get no work. Den I go to da governors-mint and dere I aska for fust paper. Day say I wanta be neutralized and it costa dollar, but I get job making da car.

Den I wanta be citizen, and dey give me book to maka da study. I read him and make ready for citizen. Dey say who is fust president, and I say Uncle Sam, he fust president. Dey make mark.

Wot is July da Fourtha, dey ask. I laugh and say dat is when we shoota da firecracker. What is Constitution, dey aska me. Dat remind me I say, da fella wot worka next in da factoree aska me every day how is da constitution. Ha-ha; slicka fella.

Can you be da senatora, dey wanta know. I tell dem I tink so. Da president, dey ask. I study and den I say, excuse me, mister, I gotta work in da mind weed dat. Eef da president he die den wot. Da nice president she take his place, I say. Eef da nice president die, wot den. Dat all right, please, mister; we getta a man somewhere, I say. Dey make more mark on da paper.

Who discover da America, dey ask again. Da Chreestopher Colombo; I know him. Goot, dey say, you get one.

Wot countree you live, da man aska me. Meechigan, I say. Who can vote dere, dey wanta know. Da Republican, he vote dere, I tell dem.

How many houses is dere in da Congresses. Excuse please mister I know just one—da White House; maybe da Green House on K streeta.

Da witnesses, where are dey. I tell dem I come already one morning and no witness is invited. Den I get my two friends and dey have to write da vocation. One he put work, da other he put no work.

Da neutralization man he say, Tony, you come back again; you can no citizen be yet. Wassa matta, I say. He say, you study more. But wassa use; I learna Abraham Lincolns and dey say nothin's bout him.

—*Russell Wilks.*

Spur Tie

all tied for you

50¢ - 75¢

$1.00

The motion picture star must be more than merely well dressed. He must be smartly and correctly dressed. Reginald Simpson is always correctly dressed, as you who have seen him in Fox Films know. With Mr. Simpson here is "Irene" of Irene and Darion, who have danced in many motion pictures.

As Sparkling Gay as Dancing Waves as well as Smartly Cool

FOR summer comfort, choose a shirt with the lowest, softest, coolest collar you can find. Put on a Spur Tie, and make that comfort smart. Choose any Spur Tie patterns. Then you can stroll the entire length of the smartest bathing beach on any ocean, and never find a masculine neck so coolly clad and smartly gay.

For good form, the Spur Tie fears no competition even on the bathing beach. Here is one tie that keeps its shape. It comes to you all tied for you, to look more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie. It keeps its shape, for in it is the H-shaped Innerform, a patented moldable form that makes the Spur Tie keep its smart good looks with never a roll, curl or wrinkle.

Spur Ties are displayed in smart shops for men and in men's wear departments. If you do not see them, *ask for them by name.* Feel in the wings of the ties you buy for the H-shaped Innerform. Make sure that it is the real H-shaped Innerform in the real Spur Tie, by looking on the back for the red Spur label, at left.

This tube is tucked under the knot of every Spur Tie in your protection. Look for it on the back. It saves ironing. You get the real Spur Tie only when this tube is red and when it reads Spur Tie

HEWES & POTTER, Inc.
64 Bedford Street, Boston, Mass

Pacific Coast: Blue and Black
31 Battery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Made in Canada by
TOOKE BROS., Ltd. Montreal

This is the nation's leading tie style, the Spur Tie Band Bow, shown here about two thirds natural size. This silk pattern was woven specially for the Spur Tie, to make sure that it is as correct for sport and business wear as it is in black and white for formal wear.

A LADY OF BROADWAY

(Continued from Page 21)

in silence, and the next minute the outside door slammed. Carter sat in sudden anger and disappointment. This, he ruminated bitterly, as he gnawed at his mustache, was scarcely the behavior of a trusting friend.

But Ira had got a taxicab and was presently drawing up in front of the English Inn in Fifty-third Street. Before debarking, however, he glanced cautiously in both directions. The eggish man was not in sight. He found Dorothy Blackmar smiling a welcome and looking as lovely as he had pictured her to Carter. And then again over him settled that distressing embarrassment in the presence of a Broadway girl which had before reduced his conversation to something less than brilliant.

"I just know," she confessed prettily, "you think I'm the boldest girl you ever knew, calling you up like that. But I just wanted to—that's all. I just felt ——"

"Oh, I love it, you know!"

She beamed on him. "You're so darling to say so, but I knew you would. You know, Ira—you don't mind my calling you Ira, do you?"

"Oh, no, not at all!"

"Well, I just thought I'd like to see you, Ira, that's all." She stopped. "No," she corrected herself, "that's not all, either. I want to talk to you about something—something very important. But first I've got to telephone—a girl friend, you know. Will you be a dear and order for me—I'll like anything you order—and I'll be back in one little minute."

He jumped to his feet, smiling dizzily, and nodded happily as she made off toward the front of the restaurant. Just beyond a screen she found the eggish man lounging well out of sight.

"Well," she said shortly, "did you get a look at him?"

Mac chuckled. "You certainly must of had a weakness for saps when you was in Chi," he said. "Sure, I seen 'im, and I never seen a sillier-lookin' mug. Y' mean t' tell me he's bad?"

"Ask 'em in Chi," she retorted. "Did anybody ever tell you Eddie Flynn was soft?"

Mac peered speculatively through a crack in the screen at the innocent Mr. Ira Hamilton. "I'd never of guessed it," he admitted. "He looks like a floorwalker to me." He lighted a cigarette. "All right, kid," he added, "do your stuff." Then he lounged out of the door.

Dorothy loitered another minute in the promenade and then returned to the table. The luncheon had been ordered.

"I'm so hungry, ducky dear! Let's eat, and then talk." She looked at him hopefully. "You don't mind my calling you ducky dear?"

Speechless before this intimacy, Ira indicated with a happy smile that nothing could be more charming. So she ate—ate with a fine abandon, and the date was a success. Indeed, encouraged by her masticating attention, he astounded himself with the brilliance of his comments on the soup, the decorations, the salad and the parfait. Until, at length, coffee came.

"I'll bet," she said then, leaning back with a cigarette—"I'll bet you're just dying to know why I called you." She enjoyed his blank smile for a second and then leaned forward, suddenly serious. "Ira, I need advice."

He cleared his throat. "Advice?"

"I knew I could depend on you! I knew it!" She overwhelmed him with her warmth. "The minute I saw you, the way your shoulders were so broad and so good-looking, I said to myself, I said to my girl friend, that is, I said to Ida—that's her name—I said I'll just bet he'll help me!"

"Did you, really!"

"Yes, I did!" She was obviously pleased with his pleasure. "That's exactly what I said! I said, 'Ida, he's adorable—so tall and handsome and such wide shoulders!' Well, was she jealous!" He beamed. "Oh, wasn't she, though! Positively green, my dear! And I said to her, I said, 'I'll just bet he's the one to help me out of my trouble.'"

She stopped. Ira's smile had disappeared suddenly. A faint vague suspicion was creeping into his eyes.

She was hurt. "Why, Ira!" She looked at him reproachfully, her eyes wounded. "Not money, dear—not anything like that! Ira, what kind of a girl do you think I am?" He relaxed, reassured, but she was still slightly hurt. "I'm sure I never gave you any reason to think anything like that." She was silent. Then: "I've got plenty of money—that is, enough." She smiled then beatifically and he melted.

"You see," she went on confidentially, "I don't have to work for my living—in fact my family is much against it. And that's the whole trouble. Now you have it! That's the trouble I'm in!"

But no comprehension showed in Ira's eyes. He didn't get it—not at all.

"Don't you see, ducky dear? Don't you see that's the whole trouble? My family—my family's very, very wealthy. They live on a plantation and they just want me to come back and lead a society life, you know. But I won't do it. I want a career. Everybody tells me I'm awfully good in the show, and if I'd make up to the producer the way some of the girls do I'd have a speaking part. But I won't play that way. I'm just not that kind of girl, that's all."

Ira nodded indorsement of this. "But about your family," he prompted her; "there must be quite a row."

"Oh, yes!" She was such a dainty, helpless creature, he reflected, as she skimmed about the conversation. "I was going to tell you. Well, you see, it was like this: I was a society belle in Norfolk—Virginia, you know—and we lived on a plantation just out in the suburbs, a very exclusive suburbs, and I just got all tired out with that kind of society life. I think that that kind of society life—balls and everything—is very boring, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"So, against my parents' will—you know how those old Southern families are, particularly Virginia, they don't want their daughter to work because that would be a disgrace, you know—well, they didn't want me to work, even at a career. They kept saying, 'You got all the money you can spend; you got your gentleman friends all right here in society; you got your horses and your polo and your golf and all them things, you know, and why should you go out and work with the riffraff?' That's what they said, see?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"So I just ran away. I came to New York ——" Suddenly her roving eye caught a glimpse of the clock and she started. "Oh, goodness, I got to go! We got a matinée and I got to hurry. Oh, I did want to finish ——"

"Well," he ventured, somewhat confused, "another time ——"

"Oh, would you?" She gave him her most adoring smile. "Let's see—let's see now!" She thought furiously. "Sunday! Sunday evening! We got no show, and we can spend the whole evening in my apartment. Next door to the Club de Paree, on Fifty-fourth Street!—9:30. Will you come?"

"Yes—yes!"

"That's so sweet of you—so sweet! But I got to hurry now, ducky dear. Don't forget, and don't fail. Sunday at 9:30."

She scurried into her wrap and was off as Ira stood nodding and smiling happily.

As she came into the street the eggish man, still lounging, edged to her side. He jerked his head questioningly.

"He'll be out in a minute," she said shortly. "Tail him if you want to." She hurried on and the eggish man went across the street and posted himself to wait for his quarry.

Such events as those that were crowded into that June Sunday evening are not represented as commonplace even on Broadway. Indeed, a fortnight might pass without a similar exhibition. The fact that they may be even that unusual, though, could have offered little comfort to Ira.

It happened that he was not accustomed to such disorders—the fault, no doubt, of the neighborhood in which he lived. They struck him consequently with a great deal more force than they would have or did those who had, during the past few years, become familiar with them. It was scarcely their responsibility then for his unhappiness. If he were not prepared to be Broadway, why had he not, they would ask, remained where he was? The only answer to that is that Ira wished he had.

On that Sunday evening then, something after nine o'clock, Dorothy Blackmar, in her second-floor apartment next door to the Club de Paree on Fifty-fourth Street, was endeavoring to hurry a tall, thin young man with straight black hair out of the door which led to the rear stairs. He was, apparently, reluctant to leave.

"Please, Eddie!" she begged. "It's nearly half past. Won't you please get out?"

"You're sure they ain't wise?"

"They're coming straight here from the warehouse," she repeated patiently. "They've got to—they've got to pick up Ike and Hymie at the club, to go with 'em to Philly. I tell you, Eddie, there isn't a chance in the world of a slip-up."

Still he was not satisfied. "What about you, honey? How you gonna get outa here? How do you know they ain't got this place planted?"

"Look!" She was getting sharp. "Look, I know they don't trust me! I know that! But aren't they doubling on me? Haven't they been tailing that sap Hamilton for three days? Don't you see they think they've got you planted?" She laughed contemptuously. "Just a couple of smart New York mugs—can't be gypped by a woman, eh?"

"But, honey, won't they be up here after you the minute we turn the job?"

"I'll be out. I'm going over the roof, kid! I got my fire escape all picked out. Don't worry, I tell you—and beat it!"

Eddie Flynn hesitated again. "What about this sap?" he demanded. "Where's he gonna get out?"

She smiled, again contemptuously. "That," she said, urging him toward the door, "is a little problem he's going to have to work out all by his little self. Now beat it, kid, please!"

He moved out into the back hallway. "Sayin' everything breaks right," he said, "I'll pick you up in Buffalo tomorrow night an' we'll catch the express for Chi—that right?"

She nodded and closed the door behind him, visibly relieved, and a minute later the doorbell rang. She pressed the button, smoothed her hair and opened the door, to be rewarded by young Mr. Ira Hamilton.

"Ducky dear!" Had it been John Barrymore, there could have been no more pleasure and surprise in her voice. "I'm so tickled! You're right on the minute! Let me have your hat and stick."

Once more somewhat fussed by this unaccustomed effervescence, he could only smile broadly and happily as she fussed angelically about, fixing him in a comfortable chair, mixing for him a highball, drawing to his chair an ash tray.

"I don't drink myself," she explained. "I just couldn't get used to the taste. Ugh!" She made a pretty *moue*. "Aren't I old-fashioned, though?"

"No! No!" He was shocked. He glanced about the room, which was noticeably bare, for what Dorothy Blackmar wanted there had been packed that afternoon and was now resting in two trunks in the baggage room at the Grand Central.

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

The moving-picture has created for the masses of the earth so much happiness and education, which they could not secure in any other way, that I'd rather be President of Universal than the head of any other great industry in the world.

Carl Laemmle

Previous to the advent of moving-pictures, millions were denied theatrical entertainment because they couldn't afford it. The prices of admission were possible only for the well-to-do.

Today, a man may take his wife and children, enjoy a complete and varied program consisting of high-class music, animated cartoon, newsreel, comedy and elaborate feature picture, such a production as the stage could never present, and the family income doesn't feel the burden. To countless thousands of families, the moving-picture theatre is a veritable daily and weekly vacation.

There is a tremendous inspiration in all this, particularly in creating the pictures which afford so much entertainment and actual happiness. I get a great thrill out of my part in it, and so, every year, I try to make Universal pictures better—so much better that there can be no chance for reproach.

Universal has been part of the motion-picture industry since its earliest days, and I feel that its growth into a world-wide organization brings also the responsibility of striving unceasingly to be worthy of your confidence.

This coming season will witness many of Universal's crowning achievements, and I will see that you get a list of them if you will drop me a line and give me your name and address. Keep the list when you receive it, and find out from the manager of your favorite theatre just when these attractions will be played at his house.

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c for autographed photograph of [redacted] favorite Universal star

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

"This place," he said—"it's quite a place."

She glanced at a clock. "Let's don't talk about the room," she said; "it's just a ol' roomy room, that's all." She stopped. "But I'll bet you don't want to give me any advice! I'll bet you don't! I'll bet you are bored!"

"No, no, no, no!"

"No?"

"No!"

"Well, let's see." She knit her brows in a funny little frown. "I was telling you about my parents—awfully well known around Norfolk, you understand—how they objected to my career. Well, I just ran ——"

"I beg your pardon?" Ira poised a question which he hoped would clear up the only doubtful circumstance he could find in the case. "But that fellow you were talking to the other day—who was he?"

"I knew you'd ask that!" She smiled happily. "He's the one that's causing the trouble. That's my Uncle Morton."

"Uncle Morton?"

"My father's brother. You see, when I ran away, they wrote me and wrote me and wrote me, and promised me everything I could want in the world, if I'd come back. And I said no, I wanted a career. And then, last week, father—they call him Colonel Blackmar—father sent Uncle Morton up here to bring me back."

"But that accent—was that Southern?"

"He's lived a lot in Cincinnati, see?"

He nodded, satisfied with the explanation and now thoroughly absorbed in the exciting adventure into which he had fallen. Dorothy looked at the clock again. She got up suddenly and sauntered to the front window. Parting the drapes, she looked down into the street. Three taxicabs, she noted, were parked at the opposite curb. Her lips tightened and she turned and walked back.

"You see," she continued, "first Uncle Morton argued with me, and when he saw I was determined he began to get awful nasty. Oh, he's been frightful, but I realize it's all because he thinks it'll all be for my own good. He means well," she granted generously, "but he's rough. Now what I want you to do," she went on, "is just to go over the whole thing in your mind. Just sit there and drink your highball and look at it yourself, and then tell me what to do. I'm going to leave it all to you, ducky dear. Ought I to go back with Uncle Morton and just be a society belle all my life ——"

From the street below then came the heavy beat of a truck motor, and Dorothy, beginning to breathe a trifle faster, edged again to the window. A heavy van slowed down as it reached the Club de Paree and then stopped directly in front of her window. She noted that a chauffeur stepped idly from one of the taxicabs.

"—— all my life," she continued abstractedly, peering into the street below, "or defy them and have my career."

Somewhat puzzled by her continual absent-mindedness and visits to the window, Ira felt moved to inquire. "I say——" he began, and Dorothy turned quickly, nervously.

"Forgive me, ducky dear," she said. "I'm looking for my girl friend. Her name's Ida. She's in the show too. But you see what I want?" She paused to listen intently. "I just want you to advise me. That's what I said to Ida. I said, 'I'll bet he'll be able to advise me.'"

He was entirely mollified. "I'd really," he said, "be deciding your whole life. That's quite a job!"

"But you could—you could do it, ducky dear," she replied hastily, her eyes still drawn to the front window. "Try!"

Ira picked up his highball and inspected it thoughtfully before taking a sip. He leaned back and gave himself over solemnly to profound deliberation. He began lining up in his mind all that he had heard and observed of Dorothy Blackmar.

Restless now to the point of trembling, she had walked automatically back to the window. Drawing one of the drapes so she could not be seen against the light, she saw that two men had got off the truck. One she recognized by the faint light of the street lamp as Mac. The other, she guessed, was Louie, Mac's watchman. They stood talking together a moment, obviously unsuspicious, and then a short, thick-set man wearing a derby came out of the house she was in. This, she guessed, was the man who had been shadowing Ira.

She turned and glanced back at her guest. He was blandly taking another sip of his highball and apparently in something of a trance. She turned to the street again.

The shadow reported to Mac and all three glanced up at her windows. She drew back cautiously. Then they started into the Club de Paree. Instantly there was action across the street. The chauffeur who had stepped idly from his car suddenly sprang around the back of the machine.

"As I understand it"—the voice came, startlingly, from her adviser—"your social position in Norfolk was inherited and assured."

"Yes," she gasped; "yes, indeed!"

"I just wanted to know," he explained, and sought nourishment again from the highball.

Another man hurried across the street after the first. She put her hands to her mouth. The second man was Eddie. He had his hand on his hip. A third man followed. Then the first was clambering up to the driver's seat of the truck. The others were climbing ——

"About your talents"—again the voice came from behind her—"have you conferred with any qualified authority?"

"Yes, yes!"

"I just wanted to know —— What was that?"

A dull, muffled thump had left the girl pale and trembling—and puzzled. "Oh, a motor back-fired," she managed to reply. But she knew better. It was a pistol report, and from the Club de Paree. Eddie and his mob were already on the truck, looking anxiously toward the door of the club, while the driver struggled at the shifts.

"If you haven't conferred with some competent judge of theatrical ability ——"

The truck started with a roar. It had gone two hundred feet, perhaps, picking up speed with every turn of the wheels, when the doors of the Club de Paree swung open. Four men burst forth, but it was not after the truck they ran. It was toward Sixth Avenue. Bewildered, nearly frantic with fright, Dorothy stepped back into the room. Whatever was happening in the club, she decided, was nothing to her. Eddie had turned the job and was off. So should she be.

"If you have conferred ——"

She bothered no longer to listen. From a day bed she was gathering a green turban and a light coat, scrambling into them, and Ira became suddenly conscious that things were not as they had been.

"Why, I say ——" he began, rising in some alarm.

At the same moment there came the clatter of feet on the rear stairs. A little scream escaped the girl's lips, and Ira turned pale. "I say ——" he began again, and stopped. The noise grew, became a blurred scuffling. Hoarse, excited voices rang in the hall, and an occasional oath, and more scuffling. Dorothy's eyes shot to the front door.

Then with a sharp snap the rear door crashed open and the eggish man, a short black gun in his right hand, backed into the room, never taking his eyes from the head of the stairs outside. He was panting, his hat was gone and his lips were tight. Dorothy, cowering against the wall, began suddenly to whimper: "I didn't, Mac! I didn't! I didn't!"

"Shut up!" He gave the order grimly, his face still toward the door. "There's all hell t' pay. Somebody beefed. There's ten dicks ——"

"I didn't, Mac! I'll swear ——"

"Shut up! They'll be through that door in another minute. We gotta get outa here. Where's that fire escape?"

Another man—Louie—panted up the stairs. "They gotta ax," he reported. "I'd like to know who tipped this off."

"T' hell with that now! We gotta get outa here. Afterward we'll talk about that."

It was at this particularly unpropitious moment that Ira saw it all—saw it all very clearly. His first fears disappeared. Relieved, he drew a deep breath. A happy, calm smile came to his face and he stepped forward, hand extended. "Uncle Morton!" he said cordially. "Uncle Morton, if I may so call you, I want to introduce myself. I am ——"

Those might very well have been his last words. The eggish man spun as though touched by electricity. He got one glimpse of Ira's amiable smile and then the short black gun roared.

"You!" the astonished Mr. Hamilton vaguely heard Uncle Morton thunder. "So you're the mug that tipped this off! You ——"

He may have said more. The matter is of no consequence. Untouched—by grace of a nervous trigger finger—Ira was nevertheless practically dead of fright, certainly in no frame of mind to carry on a conversation. Indeed, all left to him was reflex action.

This took the immediate and understandable form of a mad dash for the door through which he had entered the apartment so unsuspiciously but a short time before. The man got a second opportunity for murder when Ira erred in pulling frantically on a door that opened outward, and the bullet plopped into the wall at his side. There was to be no third chance.

For at that moment there came a crash below stairs as the raiders and their axes broke down the ground-floor door. Ike and Hymie burst into the room, and Mac, hastily abandoning his idea of slaying Dorothy Blackmar's guest, headed for the window that led to the rear fire escape. At his heels came the three other men. The leader paused briefly at the window to fire a warning shot into the back hall, a shot that was promptly answered by two from outside. Then the fire escape rattled with the click-click of rushing feet.

By then Ira had mastered the intricacies of his door. Somewhat demented, and aware only that shots were being fired in anger behind him, he knew nothing of the complete change of plans on the part of Uncle Morton. This, to him, was a room in which numberless guns were bombarding him, and such a room was far, far from his liking. He leaped at the top stair.

Escape clear then through the front of the house, Dorothy Blackmar, the last in the apartment, darted through the door which had been so unhappily obstinate for Ira. She heard him ahead of her, stumbling and falling down the stairs, moaning slightly as he shook the banisters in his caroming descent. Then she heard the front door open.

It was one of the raiders, gun drawn. He was, he thought, prepared for immediate action, but, as it proved, not for action so immediate and so overwhelming as the panic-stricken force which struck him squarely as he entered the door. He went down, the breath knocked out of him, and his gun went off; but with a terrorized gasp the moving force trod on and over him and was hurtling down the street steps.

Dorothy came a few seconds behind him, easily eluding the grasp of the bewildered and half-stunned officer, and down the street toward Fifth Avenue she could see his tall form, running and leaping and making miraculous progress. She called to him vainly.

Behind her she heard the furious blasts of a police whistle and the sound of running feet. Speeding then herself, she looked quickly in both directions on Fifth Avenue. Ira had disappeared. A taxi drew to the curb at her hail.

"Grand Central, buddy," she said, "and step on it!"

At 10:15 Carter looked up from a book with which he had been trying to divert himself through an evening at home, to see a peculiarly poignant figure enter the door. This figure had no hat. Its hair was rumpled. Its face was scratched. Its tie was pulled out, its shirt rumpled, and in its sad eyes was the light that comes only after a man has contemplated and participated in events a bit too complex for him to grasp with any degree of certainty.

"Ira!" Carter, horrified, was on his feet. "Ira, where's your walking stick?"

Ira stared at him blankly. Somehow the question lacked something of intelligence. Then he heaved a deep sigh and sat down stiffly, stretching out his tired legs.

"I say, old man"—Carter was insistent—"where's your hat?"

"What?"

"I say you've lost your hat!"

Nor, to Ira, was there a great deal of importance in this statement. He brushed abstractedly at his rumpled hair, but otherwise he ignored the matter. Slumping down in the chair, he closed his eyes wearily.

"I say"—Carter chafed at this provocative silence—"but I say, old man, what is it—what's happened?"

Presented thus, it seemed a simple inquiry, calling for no extraordinary mental research for answer. And so, at first, it struck Ira. He even framed his mouth to reply, and then suddenly he closed it. He started again to answer, and again paused. What had happened? He tried swiftly to run over the events in his mind, to reduce them to some coherent entity. Carter waited impatiently. And still again Ira started to speak, and stopped. Up to the point when Uncle Morton had begun shooting, he ruminated, it was reasonably clear. What happened after that seemed a bit confused and unintelligible. In a way, he felt, he knew, but not precisely.

He struggled feebly with the matter for a couple of minutes and then he gave it up. What was the use? "Nothing," he said; "nothing at all."

Carter looked relieved. "I thought perhaps you'd had some trouble."

"No."

They sat then silent and thoughtful for perhaps fifteen minutes. Finally Ira straightened up in his chair. He'd recovered his breath and in a measure felt better. He reached stiffly for the telephone and slowly dialed a number. Carter watched interestedly.

"Hello! Hello! Is Miss Winship in? . . . Mr. Hamilton. . . . Thanks."

He turned to Carter. "Marvelous girl," he explained. "Met her last week and promised to phone her. Something awfully attractive about her."

"But what," Carter demanded, "about Dorothy?"

"Dorothy?" Ira reflected. "Dorothy?" he repeated. "Well, I'll tell you, Carter; you know how some Southerners are—always a lot of family, you know. I met some of Dorothy's this evening—an Uncle Morton and some others, cousins, I believe." He sat for a moment in melancholy silence. "I saw right away," he said thoughtfully, "that sooner or later there would be trouble; it's always the case when there's that close family spirit. Especially in the South, where they're so—so hot-headed and impetuous. But this Miss Winship, she's an orphan—no relatives at all, I understand."

"Broadway?" Carter asked.

"No!" Ira replied very, very firmly. "Park Avenue."

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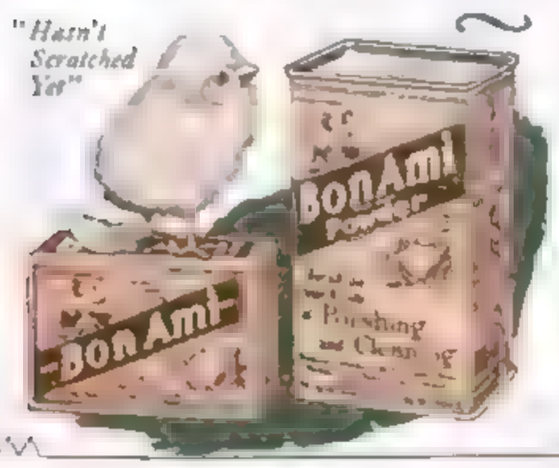

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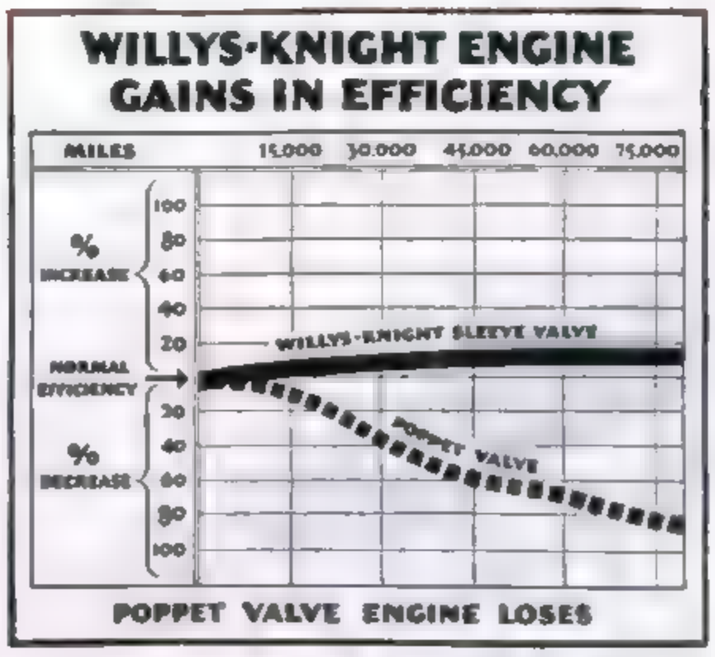

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Oh Henry!

CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

CLEANING UP

(Continued from Page 35

composer of light opera in the country. It was as the Salvation Army Girl in Kerker's best-known play, the Belle of New York, that the daughter of a postman in upper New York State, by the name of Edna May, captured both our country and England with her beauty and charm.

There is a story that has lived around the Lambs' Club since the days of the rehearsals of that Gambol.

Kerker came in one sunshiny spring afternoon, wearing a beautiful near-panama. I happened to pick it up from the conductor's stand later, and trying it on before the mirror, I realized that it had just the tilt and flare and width of brim demanded by my rather fat face.

After rehearsal I said to Kerker, "I'd like to buy that hat from you."

But he replied, "Why don't you go to the shop where I got it and buy one from the hatter?"

That seemed a fairly simple matter, and making a memo of the name, I went over to a certain Broadway shop and purchased a hat which I thought was an exact replica of Kerker's. But it appears, as I learned to my sorrow, that no two panamas are ever exactly alike. I didn't know, until too late, that there was perhaps an eighth of an inch difference in the size of the brims. But I did know that I hated my hat.

A few days later I sat at a corner table in the clubroom with a gang of cronies, including Tom Wise, Gene Buck, Henry Blossom, Willie Collier, Hap Ward, De Wolf Hopper and David Warfield. Kerker entered wearing the hat I wanted, the near-panama with the brim which looked so well on my fat head. He passed us with a nod and went to the bar—the hat with him. I told my friends of my trouble. I wanted Gus Kerker's hat.

"Why not hit and run?" suggested Willie Collier. But I had a better idea, and when I confided it to them they all agreed to help me.

After a short rehearsal, to avert suspicion and so that we might attack him from different points, we broke up.

Warfield was the first to accost him. "Hello, Gus," he said cheerily, and then broke into the opening line of a popular song—"Where did you get that hat?"

"Quit kidding," replied Kerker. "There's nothing the matter with that hat."

Your Neighbor's Hat

Turning, he almost ran into Hap Ward. "That's an awful-looking thing you have on your head," commented Hap.

"I don't think so," snapped Kerker.

Tom Wise edged up to him soon after and, pointing to his headgear, inquired lightly, "Election bet?"

"It's good enough for me," growled Kerker, as he pulled it down tighter on his head.

However, when Willie Collier stopped dead in front of him, looked squarely at the hat and burst into uncontrolled laughter, grim marks began to appear around Kerker's mouth.

Each of the others delivered his line, and mine was the tag of the piece. Seeing him lean disgustedly against the bar, I drew up beside him and said sympathetically, "Don't you feel well, Gus? You look kind of sick."

"It's this dashed hat," he exploded, removing the offending article. "I look all right when I take it off, don't I?"

"I think it may be the hat," I admitted thoughtfully. "Perhaps it's a bit too wide for you—makes your face look a little thin and peaked. Try mine—the brim is narrower."

He tried it on, looked into the mirror behind the bar and said, "You keep mine." And without another word he ran out of the club.

Most of the important associations of my life, even the home where I now live—at Bayside—are in some way woven into and around the Lambs.

Twenty-odd years ago, when I joined the Lambs, they had as their Shepherd that dear, well-known Californian, Clay M. Greene, who had made the Lambs' Club possible by his generosity during its impoverished years. When he came into possession of a magnificent place in Bayside, said to have the biggest waterfront acreage of any private estate within the limits of Greater New York, he wanted to share his riches with his beloved club. So he arranged that each year the Lambs were to be cleansed—washed in the water of Little Neck Bay on the shores of his estate. And he inaugurated the annual ritual in vogue today.

As a poor song writer I went down to this beautiful estate of Clay Greene's, and though I cannot say I envied the kindly owner its possession, for it seemed far beyond the borders of envy, still it occurred to me that if I could have one big wish outside the theater, it would be to own such a place. After Greene lost his estate there were no more annual cleansings. Each time the place changed hands, belonging for a time to Pearl White, the movie star, and then to Mesmore Kendall, promoter and builder of the Capitol Theater, I watched with a pang, wishing I were going to own it. Finally my dream came true, and I was able to buy the estate which to my boyish eyes had seemed the height of magnificence.

Assembling Brewster's Millions

One day while we were working on the plans for the Atlantic Yacht Club circus, Fred Thompson said to me, "John, read this book, and see if you don't think it's good. I have just wired the author, George Barr McCutcheon, $5000 for the dramatic rights. I am going to get somebody to make a play of it."

I read it and told him I didn't think there was a play in that book. I was far from right. In fact, I was wrong. But for months it didn't look that way. Thompson engaged not one but five or six authors to write his play. One script after another was rejected as unsatisfactory. However, Thompson, who was a very practical man, having read in the book that there was a big storm scene on a yacht at sea, had in the meantime ordered a yacht built and a storm effect around it. He was so practical that he built several other scenes which he knew would fit into the play. And he showed me lithographs, folders and billboard picturizations which were to startle the various towns where this play, not yet written, was to be offered.

He went even further. He engaged actors to fit the characters in the book before their parts had been written. One in particular whom he decided to star was Edward Abeles. And there was, and still is, a young man named Jack Deveraux, the husband of John Drew's daughter. I remember that at one rehearsal, Deveraux, who played the juvenile rôle, came on the stage rather heavily.

"Wait a minute!" cried Thompson. "That won't do. You know I engaged you to play a young man."

"And that's what I was," replied Deveraux, "when you engaged me."

It was Abeles, the star, who—prompted no doubt by his sense of humor—suggested to Thompson one afternoon that since they now had everything but a play, they ought to have a stage manager.

"By all means," responded Thompson, who was in earnest. "Whom would you suggest?"

Abeles suggested Winchell Smith, whose name was beginning to be known in the theater, but whose first success had not yet been born. And through my friendship with Thompson, the man who was to play so important a part in my life again crossed my path. Thompson engaged Smith. And there he was, billboards, lithographs, storm effects, shipwrecked ships, scenery, stage manager, star, cast all ready—in short, there was nothing he didn't have except a play. As a matter of fact, he had engaged author after author to write it, but none of the dramatizations satisfied him.

When the fifth version had to be rejected, Thompson, in desperation, turned to his stage manager. "Winchell," he demanded, "why don't you write this play?"

"I don't think I can write a play," replied Smith.

"Of course you can," said Thompson.

Winchell finally agreed that if he had Byron Ongley to help him he would try. And Smith did try, and Smith succeeded, and Brewster's Millions was eventually a great success and proved how much I didn't know about picking a script and how much Winchell Smith did about dramatizing one.

From that moment there began to grow between us a friendship that made Damon and Pythias look like a couple of amateurs. When he was writing plays and I was doing musical shows, I was to be found more often at his home than my own. I know I ate more meals at Fifty-fourth Street and Broadway than anywhere else, which may in some slight measure have been due to the way a certain unforgotten old Southern cook prepared certain unforgettable old Southern dishes.

His determination to leave New York and go back to live in Farmington, Connecticut, left a tremendous void in my habits and an even deeper one in me. And whenever I had some heavy problem or worry, I would call him on the long-distance wire and he would unhesitatingly help me with advice and sympathy or anything I required. My greatest pride was in the fact that he thought my opinion worth having on the plays he was writing.

One day over the long-distance phone came Smith's anxious voice, "Can you come up here immediately? There's a train at 3:47."

"What's the matter, Bill?" I asked. "Trouble?"

"Yes," said he. "I need you!"

"I'll be there," said I.

On the train a thousand uneasy conjectures chased themselves through my brain. What could have happened to poor old Bill? Illness? Domestic complications? Money losses? At last the train pulled into Hartford, and there was Bill at the station.

"What is it, Bill?" I asked.

"I can't tell you now. Wait."

A Dash for The Boomerang

I looked at his pallid, drawn face and thought perhaps I had better let him tell me in his own way and in his own time. We reached the house and went up to his den on the top floor. Winchell patted a pillow, led me to the morris chair in the corner, placed me tenderly in it, walked over to his table, picked up some papers and said, "The Boomerang."

"Wait a minute," said I. "What is this?"

"I told you—The Boomerang. Act ——"

"But—but making me dash for the 3:47 ——"

"Well, I wanted you up here as soon as possible, and that was the next train."

"But—but I thought you were in trouble."

"I am. That's why I want you to hear this."

I was still dazed. "And the way you look ——"

"Tired, perhaps. I promised Belasco I'd bring him this second act next week. Remember, you liked the first?"

"Then," said I, recovering slightly, "all that talk about trouble was just to get me up here?"

"Sometimes," he breathed admiringly, "I really believe you have second sight!

(Continued on Page 58)

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(Continued from Page 56)

Now keep still and listen to The Boomerang, Act II."

I remember the scene opened in a golf club and a lot of new characters were introduced—golf fans, talking golf. As I lay there listening, little by little a feeling of disappointment began to steal over me. And by the time he had read about two-thirds, I had come to the definite conclusion that I did not like that act.

Instead of listening closely, my mind began to busy itself with a debate. "This is Belasco's show," said John to Johnnie, "and Belasco likes it. If you say you don't—(a) you will disappoint Bill, (b) you may even offend your lifelong friend and (c) there is a mighty good chance that you're all wrong."

"But he expects me to tell him what I really think," said Johnnie.

"Of course, he does," agreed John. "But on the other hand, he's close to this thing and knows a lot about it. Whereas you come in cold and what do you know? If he thinks it's good, it probably is good, and your little viewpoint may only throw a monkey wrench into the works."

"That's right," admitted Johnnie. "I'd better tell him it's all right and take the next train for New York. If it's a success, I won't have hampered him. If it's a failure—well, I can say I liked it anyway." And I recalled the story of the rich Mr. Cohen whose daughter was about to make her debut at Carnegie Hall and who, in his optimistic enthusiasm, promised his friends a banquet at Sherry's after the concert if she were a success. The young lady unfortunately was a ghastly failure. Hurrying to countermand the order he found all his friends busy with the feast.

"Here, here!" he cried. "Wait! I only said I'd give a dinner if she was a success."

The nearest guest removed a leg of duck from his mouth long enough to reply with a shrug and an outgoing gesture of his unoccupied hand, "Well, *we* liked her."

That was going to be my criticism of The Boomerang. With relief that my decision was definitely settled, I listened as Smith's voice droned through to the end. And it was one of the greatest shocks of my life to hear somebody say, "I don't like it at all." And the shock was doubled when I realized that that somebody was I, and that my voice was going on: "I don't like that golf-club idea. It seems to me that you ought to start playing the second act in the home of the lovesick boy," and so on, and as Ring Lardner would say, and et cetera far into the night.

Fairbanks Drops In

The theater is full of electricians, carpenters, stage hands, and minor actors who give a suggestion and not only think they have saved the entire play and been responsible for its success but say so in no uncertain language. Albeit an outside suggestion does often help a play enormously by providing a curtain or even a good laugh in a bare spot. One of the best jokes in Lightnin' was suggested at rehearsal by Billy Post, one of the actors. This was where Frank Bacon, asking another character to cash his pension check, said, "You see those names on there? Secretary of the Treasury and everybody? Well, it ain't no good unless I sign it"—which always got one of the biggest laughs in the piece.

Smith took my suggestion and the play was one of Belasco's biggest hits, but I am certain that without my help Smith would have happened on the same idea or something equally good. So I don't claim I helped The Boomerang. I only claim that a man may be so closely bound in friendship to another man that when his conscious mind decides and desires to take the easiest way out of a dilemma, he still has to reckon with his subconscious.

About this time Smith had been engaged to rewrite and stage a play called Hawthorne, U. S. A. An investment of a few thousand dollars entitled me to a 25 per cent interest in the affair and made me a partner with George Cohan and Sam Harris. Unfortunately, the play made no money, and my first investment in the show business was a total loss. That is, from a financial point of view. But I had at least a few thousand dollars' worth of experience in play fixing and managing, not to mention the valuable association with the gentlemen aforementioned and one other. That other was that dynamic, electric personality known to his friends at large and the population of the whole world, including the Scandinavian, as Douglas Fairbanks. In those days Doug was my friend, and in fact, until the appearance of this article I have had no reason to put it in the past tense. One of my tasks was to keep him quiet and prevent him from breaking his neck before the play opened, which, I assure you, was no light undertaking. I remember on one occasion I was sitting in one of those old-fashioned high taxicabs with Governor Davis, of Ohio, when something came hurtling through the air and landed in our laps which, on being disentangled, proved to be Douglas Fairbanks, desirous of convincing himself that he could leap from the sidewalk and vault over the top of the cab.

"How's that for a jump?" he inquired as though that were the only aspect of the affair under consideration.

The Partnership Contract

Another day I was lunching at the club between rehearsals, when I became aware of a commotion on the street and presently some of the Lambs burst in, full of excitement.

"I never would have believed it," one of them said in my hearing. "Darned if he didn't walk right up the front of the building."

"Who?" I asked, but I hardly needed the answer.

"Fairbanks," replied the man. Alas, I knew it! Never would we keep him alive till the opening night.

"Did he walk down again?" I managed to inquire weakly, with visions of my investment already charged up to profit and loss. And leaving my lunch untasted, I found him in the center of a dwindling but still admiring crowd, a little soiled, but apparently none the worse for wear.

"Doug!" I cried. "You didn't climb up the front of the building?"

"Oh, I didn't, didn't I? I'll show you whether I didn't," and before I could say Jack Robinson, let alone anything more to the point, he had seized the lamp-post, swung over to the iron grating on the first-floor window, pulled himself up by one arm to the flower boxes on the second, up the Indiana-limestone columns, across the ledge of the third floor, and from there, holding onto a piece of window frame, he called down to me, "Believe it now?"

I admitted that he had cleared all doubt from my mind, so would he please not demonstrate his ability to come down the same way, but go in through a window of the third floor, if he had to break the glass? But he came down as he went up.

Once, I remember, Fairbanks and Smith and I were sitting in the Lambs' Club discussing a revival of the play The Henrietta, under the management of dear old Joe Brooks. Later Winchell Smith, Marcus Loew and I produced it in pictures as The Sap Head, with Buster Keaton. Joe Brooks joined us and broke the news to Smith that the play was coming into the Knickerbocker Theater in New York.

"For heaven's sake, Joe," said Smith, "the Knickerbocker Theater is too big."

"Nonsense," replied Brooks. "Don't you know that the Knickerbocker is famous here in New York for its regular clientele?"

"I don't think that's important," rejoined Smith. "A play will either succeed or fail by itself."

"That shows," argued Brooks, "what you don't know about show business. The clientele of the Knickerbocker can put anything over."

"Wait a minute," said Smith. "There's a play running there now, and it's a failure. What about that one?"

"Oh, that," said Brooks. "Well, the clientele didn't come to that one."

I had a feeling that Winchell Smith knew more about the theater than any man living, and I felt that I knew something about the theater too. So when one day Winchell said to me "Let's produce a play," no considerations of modesty arose to obscure my decision.

We agreed to go fifty-fifty, shook hands, and so formed a play-producing organization which since then has handled millions of dollars.

In the biggest motion-picture deal that has ever been made—when Smith and I transferred to the Fox Film Company seven successful plays—the lawyers in the transaction insisted on seeing the original written agreement by which Smith and I had gone into business and our rights to transfer these plays. As we never had made a written agreement I could show them none, and besides, I thought I was doing enough in delivering the plays. But lawyers will be lawyers and we came to an impasse. One of the attorneys for the Fox interests seemed willing to let matters go. But some of his many associates were insistent that some document showing the partnership or business agreement between Smith and Golden be incorporated in the records of this important legal transaction.

"We must see Smith's agreement with you," said they.

The photographers were there, since this deal was considered important enough to go on the news reels. I said to the cameraman, "Keep on grinding, boys," and held up my hand. "Now, go up to Hartford and photograph Smith's hand, and you will see the original agreement between Smith and me." For the only agreement we ever had was when those two hands were brought together in the square handshake of a couple of pals determined that they would go into the venture of producing plays.

Out to Get a Hit

After Smith and I had agreed to become producers I asked him, "Just how do you think we ought to go about it?"

"That's an easy one," replied Smith. "We haven't a thing to do but go out and get a hit."

We were going into this thing in a big way, so my first proceeding as a manager was to go and order some very fine stationery. Our next problem was to get an office. Gambling, as we were, on a large scale, I felt we could take a chance on paying Mrs. Henry B. Harris, our landlady, at the Hudson Theater, twenty-five dollars a month office rent, which was one-third of what I had spent on stationery. But whereas letters from the firm might go into all sorts of high places, who would ever come into our office except jobless actors? And it was hardly necessary to impress them. Luckily, Mrs. Harris had a desk on which there were at the time no managerial feet. It was moved into my palatial one-room suite and there I was—a manager with an office and highfalutin stationery. All I needed to be a great success was a hit.

Perhaps the most fortunate thing that ever happened to me was the fact that Digby Bell and De Wolf Hopper, unconvinced by my stationery, continued to believe that I was just a song writer and a piano player. For on the second of July, 1914, as I sat in the Lambs' Club, Hopper and Bell came over to my table, and Hopper said, "We need somebody to play the piano up at the Nantucket golf links for our Fourth of July benefit, and we've decided to pick on you."

"Sorry, but I'm a manager," I told Hopper, not without my pride.

"I'm a rajah myself," he responded.

"No kidding," I insisted. "I'm a manager and have a regular manager's office, and all Smith and I need is a good play, and we are very busy looking for one."

(Continued on Page 60)

Closer to the Engineers' "Ideal" Than Any Other Car In The World

The Finest, Fastest Model of America's Longest Lasting Car

A YEAR ago there came to Reo the most distinctive honor ever received by any American automobile. It was proved that Reo was America's Longest Lasting Car. This year, again unsolicited, there came to Reo a tribute of equal importance to anyone about to buy a motor car.

Here's What Happened

In January, 150 automotive engineers, members of the Metropolitan Section of the Society of Automotive Engineers, held a contest to determine the specifications of an "Ideal" American car.

The dreams of 150 engineers were synthesized into specifications for the kind of automobile these engineers would like to have built.

Then it was discovered that in describing their "Ideal" car, they had almost re-written the specifications of the new Reo Flying Cloud Sedan.

Check the Lists for Yourself

In the columns at the right, you will find the detailed specifications for the "Ideal" car, and those of the Flying Cloud.

Note the similarity. No other automobile in the world even approaches the Flying Cloud in its identity with this "Ideal" car of 150 leading engineers.

Then try out a Flying Cloud. At once, you'll realize why engineers consider such specifications ideal, why a car so designed fulfills the needs of American conditions. Start it, step on it, stop it. In the floating comfort of its swift, hushed speed, learn what motoring can be today, and for many, many years to come.

The REO FLYING CLOUD

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
LANSING *MICHIGAN*

Comparison of Specifications for M. S. S. A. E. Ideal Car and The Reo Flying Cloud Sedan

Points of Comparison	*Ideal Car of M. S. S. A. E.*	*The Reo Flying Cloud*
Wheelbase	121 inches	121 inches
Number of Cylinders	6	■
Type of Motor	L Head	L Head
Crankshaft	7 bearings	7 bearings
Bore	3¼ inches	3¼ inches
Stroke	5 inches	5 inches
Piston Displacement	249 cu. in.	249 cu. in.
S. A. E. Rating	25.2 h.p.	25.2 h.p.
Actual Horsepower	60	■
Motor Speed at Maximum H. P.	2800 rev.	2800 rev.
Gear Ratio	4.6	4.58
Pistons	Aluminum	Aluminum
Final Drive	Spiral Bevel Gear	Spiral Bevel Gear
Lubrication	Pressure and Splash	All Pressure
Location of Valves	At Side	At Side
Intake Valve Material	Silchrome	Silchrome
Exhaust Valve Material	Silchrome	Silchrome
Pressed Steel Frame	Yes	Yes
Propulsion Through Springs	Yes	Yes
Torque Through Springs	Yes	Yes
Half-elliptic Springs	Yes	Yes
Rubber Spring Shackles	Yes	No
Balloon Tires	Yes	Yes
Artillery Type Wheels	Yes	Yes
Brakes		
1. Foot Internal, 4-wheel	Direct, Mechanical	See note for new real development in industry
2. Hand External		
Drive Shaft	Yes	Yes
Cam and Lever Steering Gear	Yes	Yes
Single Dry Plate Clutch	Yes	Yes
Gear Set Unit with Engine	Yes	Yes
Three Forward Speeds	Yes	Yes
Location of Piston Pin Bearing in Piston	Yes	Yes
Piston Rings	Four	Three
Integral Crankcase	Yes	Yes
Upper Half Cast Iron	Yes	Yes
Lower Half Pressed Steel	Yes	Yes
Engine Supports	Three	Four
Chain Timing Gear Drive	Yes	Yes
Counterbalances Used	Yes	Vibration damper
Oil Pump	Yes	Yes
Oil Cleaner	Yes	Yes
Oil Rectifier	Yes	No
Water Pump	Yes	Yes
Thermostat	Yes	Yes
Water Capacity 4 Gallons	Yes	Yes
Carburetor	1½ inches	1½ inches
Vacuum Fuel Feed	Yes	Yes
Air Cleaner—Inertia	Yes	Yes
Cigar Lighter	Yes	No
Battery, Generator and Starter	Yes	Yes
Sedan Body	Yes	Yes
Four Doors	Yes	Yes
Covering Materials, Broadcloth Upholstery, Top and Body Finish		Same (Also fur-mah mohair)
One-Piece Windshield	Yes	Yes
Snubbers or Shock Absorbers	Yes	Yes (See Note)
Car Heater	Yes	No
Bumpers	Yes	Yes
Windshield Wiper	Yes	Front and rear Yes, automatic
Cowl Ventilator	Yes	Yes
Dash Gas Gauge	Yes	Yes

N. B. 1 Since four-wheel, internal, expanding hydraulic, two-shoe brakes made their first public appearance on the Reo Flying Cloud, they have been acclaimed by automotive engineers and technical experts as the last word in automobile brakes.

N. B. 2 As standard equipment, the Reo Flying Cloud carries *four* hydraulic shock absorbers of a type heretofore found only on the most expensive automobiles.

NO • OTHER • AMERICAN • CAR • LASTS • AS • LONG • AS • REO—*NOT* • *ONE*

(Continued from Page 58)

"Of course you are, my dear boy," he said soothingly, "and that's why you're coming up to play the piano for my song, Oh, What an Imp!"

There isn't a living or dead Lamb who hasn't heard Hopper sing that song, written and composed at the club many years ago by Sidney Rosenfeld and Jack Hiller. I had heard it so often that I knew, and he knew I knew, the accompaniment. But I preferred to stay in New York and be a manager.

"Well," I replied, "if Smith will go along to Nantucket with me I'll go."

Smith was rehearsing The Fortune Hunter and I knew he wouldn't go anywhere. Turning to Smith, Hopper said, "You'll go along of course, won't you Bill?"

Perhaps it was because I shook my head behind Hopper's back and Smith decided to be contrary, or perhaps -and this I like to believe—because that decision was going to alter our entire careers, that Smith looked blandly at Hopper and said:

"Of course I'll go. John and I will be glad to appear at your benefit."

A Producer's Holiday

And so it was settled that Smith was to accompany me on the trip and I was to accompany Hopper on the piano for the benefit of the Siasconset Golf Club, July 4, 1914.

On the third of July—a hot, sticky day—as Smith and I were leaving with golf clubs, bags and general country-sport impedimenta, there approached a young comic named Hazzard—John E. Hazzard, to give him all he is entitled to.

"Whither bent?" inquired Hazzard.

"Off for a bit of a holiday," replied Smith.

"Yes," said I. "We have an appointment with some fresh air, cool breezes and ocean bathing down Nantucket way."

Though Jack had become famous as a featured musical-comedy player he was at that particular time in that frame of circumstances known as between seasons or, as actors are pleased to put it, at liberty.

"Is there any reason," said Jack, "why you shouldn't take me along?"

"Is there any reason why we should?"

"Sure. I want to go, and I'm a nice, bright young fellow ——"

"All right," said I. "We'll take you on one condition. You must make us laugh." I have always had a king complex. A court jester seemed an appropriate bit of property for a couple of prospective great producers.

"So long as you keep us amused, my boy," I said right royally, "you may trail along. You can go as far as the station, or you can go to Bridgeport or New Haven or Nantucket. But the moment you cease to be funny off goes your ticket, or something."

We had driven as far as the railroad station when Hazzard's act began to flop. He was called to account and warned before the tickets were bought for New Bedford. Several times on the train windows were opened threateningly. But he always seemed to think of something funny in the nick of time.

It is quite a trip to Siasconset. As I recall it, you take a taxicab, several railroad trains, a ship or two, then more railroad trains, and then some queer vehicle after that. The only thing you don't take is a sleeping powder. I think we paid eight or nine different fares. But Jack earned them all. He had, a season or two before, done a monologue in vaudeville and he went through his entire routine. However, all his jokes were gone by the time we reached New Bedford. And it was on the New Bedford boat that, because he couldn't think of anything else—or perhaps it was all a well-laid scheme to get a big manager away from his borrowed desk and tell him of his play—he told us a story that was delightful, that was funny, that easily earned him all his car fare right to Harry Woodruff's house, where he had an invitation to "guest" himself. The name of his play was Like Mother Made and before Siasconset was reached, Hazzard had an agreement that assured him of a royalty and $500 advance.

In connection with that $500 he did what I have always considered a fine and beautiful thing. He told me that he didn't need money at that particular moment, since, as a professional guest, he had his entire summer itinerary mapped out. His route after playing a short run at Woodruff's, included John Drew's home at East Hampton, William Farnum's at Sag Harbor and one or two others I have forgotten. But I do remember that Jack and his jokes were much sought after.

"No," said Hazzard, "I don't require any coin just now. So suppose you send the check to the Old Lady." And to his credit be it said that it went to his mother and that Hazzard never saw a nickel of that $500 advance on Turn to the Right.

Hazzard wrote his famous story of the crooks and I liked it. I was in favor of the title under which he first submitted it—Like Mother Made—and would have kept it, only I found it wouldn't stick in people's minds. There seemed to be a concerted design on the part of everybody to change it. I had a letter from William Harris, the well-loved father of Henry B. Harris and Willie Harris, Jr., in which he wrote, "I hope you will bring your play, Like Your Mother Made, to the Fulton Theater." And when Erlanger phoned me one day to say "How soon will you be ready to open What Mother Made?" I decided it would have to have a name people could remember.

It was one afternoon before we brought the play to New York, when it was being tried out in Asbury Park, that I told Smith of my dissatisfaction with the title. Joe Cawthorn had loaned me his motor on my promise to treat it kindly, and I was driving Smith along the road to Long Branch, when he said, "Well, if you want to change the name, my wife thought of a title, but I never mentioned it to you because I didn't think you would like it."

"Why wouldn't I like it?" I inquired absently, holding on to the wheel, for there was a sharp turn ahead.

"What do women know about naming plays?" said Smith, looking behind him from force of habit.

"What was the name she suggested?" I asked.

"Turn to the Right," said Smith. I did so.

"Well," I inquired, when the change of direction had been accomplished, "what's the name your wife thought of?"

"I told you—Turn to the Right."

"I just did," I cried indignantly. Then suddenly realizing what he was driving at: "By gosh!" I exclaimed, stalling my engine. "That's the name of the play!"

Smith said, "Go on!" incredulously. I did so.

On the New York opening night at the Gaiety Theater, August 17, 1916, the audience did something I had heard of frequently but had never seen. They stood up and cheered. Jack Hazzard, Winchell Smith and John Golden cheered too.

Congratulations, Qualified

And so, due to Hazzard's story and Smith's rewriting and stage direction, I found myself a successful New York producer.

Even more than I needed a first hit to become a producer, I needed a second to remain one. Although money was rolling in and Turn to the Right in its second year was playing to capacity at the Gaiety Theater, the Rialto was not convinced. "An accident," said Broadway. "Beginner's luck. He can't do it again."

I remember Ray Comstock—Morris Gest's silent partner—met me while I was still heady with the flush of our sudden success, and with the cheery good fellowship of a Frank Campbell, said, "Congratulations, old boy—a great piece of luck. But chances are you won't ever strike it again."

That night at the Century Theater, among a number of friends who were congratulating me on our success was Bob Hilliard.

"Good for you, John," he said, wringing my hand enthusiastically. "But try to do it again!"

I admit that they had me somewhat scared. In the sweet cup of my triumph was the bitter drop of doubt. Had it been sheer luck, or could we do it again? As it turned out, the two men who were first to question that Winchell and I could hit the gong a second time were the first to come and tell us some time later that we had.

How does a manager set about securing a hit? You hear a great deal concerning the difficulties the unknown playwright encounters in trying to bring his product to the attention of the manager. We have a rule in my office that all plays which find their way in through the mails or from any unknown sources are returned to the sender with the seal unbroken. Hard-hearted, arbitrary—not at all. Self-defense and common sense, based on personally accumulated statistics.

A Census of Playwrights

I have always had a great sympathy for the struggling worker, for the unknown with the long hard hill to climb. I have always felt it would be a great pleasure to lighten his load, besides the triumph of discovering a genius and the material advantage of finding a gold mine. I really believed for a long time that there must be dozens, nay, hundreds of good plays lying in desks or trailing the weary rounds of outer offices awaiting only the discovering eye of the astute producer. And so for many years I conscientiously and optimistically waded through the deluge of plays that inundated my office. I know that I personally have read manuscripts numbering into the thousands, not to mention the effort expended by Martin Mooney and Jill Hymers, the hard-working play readers on my staff, in weeding out the more hopeless offerings. In all that time I never found one play, one act, one scene, one situation that I used or could use, or had any inspiration to use. I consider the average of no per cent sufficient reason for concluding the experiment of seeking for the unknown genius by way of the unsolicited manuscript.

For every person in the world who thinks he can paint, there are 11,000 who think they can write. And for every one of those 11,000 who feels he can write a book there are 9,657,098 who know they can write plays. Occasionally there is a man who realizes that he may not have an Arlen facility for weaving a descriptive phrase as elusive as the dance of rainbow colors in the spray of a fountain. But a play is nothing but talk, and anybody—the cook, the janitor and the plumber—can talk, so it naturally follows that the cook, the janitor and the plumber can write a play.

I am convinced, doubtless because of my policy of producing only clean and American plays, that I have been the greatest victim of the plumber's spare time in this country. Every day I receive letters from some undersigned who approves heartily of my policy of American plays, and who is an American, having been naturalized a month ago. If any further recommendation be necessary, his play is clean, not a bedroom or a cuss word in it, proving conclusively that it must be exactly what I am looking for.

For eight long years—which is one year longer than Jacob's record—I had patience, hoping I would be the means of removing the bushels from great lights. I never found one that was even a lightweight. Now I have a gate across the entrance to my stairway and the postman has orders to take back his manuscripts and sell them somewhere else. Nobody can ever wring my heart again for the unknown playwright who, if he did find his place in the theatrical sun, would, I am sure, not like it. I admit it is hard getting into managers' offices, but there are play brokers and there are ways, which must and can and will be found, of getting a good play produced. The amateur playwright must realize that we have some rights, too—that the play producer is a poor, tired man who is being asked in an offhand way for three or four hours' study of a script. I doubt if any other business man would be requested to spend thousands of hours of research along lines which years of experience have proved were absolutely sterile and led, moreover, to frequent lawsuits.

It is a simple matter, for instance, for the tyro's heroine to say to her too heavy lover, "How dare you?"

"But," the lover replies, "I love you."

Whereupon the tyro sends his finished play to John Golden, who reads it and sends it back. And then it comes to pass that three years later John Golden produces a play in which the heroine says to her too heavy lover, "How dare you?"

"But," says the lover, "I love you."

Ah, the bad, unscrupulous, rich manager who has returned the poor, downtrodden, unknown playwright's piece after stealing the ideas in order to save paying the p. d. u. p. his royalties! If the heroine so much as kisses the hero at the last curtain there is no chance of avoiding the courts. It is an embarrassing, expensive and time-eating affair to be called into court. One of the cases in which I was involved was a suit over Lightnin'. As the few people who saw Lightnin' may recall, part of the story had to do with jumping across a state line to avoid the sheriff. It seemed there had been other state-line plays—none, however, so successful as Lightnin'—and the author of one of these sued us on this point.

Where Do Plays Come From?

But if we do not get plays from unknown authors, how do we get them? They do not fall as the gentle rain from heaven into the lap of the manager who needs one, nor does the latter, when the spirit moves him, call up a couple of journeyman playwrights and order a good job of comedy or farce. I can only recount how I found the plays with which I have been successful. Though in the rejection of scripts a man may be required to exercise judgment and shrewdness, the finding of a good play is as much a matter of chance as stumbling on any other kind of gold mine.

I have told how fortuitously Turn to the Right entered our managerial net. The next to cross our horizon was a more or less popular little effort which eventually became known under the title of Lightnin'.

The great Panama Pacific World's Fair and Exposition which took place in San Francisco in 1915 served as a good excuse for two energetic young men—Winchell Smith and John Golden—to make a pilgrimage to California. Winchell had a play

(Continued on Page 65)

If your automobile could talk what would it say about you?

MAN has learned it pays to take care of a horse—*even a work horse.*

Feeding a horse isn't everything; nor is it enough to give your car gasoline and oil.

It pays to take care of a motor car—your motor car.

In keeping a car fit, there are certain elementary things that every owner ought to do. These precautions mean much towards insuring that sturdy performance which every owner wants, besides avoiding heavy repair bills.

Take, for example, the oil filter. It will keep your oil clean for thousands of miles without attention. But when it becomes filled with the dirt it has taken from the oil, it ceases to function. Only by installing a new cartridge can the oil be kept clean, thereby eliminating excessive engine wear and frequent oil changing, thus minimizing repair bills and oil expense. *Have your oil filter checked today.*

Another simple thing is inspection of spark plugs. In time, they deteriorate and need to be changed. When your engine misses, starts hard or in any way does not perform as well as it once did, the first and surest thing to do is install a new set of spark plugs. Many times expensive repair bills are incurred, and it is afterwards found that all that was needed was a new set of spark plugs. It's amazing, what you can get from a new set of AC's.

Do these things because it pays. It pays in improved performance, in lowered operating cost, in decreased repair bills.

AC Spark Plugs and AC Oil Filter Replacement Cartridges are available through AC Dealers everywhere. These dealers will gladly help you in finding just what your car requires.

Insist upon AC quality because AC is standard of the world.

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

These cars are factory-equipped with AC Oil Filters

Buick
Cadillac
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Nash
Oakland
Oldsmobile
Paige
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There is also an AC Oil Filter for cars not factory-equipped. Ask your dealer.

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Makers of AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers—AC Air Cleaners
AC Oil Filters—AC Gasoline Strainers

AC-TITAN
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FRANCE

World's Flying Record Broken with AC Plugs

Bert Acosta and Clarence D. Chamberlain, on April 14, flying a Bellanca Plane over Long Island, established a world's non-stop record for endurance flight, by remaining aloft 51 hours, 11 minutes and 25 seconds. Their Wright "Whirlwind" engine was equipped with AC Spark Plugs. In every test of endurance, AC Plugs are supreme—on land, on water and in the air.

Over 200 of the world's most successful manufacturers use one or more, or all of these AC Products

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Roomier, Finer Interiors

ESSEX

Greatest Triumph *with even Greater Values*

At the highest pinnacle of Essex popularity—with the record-breaking sales of all time—with stocks swept clean, and thousands upon thousands of unfilled orders—we abruptly stopped the largest production in our history, *to give this Greater Essex right of way.*

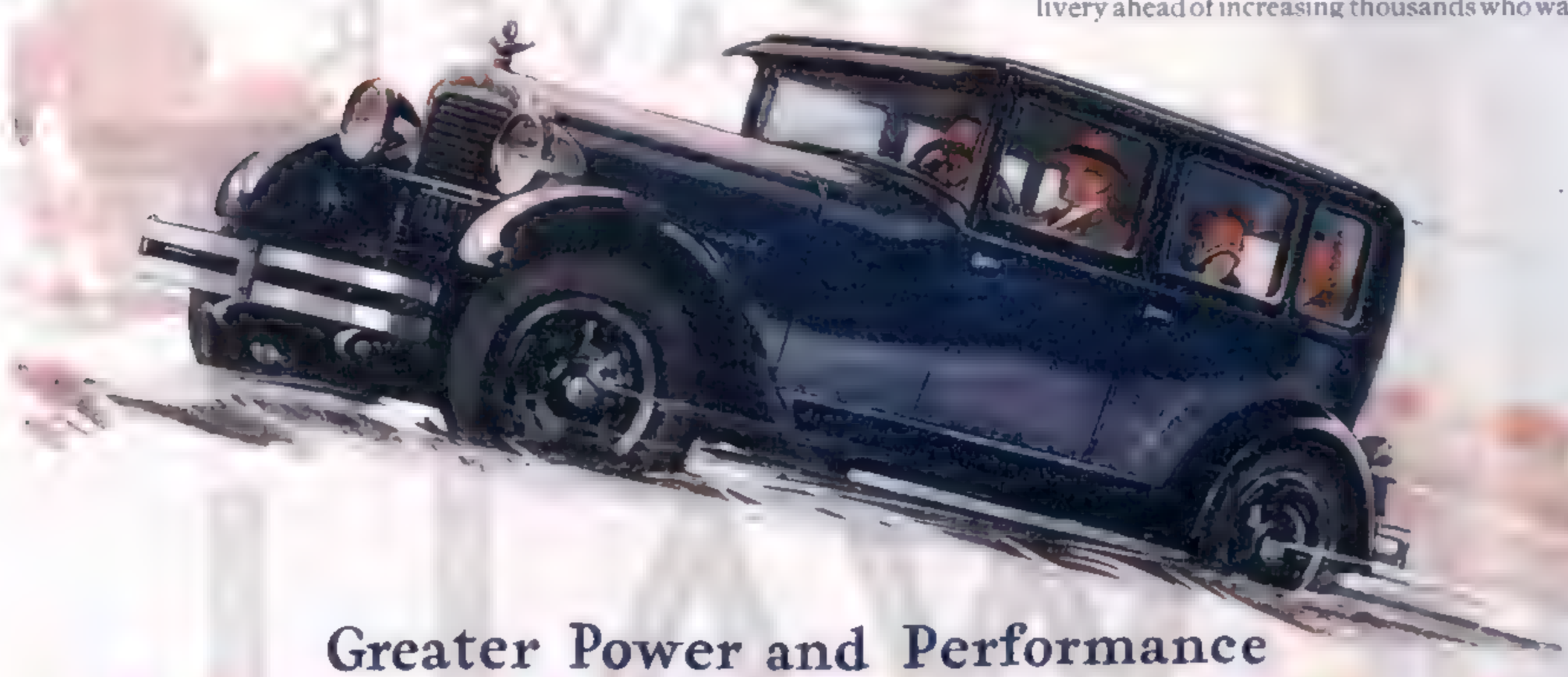
Riding is like *flying*

The industry does not record a like decision. Yet one glance—one ride in the New Essex Super-Six reveals the startling reasons that prompted it. If thousands praised the former Essex, then tens of thousands must applaud the new. If all sales records were surpassed by the former Essex, then even higher marks must reward the new.

No previous car—no previous value—gives anything by which to judge it. It is the greatest achievement in Essex history. Dealers everywhere are now showing it. We could say it is longer, roomier, more luxurious, with greater power and performance—yet that does not express it.

We do say: ***"See it and ride in it with greater expectation of fine things than you ever held for any but the costliest cars".*** You will not be disappointed.

Only by ordering promptly can you insure delivery ahead of increasing thousands who want it.



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What four-wheel brakes meant to the motor car, the exclusive BESTWALL BEVELED EDGE means to plaster wall board.

BESTWALL BEVELED EDGE insures perfectly smooth, seamless joints—invisible—despite irregularities of joist or studding.

Beaver Bestwall with the BEVELED EDGE was first introduced in the East. Its advantages were immediately seen. So rapidly did the demand grow that our entire Eastern mill capacity has been required to meet it.

Now, with more mills and greatly increased facilities, this superior plaster wall board with its improved edge is obtainable ANYWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Remember Beaver BESTWALL is the original plaster wall board—with the pure gypsum rock core—with the exclusive, tough Beaver *fibre* facing that adds greatly to strength and takes decoration better. It is a remarkable insulator. It is fire-resisting—approved by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

Don't be satisfied with just "plaster wall board." Call for Beaver BESTWALL by name. Demand to see the CREAM-colored surface and the Beaver trade mark. Ask to see and test the Beveled Edge. Beaver Bestwall with the square edge is available for those who desire it. For sample of the BEVELED EDGE and literature, address our Dept. 1007, THE BEAVER PRODUCTS CO., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.; Thorold, Ont., Canada; London, England.

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out there—The New Henrietta—which may have influenced our going. Certainly I had no notion I was traveling out there to pick up a play.

We were welcomed by many old friends—Fred Niblo, Douglas Fairbanks, David Wark Griffith—all sorts of people we had known in the East who were now making good in the West, and among them was a great admirer of Winchell Smith's, a sweet little white-haired man who must have been a lineal descendant of the original model for the word "quaint."

This kindly little man, working out in California on an occasional picture, had written a play called A House Divided. He had gone up and down Broadway for nine long years offering A House Divided to every manager who would let him in, without finding one theatrical house in all that time even divided as to its merits. It had been unanimously turned down. He came to visit us and told Smith he had been offered a few hundred dollars for the use of his play in motion pictures and felt he ought to sell it. Smith agreed to read the play and advise him.

When we were leaving for the East he came into our drawing-room to say good-by, and throwing down an envelope, "There is the play," he said, "and there is a good part in it for me."

Two Years on a Two Weeks' Job

Smith laughed. "Have you written in a good part for anybody besides yourself?"

"Oh, yes," replied Frank Bacon earnestly, "there are plenty of good ones in it"—and there were.

As the train pulled out, Smith carelessly opened the envelope. I was just dozing off when I heard him laugh.

I hate to miss a trick. "Who died?" I asked, waking up.

"Listen," said Smith, and he began to read me Frank Bacon's A House Divided

We both liked it. There was a lot of rewriting obviously necessary, but Smith was enthusiastically sure he could do it, which I may say is an unusual thing for him. He has always been modest and a little timid.

"I could rewrite this into a good show in two weeks," he announced, then added, "Do you think I ought to put off writing the other one and do this first?"

Smith, who, I believe, is so simple-minded he really values my opinion, has always consulted me about his writing plans.

For some time he had had what I considered a marvelous idea for a play, to be called If I Were You. And every time another proposition arose he would say, "Do you think I'd better do this new one or shall I keep at If I Were You?"

"Well, if I were you," I said importantly, "I'd do this new one if it is only going to take two weeks." That was in September, 1915.

I sent word to Bacon that we would do his play and advised him to come to New York.

He came, and with him came a large family consisting of his wife and his daughter, Bessie Bacon, and her children, and Aunt Em, a loquacious, philosophical little old family favorite whom Frank would no more have left behind than his shoes.

One of Bacon's first questions on arrival was: "When does my salary begin?"

I couldn't tell him, because I didn't know. And as Frank's resources in those days were not inexhaustible and time kept behaving as it always does and Smith kept behaving as he always does when he writes a play, Frank developed into more or less of a problem.

He had once played a part in a Number Two company of The Fortune Hunter, and Smith was sure there was star-making stuff in that little man. So, wishing to find something for him to do until the House Divided was ready, I had my friend, Colonel Jim Elverson, owner of the Philadelphia Inquirer, dig up a copy of Frank Mayo's dramatization of Pudd'nhead Wilson, which he controlled through his wife, Mayo's daughter.

It seemed to both Smith and me that Pudd'nhead Wilson, the sensation of its day, would be a play for our quaint little man. But when we read it we found it full of claptrap, side speeches and monologues belonging to the dusty, musty theater of yester decade.

John Taintor Foote had written a beautiful little play called Toby's Bow. There was a sweet old character—a sort of Uncle Tom's Cabin negro—who dominated the story, and I thought that Bacon, with the judicious application of a little burnt cork, would fit admirably into the rôle. The play, afterward produced with George Marion in the main part, was well liked. But our tryout of Toby's Bow never ripened into a successful acquaintance with Broadway.

Finally, in January, 1918, or two years and four months after Smith had undertaken the task, Lightnin' opened at the National Theater in Washington—to run more than 1200 performances in New York, establishing a long-distance record never equaled or passed in America except by that hardy perennial, Abie's Irish Rose.

In my opinion, to Smith's rewriting and staging is due much of the credit of that record-breaking success—Lightnin'. Scene after scene he wrote, only to destroy them. One whole act, I remember, representing forty pages of hard work, he read to me on a train going from Hartford to New York. He hadn't reached the middle before I, his best friend and severest critic, was fast asleep. I woke to hear him say, "Well, then, you don't like it."

"Not so bad," I evaded.

"It couldn't have been any good," said Smith, "or you'd have stayed awake."

So we talked about it some more and again Smith went back to the work bench. I have never known a playwright more open to suggestion than Winchell Smith. Nothing he writes is so precious that he will refuse to rewrite it. And that, I believe, is one of the reasons he has been so successful. And that is why it took so long before he finished the work of rewriting and brought to New York ready for rehearsal the completed script of A House Divided.

When Bacon first submitted A House Divided, I did not think the title had any particular punch or box-office appeal. I don't contend that a fortunate title can make a success out of a poor play, but I do believe that a satisfactory label will go a long way toward creating a market from a box-office standpoint.

Lightnin' Strikes Twice

When I was a little boy out in Wauseon, Ohio, I was very fat and slow; but perhaps not quite so thick in the head as I was around the waistline, for I had it figured out that when my mother sent me for Seidlitz powders, if I hurried back she would only send me out again for something else. So I never hurried. Especially, I liked to linger about the drug store among the fascinating jars of colored water, listening to the music of the soda fountain. One day when I was particularly loath to depart, the drug clerk lost patience, and drawing something shiny from under the counter and aiming it at me, "If you don't run home with that medicine," he cried, "I'll shoot you!"

Frightened, I turned to run. Too late. I felt a stinging impact and myself all wet with what must be blood! If you have ever felt the full force of a siphon of seltzer, you will agree that rum is not the only hard liquid in the world. As I ran screaming to the street he yelled "Lightnin' Johnnie, that's what you are!" and ever after he called me Lightnin' Johnnie.

When Smith and I came to the scene where Bill Jones went to the post office to get the mail and came back hours later without it, I thought of Lightnin' Johnnie. Smith did not actually object to the title Lightnin', although he wasn't exactly strong for it. But it almost broke Bacon's heart.

It seems a trick of fate that the man who later was christened Lightnin' and who died with that name on the tongue of the whole nation, should have fought so against the use of the name. However, in Lightnin' I created a great title for a play which I am sure would have been just as successful under the name Humpty Dumpty.

I had had the idea that a second success would make me incontrovertibly a manager. But the hardest people to convince are one's friends. They were certain, and in a measure so was I, that Lightnin' having hit twice in the same place, could not a third time be decoyed. Reckoning my gambling chances, my third, and doubtless my fourth and fifth ventures were doomed to failure.

But again enters the well-known element of chance. Luck was once more headed in my direction. Austin Strong is a fine playwright, but so outrageously modest that to this day, although we are good friends and he is brave enough after the first cold plunge is over, still I see him blush when he meets me with his little, troubled cough. This shy, boyish, romantic step-grandson of Robert Louis Stevenson had written a play called Three Wise Men of Gramercy Park, and from all I have learned since, had tried fifty-six ways to get somebody to arrange for him to meet me. One of the fifty-six was one of our best and most successful stage directors—Robert Milton.

Titles by Golden

He came into my office one day and said, "I had a wonderful play just read to me by Austin Strong, to which you surely should give the well-known once-over at your earliest opportunity. It has exceptionally interesting characters, beautiful dialogue—in short, a remarkable play."

"You are quite a describer," I replied. "Tell me more. What is the story?"

"The story," said Milton, "is—er, outstanding. It's about—ah—somehow or other it just slips me for the moment."

"Where is it laid?" I asked him.

"You mean the script?" said Milton. "I think he has it down at the Players Club."

"What are the characters?" I inquired.

"The characters—oh, the characters! Why, I—er—they're delightful," said he; "absolutely delightful."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Do you know anything about this play, or has Austin Strong hired you to press-agent it to me?"

"Well, as a matter of fact," admitted Milton, "he told me he wished I could fix it so that he could meet you."

We are threatened with all kinds of punishment if we use the long arm of coincidence in the making of plays, but Mr. George M. Coincidence was certainly working that day, for Milton had scarcely left my office when I walked across Forty-fourth Street and literally bumped into a well-dressed young man carrying under his arm what to my trained eye looked suspiciously like a play.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Golden," said the young man, coughing apologetically and blushing.

"You did it on purpose," said I.

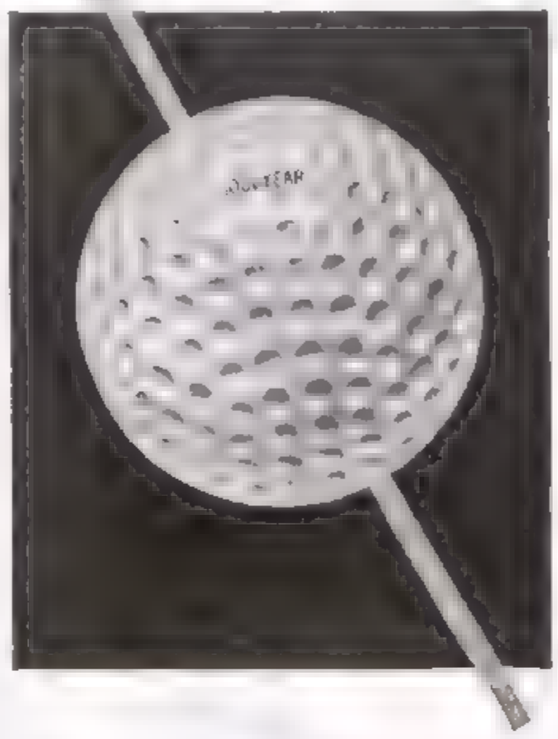
"Oh, no," he began.

"Yes, you did. You did it so that I'd read your play, Austin Strong. Well, I won't. But I'll tell you what I will do. Come back to my office and I'll let you tell me the story."

And Strong, dare-devil that he was, took the bull by the horns and followed me. And his play was bought before I had read it. Strong has always felt that he owed a great deal to Winchell Smith for the very important part the latter played in developing and reconstructing that story into the colossal seven-year success that it eventually became.

When Austin Strong brought me his play it was called Three Wise Men of Gramercy Park. I wasn't rich enough to consider putting that much money into electric lights, so I tossed away the Gramercy Park

A "hard boiled" COVER



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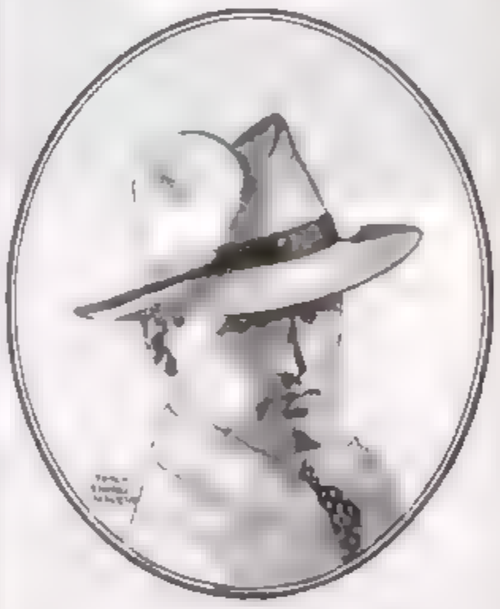

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forever, and my announcements in the New York papers read, "A play by Austin Strong called Three Wise Men."

Scarcely had the notice been printed when a lady appeared at my office, all exercised over the fact that her husband had written a play under that title, and accusing me of everything in the criminal docket from plagiarism to piracy and points south.

"Don't talk foolishly," said I. "Your husband has never made a production of his play and I have announced mine. I have a prior right."

This she denied. "But," I said, "anybody will tell you you have no case."

"Oh, don't be a fool," she answered crossly.

Perhaps this use of the word "fool" started something in my subconscious, for suddenly, right in the middle of the argument, I stopped, bowed to the lady in my knightly—if not daily—fashion, and said, "Madam, the title is yours."

But I was not being noble. I had thought of a better title—and the play appeared as Three Wise Fools—Austin Strong, the author, having no idea of the name of his play until he saw it in print. He raised no objection. It was probably too late.

A Study in Blues

Now that I had had three successes the thing must have entered into my blood, for I began to look for a fourth just as desperately as I had wanted a first, second or third. Thank-U, which ran for a year in New York and four more years throughout the country, was probably the most accidental find of the lot. Tom Cushing, who had written a play or two, was not unlike Austin Strong in that he was retiring, modest, gentlemanly, competent and good-looking. Several times I have offered him a job as a sheik. He had succeeded in interesting Winchell Smith in the idea of collaborating on a war play to such an extent that Smith had told him to bring it to me.

So Cushing wrote a good part of an act, sent it down from New Haven, and then, sitting in the same big armchair where so many contracts have been signed, where Menkens, Hamiltons, La Rues, Carrillos, Westmans and Strongs have had their hopes raised, dashed or seesawed, he told me more of his great war play. Swept along by his enthusiasm, he failed to notice that I was not equally carried away. He was reaching a great climax in the most thrilling part of his story, when I said, "You needn't tell me any more. I'm sorry, but I don't think that this is just the time for another war play." That chair has seen many expressions of disappointment and dismay, none of them easy to watch.

"But," cried Cushing blankly, "Winchell Smith said you would like it!"

"I do," said I, "but I don't want to produce it."

Cushing's face was a study in blues. "Why, he was so sure you'd take it, he told me I could count on a $500 advance."

"If Smith told you you could have $500," I said, "here it is," and I wrote a check.

"I ought to give you something for this," said Cushing dubiously.

"What have you got?" I asked.

"Want to hear the plot of another play?" he suggested.

"No!" I cried.

"All right," said he, "but do you know that the average minister throughout the country doesn't get as much salary as a chauffeur?"

"No," I replied, "but I don't see that there's anything I can do about it."

"Yes, there is," said he.

"Something I can do—what can I do?"

"You can do my play—the one I wanted to tell you. It's about a poor minister and his niece who, being a French girl, doesn't know that ministers are paid so poorly in this country that they are sometimes looked down on socially by their own congregations. My idea is to bring home the point that you can't look down on a man six days of the week and then look up to him on the seventh."

"I'll take that play," I said, and then and there Tom Cushing signed a contract, dated August 5, 1920, for the sum of $500 to be regarded as advance payment on royalties to accrue from the making of a church play called X.

He went back to Connecticut and six months later Winchell Smith and he had written the play. Under Smith's able direction we produced Thank-U, which probably did more to keep me tied tight to my "clean" stand than any other, or even all the other plays I produced.

We opened the play at Elmira, New York. I remember sitting in the box office at just about the time the curtain was going up. There was a line of 100 people outside the box-office window, where Mrs. Fitzgerald had told her fellow townspeople there were no more seats.

Some more persistent one asked, "Aren't there any reserved for anyone who hasn't shown up?"

To which she replied, "Yes."

"Whom are they for?"

"Well, there are some here for the Seth Winners, the Elwood Crockers and the Alexander Divens."

"They're not coming," cried another. "Give us their seats."

"I can't do that," said Mrs. Fitzgerald. "I have to hold them until 8:30."

"No, you haven't." And the next thing I knew the box-office door was crashed in. Money was thrown on the counter and the remaining tickets carried away.

"Well," said I to myself when the excitement had subsided, "Thank-U must be a sure-fire hit."

Too Many Friends

But unfortunately I was wrong. Elmira is known in theatrical parlance as a one-night stand. Few if any plays can afford to stay there more than a night. But for the past years I have sent to Elmira every one of my productions in tryout form, and played at least four performances to capacity houses.

These tryouts are done for exactly what the words imply—to try out before a public the value of a new production. But I have reached a state of mind where I fear to take a play to Elmira, because their friendship is so deep and their desire for our success so genuine that it seems to warp their judgment. Winchell Smith and John Golden can't produce a failure, according to the Elmira critics, and I have no way of gauging the actual drawing power of an attraction.

Thank-U was hailed by ministers and educators as a powerful argument for the underpaid professions and as the best friend inside the theater that the clergy ever had. But only after the hardest uphill battle I ever fought did I make a success of it.

The First Year was produced because Frank Craven happened to mention to me one day that he had no engagement at the time. I suggested to him that if he would write a play I would produce it without reading it. He said he did not care about the last clause, as he preferred to have me know what it was all about, and go along with him. But the net result of my rash wager was that eight weeks from the date it was made Craven was rehearsing The First Year, which eventually proved to be, according to the unanimous verdict of the critics, one of the finest examples of folk-play writing ever brought forth by an American.

One day Arthur Richman and Robert Milton came in to see me, with a play by the former. I had to admit that I thought it a good play, beautifully written. And though it was a little out of my line, since I had become associated with plays about plain, everyday, American people, and this was about sophisticated English folk, I thought it ought to have a good chance if they could get a great actress to play it.

Employing a process known as "letting the author down easy," used when a manager has no legitimate excuse for refusing a play and yet wishes to get out of doing it, perhaps for no better reason than a desire to enjoy a little holiday out of New York, I said, "I'd do it myself if you could get Marie Tempest, for instance, to play the lead."

An Unexplained Failure

Marie Tempest was at the time in South Africa at the head of her own company, and the chances of getting her to America to star in Arthur Richman's play seemed reassuringly slim. I left for my annual trip to Florida, thinking no more about that casual remark, even though Milton and Richman had embodied it in the form of a promise.

When I returned in the spring I found a cablegram from Marie Tempest: "Delighted to be with you. You will find me most obedient of stars ——"

In my absence, on the strength of my promise, Milton had cabled, and in this haphazard manner I found myself about to produce a new play, with a world-famous actress traveling all the way from Africa to appear in it.

The greatest stars on the West Coast, city officials and all sorts of movie folk met Miss Tempest as she arrived at San Francisco—with the news-reel cameras grinding. Miss Tempest had never in her career had such an ovation as was arranged for her along the route of the special train which brought her from California to New York.

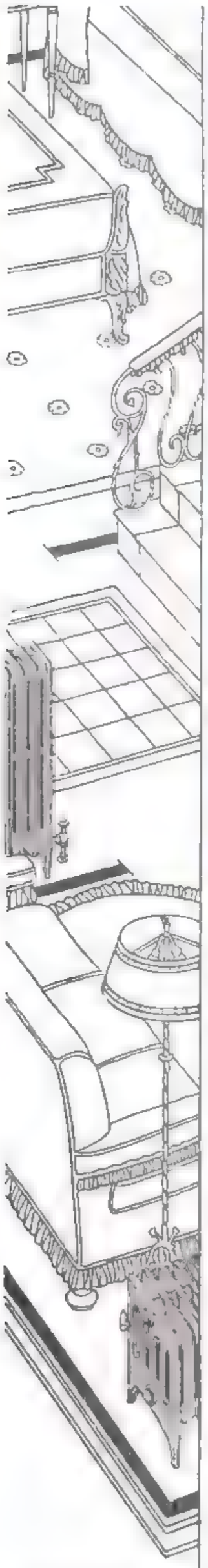
When The Serpent's Tooth was announced I received hundreds of congratulatory telegrams from practically every important person in the theatrical world.

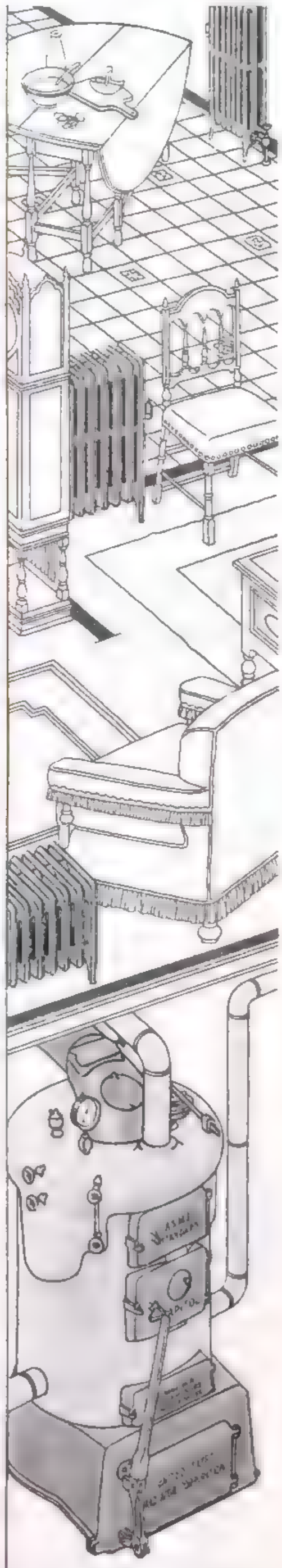
"John Golden deserves the *médaille d'honneur* for bringing Miss Tempest to us," said Henry Miller. Douglas Fairbanks wired: "I bow across the continent to one who has given our stage such great distinction." Billie Burke sent me "the gratitude of the public for bringing that darling back."

But in spite of the fact that the play was a splendid piece of writing, that the cast included the best names in the theater, that we tried to give as fine a production as we could, and that this woman was acclaimed the greatest English *comédienne*, the public failed to respond. And so, after four months, I had to close The Serpent's Tooth.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Golden, written in collaboration with Viola Brothers Shore. The next will appear in an early issue.

GUARANTEED HEAT ALL OVER THE HOUSE WITH ECONOMY





On lying abed Sunday morning

A great quietness reigns outdoors, broken only by the regular crunch-crunch of hurrying feet, and the crackle of crystal-laden trees swaying in high wind. You awake slowly, lazily. Someone has already closed the window. And as the boy rushes in to have you read the "funnies" to him, you feel the glow of benevolent heat rapidly filling the room.

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MOTIVE POWER

(Continued from Page 32)

Marcus found himself able to think more clearly. He perceived that the changing of the will could not have played any part, because so reticent a man as Mr. Orrin would not have told his plans to anybody. No mere thief would have chosen such a moment for entering. It must, Marcus quickly decided, have been some man who was interested in Mary Brown, and who desired to discover just what her status there might be.

This idea was not entirely a new one, though Marcus' mind had not previously dwelt on it, because there had been other and more plausible theories. But now, with Beatrice and Gregory eliminated, it presented itself as a sort of *reductio ad absurdum*. A young woman of such charm and capabilities as Mary Brown might be expected to have a number of suitors, and it was possible that some crank amongst them might have felt impelled to spy on her, and to ascertain just how serious Mr. Orrin's condition might be. Surprised in his espionage by Mary Brown, he might have acted on a desperate impulse to escape unidentified, and so have thrust her back into the room and locked the door. Moreover, Marcus was by no means sure that Mary Brown had failed to identify this person, nor that she might not have wished to keep him out of the affair. Perhaps, after all, it had not been Gregory whom she suspected.

It was at this stage of his contemplation that Marcus heard a curious little sound in the room. It started close to the long French window which was wide open, and the slight noise suggested a small animal scampering across the rug. There would scarcely be rats in such a house, nor would a squirrel be apt to venture inside. Besides, Marcus' nature readings told him that squirrels were not nocturnal animals, except flying squirrels perhaps.

The noise came again, but this time it was different. Something clicked off the rug onto the parquet, where it rolled along. Marcus sat up suddenly in bed, the significance of these sounds now apparent to him.

Somebody outside, under the window, was tossing in small pebbles from the gravel path, a classic method for awakening quietly the person supposed to be sleeping in that room. Very likely, Marcus thought, Mary Brown had stepped in to see how he fared and to secure the window against swaying. The prowler outside might have observed her in the act and concluded therefore that this must be the bedroom assigned her.

Another pebble flew through the window, this time landing directly on the foot of the bed. Nobody, Marcus reflected, was going to stand outside and pelt pebbles into a room supposed to be occupied by a member of the family or its personnel. That Beatrice might be the object of such attention did not occur to Marcus at all. This suitor of Mary Brown, the prime disturber from the start, desired urgently to communicate with her, and he had chosen the wrong room.

Here, as it seemed to Marcus, was the splendid chance not only to solve the mystery, tie off the last loose end, but to square his debit account of great mental pain and agony with a good deal of suffering that was physical. He owed this prowler for the theft of the will, getting pitched into the icy lake, knocked senseless by the robust knee of Beatrice after having built up a silly and highly injurious case against her on circumstantial evidence.

There were also Mary Brown's bruised shoulders to consider, but Marcus did not at the moment rate this injury as so very grave.

He seized quickly on the chance for decoying this skulking rascal into a trap. To impersonate Mary Brown in her *robe de nuit*, Marcus slipped off the tunic of his pajamas, then tugged a sheet from the bed and draped it about his torso in such fashion as to leave bare his arms to the shoulders. Then, stepping to the window, he leaned partly out, one hand raised to his face. The moon was on the other side of the house, this façade of it was in shadow. But there was light enough to reveal dimly a figure standing against a mass of shrubbery on the edge of the path. Then, as Marcus looked down, his bare arm gleaming through the murk, he saw this figure beckon.

Marcus nodded, made a downward gesture, then stepped back away from the window. Here, it appeared, was the vindication of the last of his many theories. Remained only to seize this cause of all his trials and to expose him for the skulking sneak that he must be.

Marcus acted then with more haste than caution. He doubled the sheet and drew it round him like a toga, went softly out of his room, slipped along the hall and down the stairs. He went out the front door, passed round the corner of the house to the side on which was his room, where he stood and beckoned.

The dark figure slipped out from the flanking bushes. Marcus turned and walked rapidly across the lawn toward a cluster of ornamental trees, hoping that this apparent indiscreet behavior would not arouse suspicion of the trap he was setting. Then, reaching the trees, the other following some fifty yards behind, Marcus made a slight detour toward a little summerhouse that was at the far end of the garden. Glancing back, he saw that the other still followed on, though not attempting to shorten the distance between them. Reaching the summerhouse, Marcus paused and waited. But as he stopped, so also did the other. Plainly the fellow was no longer so sure about the identity of the white-clad maiden who had been leading him along at such a pace.

The summerhouse was all of three hundred yards from the house, and no doubt the fact of being led so far away, or perhaps something in the stride and general impression Marcus gave, did not check with that of a girl of even Mary Brown's athletic habit.

Then suddenly and without a sound the follower turned and bolted. Marcus' ruse had most evidently failed. Perceiving this, he flung off the sheet, and clad only in pajama trousers and bedroom slippers, Marcus leaped in pursuit. The man ahead struck across the lawn and made for that trail now entirely familiar to Marcus, which was the lane. He ran like a turkey. Marcus, a former track athlete and stripped down for just such a sporting event, could not see that he gained much in the first two hundred yards, at the end of which his quarry dived into the lane. A pretty fair sprinter, whatever else the scoundrel might or might not be, Marcus was forced to admit. The danger lay now in the fellow's beating Marcus to the lake shore where, if he had left a canoe handy, he might for the second time give Marcus the laugh.

But he did not. Reaching the fork in the lane, with the lead, if anything, increased, he broke out across the rough meadow where Marcus had first sighted Mary Brown, and running like a rabbit, scurried up the slope, though this naturally slowed him down. It spoke well for Marcus' complete recovery to strength of wind and limb that he was now able to hold the pace, especially since he was handicapped by felt slippers which though well-fitting enough were yet unadapted to this sort of cross-country marathon. Marcus began to wonder how long they would last.

Reaching the crest of the slope, a little winded but still running, Marcus saw the other scurrying for the spot where the lane entered the woods beyond. He drew in his stomach, tightened the cord of his pajamas and held on in pursuit. The man ahead reached the dark entrance and disappeared. Marcus, afraid that he might plunge into a thicket and hide, put on a burst of speed, and on arriving at the spot, caught sight of the other as he disappeared again around a bend in the lane. And so this midnight chase continued, Marcus always managing to keep the other in sight, until presently the lane debouched on the road about a mile from the inn on the porch of which Marcus had sat with the sheriff. For the first time then it occurred to Marcus that, if successful, the end of his hunt might be fraught with some embarrassment. There was a certain lack of dignity for one of his position to be running to bay his quarry and tackling him in a populous community, clad only in pajama trousers. It was rather like one of those dreams in which a person finds himself in such a predicament, half naked and very much ashamed.

There seemed no help for it, however, so Marcus held on, trying now less to overtake the other than to keep within his wind, which might be sorely needed for a final grapple. The other slowed his pace and so did Marcus. It occurred to him now that the Fisherman's Rest was not so far ahead and that the sheriff abode there. It would be not only convenient but entirely gratifying to grab this source of all his trouble and perplexity right under the nose of the elder hound who had been associated with him in the first attempt to disentangle the baffling trail.

This now nearly happened. Whether winded, or desiring himself to escape as much publicity as possible, Marcus' quarry stopped suddenly, turned and stood in the middle of the road waiting for him to come up. Marcus slowed to a walk and, breathing heavily, approached him. It was fairly dark right here, the moon having gone behind a big heavy cumulus cloud and the trees shading the spot from what light there was.

As Marcus approached slowly and warily, not knowing with what sort of character he might have to deal, the other man said pantingly:

"Oh, lay off, Greg! I just wanted to square myself with Bee. I never dreamed your father was dead."

Marcus stopped. He wanted to hear more before revealing his identity. The other stared at him uncertainly, then said:

"You know I'd never have put over anything so raw if I'd had the least idea of what had happened. When your father phoned the bank that he wanted Mary Brown, I took it for granted that Bee must have come here, so I thought I'd come up to see her and find out how your father really was. Then when Sam Cummings told me Bee wasn't here, I thought I'd ride out with him and—and——" He stopped, pantingly.

Marcus walked closer. "And do a little spying round, you dirty sneak."

His voice was still breathless, so that the other did not discover the error of identity.

"Nothing of the sort," he protested. "But your father's been off me lately for some reason, and I was afraid it might upset him to know that I was here. Mary Brown had got me all wrong too. Honest, Greg, I hadn't the least idea of starting anything. I thought Bee might have come without Sam Cummings' knowing it. Motored from Portland, perhaps. I wanted badly to see her and to find out about Mr. Orrin ——"

"And Mary Brown," Marcus said.

The other leaned forward to peer at him. "Who the devil—holy cats!"

He turned suddenly and bolted down the road. The quick dash distanced Marcus a little, then he began to make it up. They passed a house or two, these dwellings naturally dark, and then the inn bulked up somberly under its sheltering elms. In the middle of the road, right at its short turn, Marcus' quarry stopped, spun round and struck at him. The blow brushed over

(Continued on Page 70)

Wrigley's gum—Wrigley's gum!
Buy your wife and children some—
Don't forget the old folks, too;
They like something sweet to chew!

MOTHER GOOSE UP TO DATE

REAL Peppermint Flavor

Wrigley's Double Mint has REAL peppermint flavor—full-strength, lasting—as invigorating as a drink of sparkling water!

Continued refreshment *and* benefit to teeth, mouth, throat and digestion.

The *satisfying* confection.

... After every meal.

H-53

Looking cool is keeping cool

¶ Half the art of *keeping* cool is *looking* cool. Blue is the color an artist uses to suggest coolness. He paints his shadows in blue—he brushes blue liberally on snow and ice scenes.

¶ No artist makes better use of blue than does MIDDISHADE. On sultry summer days a *fadeproof* MIDDISHADE Blue Serge Suit looks as invitingly cool as the shady side of a breeze-swept deck.

¶ And how well the smart coat of a MIDDISHADE Blue Serge Suit combines with immaculate white flannel trousers to form that perpetually favored summer resort outfit!

¶ There's a MIDDISHADE Blue Serge Suit for every man—34 models created by "Sergical specialists—operating on blue serge suits only". Suits of plain or unfinished blue serge—and a neat stripe—all guaranteed—popularly priced. Look up a MIDDISHADE clothier—and send for the style folder with serge samples.

THE MIDDISHADE CO., *Inc.*, PHILADELPHIA

Fadeproof
MIDDISHADE
The specialized blue serge suit

(Continued from Page 68)

Marcus' shoulder and they came together in a clinch. Marcus broke out of it and swung at his antagonist, who ducked under his fist and landed a short jab on Marcus' ribs.

For the next few moments a very busy little fight went forward there in the middle of the road, under the shadow of the elms. Somebody came to a front upper window of the old hostelry, raised it a little higher and leaned out to watch the sporting event so singularly staged. Marcus was unaware of this silent spectator. He was having a busy time of it, sparring a little warily to protect if possible a jaw already sore enough. A left hook finally landing on this sensitive point, though with no great force, was precisely the stimulus Marcus needed to finish the affair. His reaction to the rush of pain and rage came in the shape of a perfectly good uppercut, gymnasium trained, but efficient. It landed under the chin of the misguided young man with whom he was engaged, rocked back his silly head, then let him down in a heap. He stopped where he fell.

Marcus looked round to see the half-clad sheriff who was swaying back and forth with silent woodsman's laughter.

"Well, Mr. Clark," Marcus said, "there it is, sealed, signed and delivered."

The sheriff choked. "And at my very door. Well, Lawyer True, all I can say is that you are some efficient. And me lyin' awake worryin' about your havin' brain fever." He went off into another noiseless gust of mirth.

"Who is the hound, anyhow?" Marcus asked.

"Law, Mr. True, he ain't any hound. Jes' a measly varmint that's been run down and shook up by as good a trailer and scrapper as ever I see." He reached down, seized Marcus' late quarry by the scruff of the neck and yanked him to his feet. "So this is the way you square yourself for past kind hospitality, young feller. Well, you're my meat now."

"But look here, Mr. Clark ——" began the misguided trouble maker, when Marcus interrupted with impatience:

"Take this and lock it up somewhere, sheriff; on a charge of stealing the will. Then, if you'll be so kind, please get out your car and roll me back to Lake's End before anybody sees me in this next-to-nature state. We lawyers like to preserve our dignity, when possible."

"Spose we do that first," said the sheriff. "Don't want 'em to look in and find you gone back at the house and get all in a stew. No darned use to bother with this dum' fool. I know where to get him if we want him, which ain't likely, since his father is vice president of Mr. Orrin's bank." The sheriff spat. "He works there too."

Marcus surveyed the abject prisoner with the disgust of a kennel-bred dog of pure strain but no field experience that has chased and caught a skunk. The sheriff added laconically, "Sort of a johnny cut-up, this young feller. I took it for granted you'd nosed him out when you phoned me you'd got back the will. Come on in, Mr. True. I'll cover your nakedness a mite and run you back."

XII

VOGEL discovered at nine A.M. that Marcus was awake and in the mood for a solid breakfast.

"Bring me a whole lot of food right away, Vogel," Marcus ordered, "before somebody tries to get between me and it. How is Mr. Orrin?"

"Completely restored, sir. It seems as if the seizure had rested him."

"Why not? Short of the tomb, one can scarcely imagine more complete a rest, though psychologists differ about that."

"You seemed pretty far gone yourself, sir," Vogel said.

"I was all in, what with shock and worry and lack of sleep and a bad fall I'd got and running into a tree out in the woods." This last was an impromptu invention to account for one or two contusions Marcus feared might be in evidence. "But I'm all right now."

Vogel went out. Marcus sprang up, took a shower and was pleased to discover no obvious signs left by his athletic event of that morning's early hours. He had managed pretty well to guard his face. Nobody in the house could be the wiser for his sortie, as the sheriff had dropped him at the entrance to the grounds, and the front door was on the latch. He was back in bed again, fresh as spring flowers, when Vogel entered with a generously garnished tray. Beatrice followed.

"You look," she said, "like money new from the mint."

"I feel that way," Marcus said. "Specie of large denomination."

Vogel went out and Beatrice seated herself. "Father has had two such seizures before," she said, "but long ago and of shorter duration. He was sensitive about telling anybody. Doctor Miles did not know this, but he suspected catalepsy almost from the first."

"Remains now to explain that masked man," Marcus said, and drank his coffee.

"Have you any theory about him?" Beatrice asked.

"Yes. It must have been somebody who had an interest in just what your father's condition might be. Mr. Orrin is a very important man financially, and to some extent in politics. The state of health and personal affairs of such a man are subject to close scrutiny."

"What do you mean," Beatrice asked, "by his personal affairs?"

"Just that," Marcus said. "Mr. Orrin's sending for Mary Brown when he was very low might have been misinterpreted."

"In what way?" Beatrice asked.

"In suggesting that he might have some deep personal interest in her. As Mr. Orrin's character is known to be above reproach, the only possible suspicion in such a case would have been that he might have wished to marry her."

"Your theories are running wild again," Beatrice said.

"Well, have you any better one?" Marcus asked.

"What if this prowler were a man who wanted to marry me, and who thought that he might manage it if he could discredit father in such a way that his influence with me would suffer?" Beatrice suggested.

"That sounds like inside information," Marcus said.

"It is. I suspected from the moment I heard what Gregory had to say. At first I was afraid it might be my brother, and that's why I was determined to get the will."

"I see," Marcus said. "You were afraid that Gregory might have tampered with it, but you reasoned that without the will to prove this, no action could be taken against him."

"Yes."

"But when you met Gregory and knew that you had misjudged him, then you thought of this keyhole observer."

"Naturally," Beatrice said. "The rest of it tallied, just as you had worked out the case. It had to be somebody familiar here."

"Of course. Such a person should have been my first choice. I might have known that the clause in the will about your marriage was due to a present danger from some particular source, and not a generality. Such a man as Mr. Orrin would only have made such a condition to protect you from a man he thought fairly rotten."

"Completely rotten," Beatrice said with heat. "The worst of it is he might have persuaded me to marry him some day if it hadn't been for this. He is the son of an old family friend. His father was formerly cashier of father's bank, and he is now first vice president. They have a camp across the lake."

"How could a young man like that get down to anything so low?" Marcus asked.

"I don't know. Got desperate, I suppose. He knew that father had no more use

(Continued on Page 73)

Every motorist in the U. S. spends $90 a year on repairs that could easily be prevented

A big repair bill may be waiting just around the next corner

But here's a suggestion that has helped thousands of motorists to dodge it

Two billion dollars a year!

That is the amount of the annual bill for repairs to motor cars in the United States! And garage and repair shop records prove that 80% of this enormous sum goes to pay for damage that *proper lubrication would have prevented.*

Neglect your car, fail to lubricate it properly, and sooner or later you'll turn the corner and the bill for your share of these unnecessary repairs will stare you in the face.

Save yourself this needless expense

There's an easy way to avoid that bill.

You merely lubricate your chassis bearings every 500 miles.

That's all there is to it. Just keep those hard-working, dust-exposed bearings properly lubricated and you're rid of 80% of your repair bills. In addition, you'll cut the cost of operating your car anywhere from 1c to 1¾c a mile, you'll add years to its life and many dollars to its trade-in value.

There's nothing hard about it

It's so easy nowadays, too. Because most cars come already equipped with the Alemite or Alemite-Zerk High Pressure Lubrication, which makes positive lubrication as easy as filling up with gas or oil. Now on more than 10,000,000 cars. If it isn't on your car now, it will pay you to have it installed at once. The cost is surprisingly low—and you'll save even this first cost in no time at all.

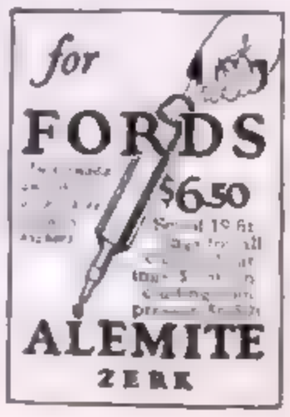
With this system, your handy compressor gun shoots fresh, clean lubricant entirely through the chassis bearings, forcing out the old, worn-out, gritty grease at the same time. Do this every 500 miles and you'll be one of those so-called "lucky" motorists who never have any big repair bills to pay.

Or drive in to any one of the 40,000 Alemite Stations and have it done in 10 or 15 minutes. The Alemite Sign, pictured above, will show you where you can get this expert, money-saving service.

Warning!

Just one word of caution—*beware of cheap greases.* The best lubricating system in the world can do you no good unless you use a good grade of lubricant.

So to protect your interests and ours, we have stocked dealers everywhere with genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant. Unless you already know a brand you can rely upon absolutely, insist that your service man use genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant.



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SUITE No. 788

Choose your furniture for *style* and *beauty*

but first be sure the inside is conscientiously built

You do not buy a motor car because of exterior beauty alone. You choose a *make* that guarantees engineering excellence.

Do likewise in buying furniture—which must serve you far longer than your motor car.

First choose a "make" that is recognized for quality and fair price.

Then from that maker's line choose what your eye and good taste dictate in beauty and charm.

Hundreds of thousands are buying "Kroehler-made" upholstered furniture because the name guarantees *quality*—and because the smart styles satisfy every desire for beauty

Kroehler-made furniture is strictly quality-built. Its beautiful lines *remain* beautiful for years and years.

Every Kroehler-made davenport and chair is built on a frame of carefully selected, kiln-dried hardwood, strongly braced, glued and with doweled joints—*not soft wood merely nailed together.*

Hidden qualities

Resilient, non-sagging seat springs are of heavy, high carbon wire of Premier quality, interlocked with a flexible, spring steel understructure firmly attached to the hardwood frame. *Far stronger than the usual old style webbing.*

Filling is of sterilized flax fiber, best moss and felted cotton. Seat cushions are filled with patented, resilient, soft-yielding coil springs—thickly padded with clean, white, felted cotton

Davenports with concealed beds

Kroehler davenports may be had, if desired, with a full size comfortable bed entirely concealed under the seat cushions. The folding bed frame is all-steel, fitted with a sagless cable fabric and helical springs. Ample room for a thick, removable mattress and bedding.

See your furniture dealer. He can show you a variety of popular designs. You may choose coverings of silk damask, tapestry, mohair, Chase Velmo, Baker velours, jacquard velours, linen frieze and moquette, leather or Chase leatherwove.

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KROEHLER

Living Room Furniture

DO NOT ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE . . . KROEHLER MADE LOOK FOR THIS KROEHLER NAME PLATE

(Continued from Page 70)

for him and meant to send him out to San Francisco."

"Do you mind my asking if you are . . . if you care for him?"

"You've got a perfect right to ask anything," Beatrice said. "I thought I did. He was in Gregory's class at Harvard, and a star athlete, and brilliant, and I've thought he was a wonder ever since I was a little girl. He may have been a little wild, but he never drank and always kept himself fit. We've been good pals here. He's the comedy sort. Keeps you laughing. Court jester, king's fool, always up to tricks. He might have laughed me into marrying him."

Marcus nodded. "I suppose he was tucked away somewhere and saw where I put the will, and grabbed it merely to see how it read. He left it in the cabin when he pitched me into the lake, because he had no idea that Mr. Orrin was supposed to have died."

"Probably," Beatrice said.

"If he had thought that your father was dead," Marcus continued, "do you think that he would have destroyed it, after seeing the clause that made your choice of husband conditional on the approval of the trustees?"

"I don't know," Beatrice answered, but something in the expression of her eyes led Marcus to doubt this statement.

"He sounds to me," Marcus said, "more fool than scoundrel. Like a prankish boy that hasn't yet grown up."

"That describes him," Beatrice admitted. "But it's time he had grown up. Some boys never do. What gets the boy thrown out of college may get the man thrown into jail. I've helped him out of lots of scrapes. But never again. I'm through."

"Does Gregory know about him?"

"Yes. He's furious. But there's nothing to do about it. We don't want his parents to know."

They were silent for a moment. Then Marcus asked, "Have you forgiven me for the case I made out against you? All that silly reconstruction?"

Beatrice smiled faintly. "I think it's the other way about. I nearly killed you. I can't see how I ever did such a thing."

"Call it protective impulse," Marcus said. "All you thought about was saving your brother. The fool case I'd built up was a pretty snug fit."

"It sure was that," Beatrice admitted. "And I had no way of knowing what a sportsman you were. You looked like nothing but hard-boiled lawyer to me."

"Well," said Marcus, "if I had a sister I'd want her to do the same for me, and be mighty proud of her if she got away with it. 'Family first' is a pretty good slogan."

For the first time Beatrice looked at him shyly. "I've always used Gregory as a standard gauge to measure up other men, but I think I'll have to get a new one."

Marcus shook his head. "Not for common sense, at least. I've blundered through this case like a cow in a bog."

"Oh, Greg never had any common sense," Beatrice exclaimed; "and he's got a hollow where his bump of money sense ought to be. Greg's trouble is gambling. Anything from craps to oil, and no record of any winnings. Father was right about that. He'd go through a fortune like a circus rider through a hoop."

"That's what your father intended to prevent," Marcus said. "He would never have cut him off otherwise. And he didn't want to make him an Easy Street remittance man. That would have kept Gregory from getting down to work."

"Yes," Beatrice admitted; and added naïvely, "Since I've known you better I can see whole subdivisions for improvement in poor Gregory."

"If you pour balm on me like that my head will swell," Marcus said, "and there's no more offensive sight in art or nature than a conceited lawyer."

Beatrice looked at him thoughtfully. "I think your system can do with a little appreciation besides as a lawyer and the 'nice young man' I've heard you called."

"Who calls me that?" Marcus snapped.

"You sat tight and got knocked cold by a foul knee punch rather than use force against a girl," Beatrice said.

"Protecting my reputation as a nice young man."

"You stood to foot the bill for the will," Beatrice continued.

"Professional pride."

"Professional honor," Beatrice retorted. "Then you passed out and were put to bed and got up a few hours later and went out and ran down the fool that had made all the trouble and licked him to a frazzle."

"What's that?" Marcus sat up. "Who's been telling you?"

"The sheriff. He's here, talking to father. You stool-pigeoned that sneak away from the house, then chased him clean into town in your pajamas. Ran him ragged, then made him look like the trimmings the butcher sends for dog meat."

"Well, I owed him for a spill in the lake and a smash from your knee, and there was a little account of Mary Brown's ——"

"Of course. He had it all coming, and then some. And he's always kept himself in good training and fancied himself a whole lot as an all-round athlete and scrapper. Fooled me into thinking he was the real thing." Beatrice's violet eyes were deep purple. "You may be a darned good lawyer, Marcus True, but I'm here to state that you've shown us all that your stuff doesn't stop there. Besides," she rose, turned and looked at Marcus with eyes that had suddenly softened, "you're"—she moved toward the door—"you're a ——"

"Let's have the worst."

"—— a dear," Beatrice said, and went out.

XIII

MARCUS finished his breakfast, then got up and dressed. Going out he passed down the hall and caught the low hum of a soothing resonant voice as he came abreast of Mr. Orrin's room. Glancing in, Marcus saw the sheriff sitting in a position of ease at Mr. Orrin's bedside.

The sheriff looked round and saw him. "Come in, Lawyer True. Just talkin' about you."

Marcus entered, greeted Mr. Orrin quietly and was surprised at the strength in the pressure of his client's handclasp.

"You tell him, Dave," said the banker. "Even after all these years, I still shirk it."

The sheriff motioned Marcus to a chair. "My shot about there being some old score Mr. Orrin had to settle, nicked the bull's eye. It was an account that he'd have ruled off in red ink long ago if he could have located his creditor."

"Mary Brown's father?" Marcus asked.

"Yeah. The directory of every city of any size has got about a page of William Browns, and there's quite a heap of cities in this country. Mr. Orrin never located the right one until about ten days ago, when Mary Brown was taking his dictation about some business that had to do with some veteran's insurance his bank was handling. When she finished she happened to mention how her father was all cut up by bolo knives in the Philippines nigh onto thirty years ago."

Mr. Orrin took up the narrative. "Her father saved not only my life, which wasn't so important then, but my honor, which is worth a lot to a family that has always kept it bright. I was acting adjutant at that time and he was sentry outside my quarters. The Filipinos launched a surprise attack at night, and nearly got away with it before the men were roused out of the nipa huts where they were sleeping."

"All in a black steaming rain," said the sheriff, as Mr. Orrin halted.

"I was worn ragged from a hike," Mr. Orrin went on, "and I think I must have fallen into one of these cataleptic states, because the sentry, Private Brown, told me afterward that when he heard the natives yelling and tried to rouse me he thought that I had died. I was in the second story of a hemp-planter's house—a decent little dwelling. The sentry jumped to the head of the stairs and stood off the rush of bolo men detailed to massacre us three officers. The other two had run out to rally the men. The sentry managed to hold the stair until the attack was repulsed. He was fearfully hacked up and was sent immediately aboard the hospital ship Relief, which happened to be lying off the place. Fortunately I came round before the other officers got back."

Mr. Orrin's voice dwindled. Marcus could realize how hard it was for a man of his pride and family traditions to describe this episode.

"There were no questions asked at the time, everybody having been too busy with his job," Mr. Orrin continued. "It was taken for granted that I had been on mine, and in the pitch darkness, with the rain sluicing down, nobody ever knew the difference. Brown was sent back across the Pacific aboard the hospital ship that sailed soon after with a load of wounded. I learned too late that he had reported me as having helped stand off the rush. Evidently he learned that I was alive, and wanted to save my credit. What he actually thought was probably that I was drunk. Like most of the rest, I used to indulge occasionally out there."

"A good man," Marcus said.

"Rather more than that," said Mr. Orrin, "because several times I had been pretty sharp with him, and had recently reduced him from corporal to private for poor discipline. But for some reason he had a friendly feeling for me; or perhaps it was mere loyalty to his superior officer. When I got home I tried to trace him, but never could. He had been mustered out and disappeared."

"And some folks claim," said the sheriff, "that there's no such thing as fate."

"What Mary Brown told me," said Mr. Orrin, "proved her father to have been this William Brown with no possible doubt. I could not square my debt to him directly, because he had died. I did not care to go into details, because it might have been believed that this was a conscience fund for my having been saved a charge of drunkenness or cowardice. Nobody would have believed that I had been so exhausted as to have slept through that attack, then been actively in evidence immediately it was over. I had my own idea about it, because once in college, after a boat race in which I pulled an oar, the same thing happened. It seems to have been the result of overfatigue, and in this last case it was the effect of the shock of my accident on a capricious heart. I did not care to tell even Mary Brown."

"She would have understood," Marcus said. "She's not the ordinary sort of girl. A lot of her father in her, I should say."

"Well," said Mr. Orrin, "I had decided finally that Gregory's trouble was too much money. He would have corrected that automatically by gambling his fortune away. I did not want that to happen, nor did I want to make him a mere remittance man. I wanted him to get down to work, make a fortune for himself. He has the abilities. The next choice was that his fortune should be in strong and capable hands, but not those of trustees. I knew that he was much attached to Mary Brown and was showing her attention, and I hoped that he would marry her."

The sheriff grinned. "Looks like you were going to have your wish, Andrew."

"It looks," said Mr. Orrin warmly, "as if during my lapse of consciousness all of my dearest desires had been administered by wonderfully strong and wise and devoted friends and counselors—or counselor," he amended with a smile at Marcus.

The sheriff, from behind Mr. Orrin, favored Marcus with a warning wink, a slight negative movement of his head and a finger tapped against his lower jaw. From which gesture Marcus gathered that his client was in ignorance of all the details in the service of those interests closest to his heart. He rose.

"Sheriff Clark is a sort of self-obliterating seer, Mr. Orrin. His keen deduction sits

(Continued on Page 75)

In the 'Leviathan' pool, they swim in Jantzens!

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Jantzen imparts an air of trim, athletic grace. Fits perfectly, without a wrinkle. The wool is knitted tightly into fabric of rare flexibility. It is elastic! It conforms closely, smoothly, easily to your figure.

On sale in every size for all the family, at leading stores. The size-by-weight system insures perfect fit.

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The suit that changed *bathing* to *swimming*

The Beauty Men Admire

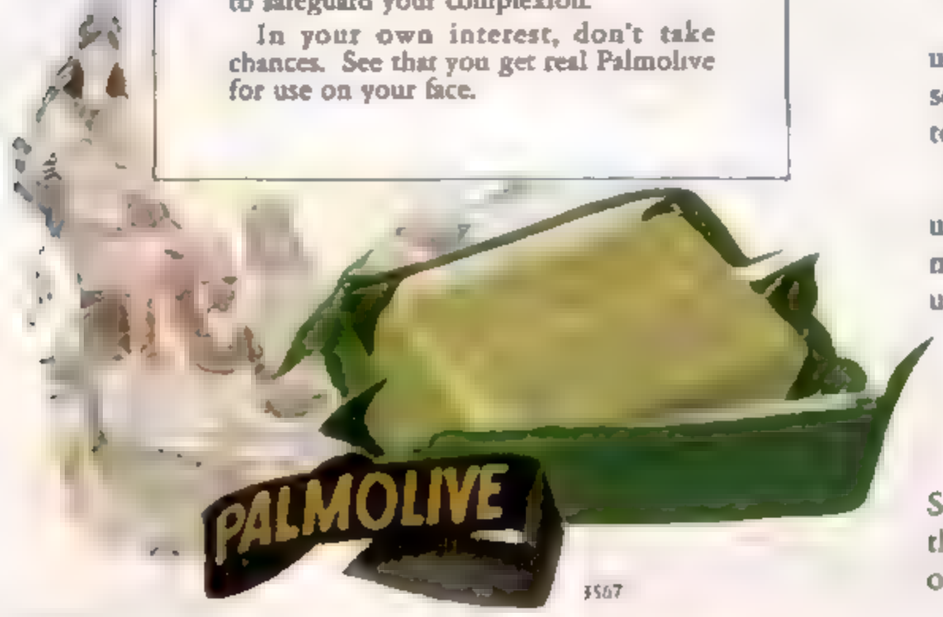
Is natural beauty—which to thousands means "that school-girl complexion"—kept and guarded in this simple way

GOOD complexions are too priceless for experiment.

Remember that before Palmolive came, women were told: "Use no soap on your faces." Soaps then were judged too harsh.

Palmolive is a beauty soap, made by experts in beauty, for one purpose only, to safeguard your complexion.

In your own interest, don't take chances. See that you get real Palmolive for use on your face.



Retail Price
10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

NATURAL skin loveliness is the clever woman's goal. For she knows that thus alone true attractiveness is gained.

For that reason, present-day beauty culture is based on natural rules in skin care—soap and water, a clean skin, pores kept free of beauty-destroying matter.

The only secret is in knowing which soap to use, to be sure that only a proved complexion soap touches the face. A good complexion is too precious to risk to any other sort.

Thus, millions, advised by beauty authorities, use Palmolive *and no other* on their faces, a soap made of rare cosmetic oils, a soap made to be used freely, lavishly, on the skin.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

So, largely on expert advice, more and more thousands of women turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive, used this way.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

(Continued from Page 73)

back behind a smoke screen of guessing while he watches the rest of us try to puzzle things out. I'll bet he suspected all the time that you weren't so very far away. Come now, sheriff, did you really believe from the start that Mr. Orrin was dead?" The sheriff shook his head. "Why not?" Marcus asked.

"I applied a test of my own. 'Tain't in the medico-legal library."

"What?"

"The morning after you left I sneaked back here and got Chimes, the bloodhound, and brought him up to Mr. Orrin's room. I sent out Simpson and shut the door. The dog moved up to Mr. Orrin's bedside, sniffed his face, then gave it a lick or two. That settled it for me. A dog wouldn't lick a corpse. He'd sniff at it with his head stuck way out, then whine, likely, or even howl. I see the dog wanted to wake his master up."

"Did you tell the doctor that?"

"Yes, but nobody else, because, for all we knew, Mr. Orrin might not have made up his mind to come back. No use in raisin' false hopes."

"My word," said Marcus, then bade them good-by and went out.

XIV

"MY WALK to the station by the lane was spoiled the other night," said Marcus some hours later, "but except for the moon being a couple of hours lower, there's not much to choose. In some ways I'm a persistent beggar, so I want to walk to that same train tonight."

"May I go with you?" Beatrice asked.

"How about coming back?"

"We'll all go," Gregory said. "The car can meet us there and bring us back."

The four set out in the same clear air that had so delighted Marcus, and with the moon just rising over the low hills across the lake. Gregory and Mary Brown went on ahead, rapidly increasing their lead, possibly because Beatrice had intimated such procedure to be in order, and partly because Marcus, a nature lover, liked to pause and listen to the nocturnal moonlit-woodland sounds.

Beatrice, it appeared, possessed fully this love of the open spaces. The restful aloofness from all human contacts but one. She moved when Marcus moved, stopped when he stopped, spoke only when spoken to, revealed herself, in fact, as a sort of sympathetic and substantial complementary part that echoed not only his movements but his thoughts.

This was a phase of her as surprising to Marcus as it was delightful. In his ignorance of girls, young women, he had committed that common error, which is to classify them, sort them into types and families and genera and species and subspecies, like other fauna. Having, with good reason, card-indexed Beatrice as the neolithic cave-dwelling type, her subsequent gentleness, with evidence of emotional traits, had not at first impressed him. Cave women were no doubt capable of tenderness with their kinsfolk, their mates and their young.

But the soft and melting response of Beatrice to this lovely night and the hushed thrill of her accord with Nature's whisperings soon began to thrill him in return. He had not considered the possibility of there being much of a sympathetic nature between them. The present revelation of it charmed him. To a young man of his type, especially be he modest, it is apt to be more gratifying to find a lovely companion who likes what he likes than one who likes himself Besides, Marcus knew by this time that Beatrice did like him, whatever she might think about his general personality and attainments.

On the path over the rough open pasture where Marcus had halted Mary Brown, Beatrice made her appreciation more personal. One does not walk through such scenery with a companion to whom one is strongly drawn and confine oneself entirely to the contents of that scenery.

"I've had a wrong slant on you, Mr. True. People we both know had given me the idea that you were an oldish young man, a sort of legal highbrow. But you strike me more as a kid out of school."

"That describes me in a setting like this"

"Not a boisterous kid like me," said Beatrice, "but a thoughtful one. Even more, a lonely one, though I'd say you hadn't found that out."

Marcus looked at her in surprise "Why, no, I never thought about it. Never had time."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see I was tremendously surprised when my uncle died and I found he'd made me practically his sole heir and his successor in Parker, White & True. It gave me a scare, and from that time I've focused entirely on trying to make good."

"They tell me you have," Beatrice said dryly.

"Thanks. It's not so hard when your work's what you'd want to do anyhow, even if you didn't have to."

They talked a little while sedately on that exhilarating subject for a moonlight ramble which is the practice of law. Beatrice, it appeared, possessed ambitions to study law herself, if only to manage the considerable estate she might one day inherit.

A sudden crashing in a thicket beside them interrupted this sage discourse. They had paused beside that thicket, and Marcus tossed a stone into it because he heard a rustling there. Beatrice caught hold of him and clung with an impulse entirely unlike what was to be expected of a cave girl under certain circumstances. Marcus thrilled to this gesture of a protective need. The lurking danger revealed itself as a work horse, turned out to pasture, rising to its feet. Marcus' stone had thumped it. But the incident drew their minds from the law.

As they continued on their way Beatrice retained her hold of Marcus' wrist, which in some entirely natural fashion slipped presently to his hand. There is a comfort, even to the most courageous, in such contact when passing through an arboreal tunnel where the shadows are black.

By such inductive method the idea gradually coiled itself round Marcus' mind that merely because a vigorous girl may feel called upon to knock one out by fetching one a wallop under the jaw with her knee, this act does not necessarily indict her as a young woman of homicidal tendencies, violent and ruthless. That same knee, he reflected, had later gently pillowed his sore and swimming head while she bathed his face.

"I have been all wrong about you," Marcus complained to Beatrice. "I thought that you were self-centered and willful and rough and generally hard-boiled. There is nothing selfish about you. On the contrary you took a fearful chance of losing your reputation for your brother's sake alone."

"I was pretty sore at Mary Brown," Beatrice murmured.

"That was natural enough. You thought she had vamped your brother and fooled your father into thinking she was Gregory's one White Hope And there's nothing hard about you either."

"Unless it's my knee"

"That, I admit was forceful. But its motive power was fundamentally kind. Your object was the painless abstraction of a misguided will from the person who meant to probate and administer it. The early Egyptian surgeons anaesthetized their patients by fitting a wooden skullcap to the head and hitting it a wallop with a maul. When the patient came to it was all over, with no struggling or suffering."

"If they came to," Beatrice said. "I nearly died myself. Why you haven't brain fever I shall never know"

"Well, I haven't, so you needn't."

"Nature," said Beatrice, "must have realized the precious quality of your brain and taken measures to protect it."

"My bones are fairly heavy," Marcus admitted. "Perhaps, after all, I was fashioned for a physical as well as forensic debater. I have always loved the woods more than anything else in the world, but never learned them. The sheriff has promised to give me some lessons."

"I'll help," Beatrice said. "You'll need a guide at first to keep from getting into trouble—just as I need a lawyer."

"I am entirely at your disposal," Marcus said, a little breathlessly, though they were not walking fast. "So far, I've declined help in my department at the office, but tomorrow I shall tell my partners that my work is too confining and that I need a capable assistant so that I may be able to get a little outing now and then."

"Will a month be time enough to break him in?" Beatrice asked.

"That depends."

"Because," said Beatrice, "I'll be here from the end of June, and we might start our course in woodcraft and torts. Father and Gregory would adore having you here."

"In that case," Marcus said, "I shall start breaking in my man at once, and have him trained by that time or break his neck."

"Then it's a contract," Beatrice said softly, and stopped. They were at the edge of the road. "Or is it what you call a gentlemen's agreement?"

"Both," Marcus said; "but a contract is always better. In dealing with gentlemen one cannot be too careful. It ought really to be signed, witnessed and sealed."

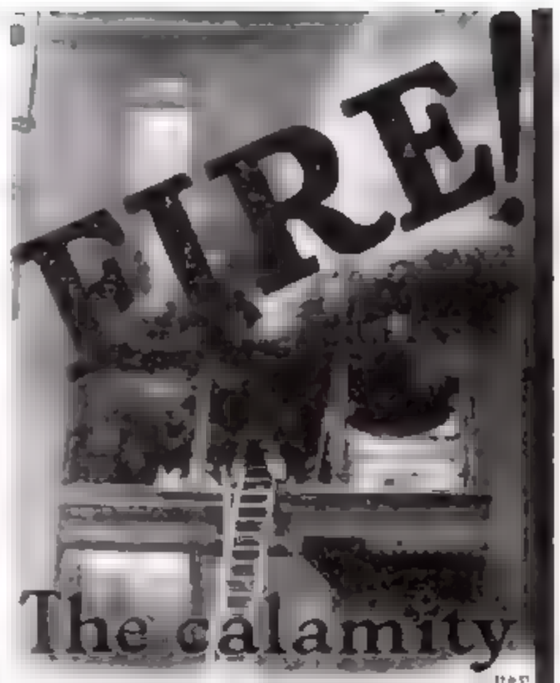
"What am I to sign?" Beatrice asked limpidly. "And where?"

"The document," said Marcus, "must be what is generally referred to as a human one, so that there seems no tangible way of signing it. But, as a notary, I am provided with the seal."

Suddenly bold in the dark shadows of the spring foliage, he drew her closer. Beatrice did not resist. The human document so legible to the hearts of both was firmly sealed, even a copy of it exchanged. Some sleepy little birds who had been busy all day with similar affairs of their own were the only witnesses.

(THE END)

Androscoggin Pond, Maine



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I had a hunch I was going to like P. A. the minute I got that breath of Nature's noblest gift to pipe-smokers. What a treat! It made me think of a hike through the woods, when the trees and the vines are in full leaf. I found the taste "as advertised" by the aroma.

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PEOPLE AGAINST CORTENAY

(Continued from Page 15)

"Not if there was any question. But perhaps you're jumping to conclusions. I presume people are honest until I learn the contrary. What are these goods and who's selling them?"

"I wish I could tell you, Joe, I really do. The finest French make, and a six-dollar article, but unlabeled. The story that goes with them is they were left unmarked so as to be slipped through the customs as cheap Belgian goods, and were to be labeled over here, but the Customs people are on. You get that story for nothing so don't kick on it. Joe, if you want this lot it will set you back a dollar a pair."

"I'll take them at ninety cents, by sample and subject to inspection."

"Sold!" said Crogan, snapping his fingers. "Ten gross, Joe?"

II

IN SEPTEMBER of that year Crogan was taking the good sea air on the tremendous Atlantic City boardwalk. He saw a Spanish shawl of marvelous coloring in a shop window. He went in for a better look at it.

"Spanish," said the East Indian shopkeeper. "From Spain, you understand."

"Spanish from Spain, eh?" said Crogan, appearing impressed. "A very strong combination." The varicolored silk moved under his caressing fingers. "And only two hundred dollars, you say? I'll bet that's dirt cheap."

"The gentleman knows," said the East Indian, gratified.

"I'm from the West," said Crogan. "I want three souvenirs for my sisters, and these might do. Have you three?"

"Two, only."

"Can you get me another?"

"No, sir. This was a very special purchase, and can't be duplicated. The gentleman understands how this is in business."

"I can imagine," said Crogan, examining the other shawl in turn. "I'll give you twenty dollars' deposit. Hold these ten days."

When he was again in New York he called at the Fifth Avenue shop and said to the blond and chubby Drubel, "How are those shawls going that I sold you in the first of the summer?"

"Not so good," said Drubel. "We sold only one."

"You worry me. Are any of them defective? They should sell like fifty-cent gold dollars. Let's look them over again."

Drubel told the porter to bring the shawls into the dressing room in the rear of the shop.

"How many did you sell, Joe?" asked Crogan again, frowning at the nineteen shawls that the porter had piled on the table before saying, "That's all they is, boss."

"There's at least a dozen more out there, Jones," said Drubel sharply. But the colored man returned and said again, "That's all they is, boss. I just asked Mr. Cortenay hisself."

"Nonsense," said Drubel impatiently, starting aggressively on a search that proved the porter was right. Sixteen of the shawls were missing and unaccounted for.

"It looks like you've been robbed, Joe," said Crogan.

"Doesn't it?" said Drubel sourly.

"Better take stock, Joe," counseled Crogan. "Get busy and see how bad you've been hit. Do it yourself too. I don't want to make any insinuations, but this isn't the work of shoplifters; the stuff would have been missed."

"I'll have in the police right away!" exclaimed Drubel, with mottled face.

"I wouldn't, Joe. That means a showdown. Now that you're wise keep your eyes peeled for a very few days, and meanwhile I'll get in touch with a private detective who is very good on store work. You want a quick and thorough report on every employe in the shop—that's the ticket."

The inventory taken by Drubel discovered a loss in merchandise of fourteen thousand dollars. On September fifteenth Gilbert Cecil Cortenay was arrested and lodged in the Tombs. The charge was grand larceny, and was predicated on the theft of two Spanish shawls of an alleged value of seven hundred dollars; they were found in his room at the Abernathy Hotel. Cortenay expressed indignation at his being taken into custody; when he was told of the finding of the shawls, he cried "Framed!"

On the following morning, being Saturday, Ma Bonn emerged from the Subway kiosk on Worth Street, walked east a short block to Centre Street and then northward a block and a half to the Tombs. She was dressed in a billowy black skirt and a white shirtwaist and black hat decorated with artificial flowers, and looked like a staid housewife in modest circumstances. She was known at the Tombs; the guard smiled on her through the iron gate and said respectfully, "Good morning, Mrs. Bonn." He admitted her without question, and locked the gate again.

She walked up the stone steps, registered in the visitors' book, and asked to see Cortenay. To be precise she said to the deputy, "Hannigan, you got English Bert here. Trot him out, will you?"

"Go ahead in, Mrs. Bonn," said the deputy.

"And holler my head off in that madhouse?" protested the lady. "Come, bring him out and I'll talk to him here."

"Gilbert Cecil Cortenay!" called the deputy.

"Gilbert Cecil Cortenay," chanted the keeper on an inner door. And the call sounded again, faintly, from the depths of the Tombs. It brought its man. His progress was by stages, marked by the clanging of iron doors, so that he was always securely immured. A keeper brought him. The keeper thrust him into an iron cage about twelve feet square, stepped in with him and locked the door. Ma Bonn could talk to him through the bars, if she would. She could pass him nothing bulkier than a needle; there was a netting of fine mesh over the bars.

He was neat, if no longer gaudy; he had a cat's ability to seem sleek and clean in poor surroundings. Prisoners brought up from the Tombs looked sometimes like men saved from a fire.

He clasped the bars and looked at her with all his soul in his big beautiful gray eyes. He said, in a voice heavy with pent emotion, "They haven't got me right, ma. I didn't do it. Would I lie to you, ma?"

She regarded him with a cold and growing smile, and said nothing.

"I told you I was going straight," he pleaded, "and no matter what I've done I've never yet broke my word pledged to a woman. I didn't do this, ma; I didn't do it! I think I know who was lifting the stuff. Somebody framed me with those two shawls; I swear they did, ma. There I was engaged to the dearest and sweetest girl in all the world, and all set, and would I be such a fool?"

Then she spoke. She said, "You dirty little double-crosser. That's what I get for staking you."

"Heavens," he said, tears starting, "if Doris ever hears of this it will kill her."

"Is that your story?" she demanded crisply.

"But"—he was plaintive and a bit confused—"but what's the matter with it?"

"How much of the stuff have you?"

"Maybe a half," he mumbled.

"Where's the plant?"

He had been looking down and aside. He lifted his curly brown head now with a sudden reassumption of his boyish frankness, but when he encountered her level and vigilant gaze he jerked his head aside and back as if a strong light had been thrown in his face.

"Ma, I'm not lying to you now," he whined. "Let me talk, will you?"

"Oh, dry up," she said. "I'll send you in a lawyer." She turned sharply and walked away.

A police matron was talking to a female employe of a prison relief society outside of the warden's room. The matron nodded cordially to Ma Bonn and said, "Oh, Mrs. Bonn, I didn't see you to thank you for those perfectly gorgeous flowers."

"I'm glad you liked them," said Ma Bonn.

"Mrs. Bonn has a perfectly gorgeous estate in Mamaroneck," said the matron. "Were they from your hothouse, Mrs. Bonn? Just imagine."

"You promised us something, Mrs. Bonn, and it wasn't flowers," said the relief worker. "Remember?"

"I have it here for you, Miss Felix," Ma Bonn opened her leather hand bag and drew from it a check for one hundred dollars drawn by her to the order of the prison relief society.

"There is such a need," said Miss Felix, taking the check with a smile and a sigh. "Mrs. Bonn, if there were more people like you, our work would be doubled. I mean we could do so much more."

The matron lifted her eyebrows and looked politely inattentive, as if something had been said that was in poor taste.

Mrs. Bonn bade the ladies good morning and was passed from the Tombs with all wonted ceremonies. She crossed Centre Street to the shabby little brick building that housed the shady activities of Counselor Ambrose Hinkle.

"Hello, ma, how's every little thing?" cried Tug Gaffney, the doorman.

"What do you know, Tug?" said Ma Bonn, speaking his patois as one to the manner born. "Is Little Amby upstairs?"

"It all depends on who wants to know, ma," he said, putting an arm about her shoulders and escorting her to the doorway. "Blow right up. Say, ma, much obliged for them smokes last week."

In the outer office upstairs, Moe Cohen, Little Amby's fat and misanthropic managing clerk, had just snapped his pudgy fingers at a beautiful and bejeweled young lady by way of telling her to go into his master's room. The young lady—she was being prosecuted by a worthless loafer of great wealth with whom she had had a lovers' spat and into whom she had emptied her pretty little revolver—moved with a grace that was too languid, too studied; the rugged features and bulky form of Ma Bonn appeared in the doorway, and Cohen hastily snapped his fingers again by way of recall.

"Sit down, you," he ordered. And then with a courtesy and respect that caused the waiting clients to prick up their ears incredulously, "Good morning, Mrs. Bonn. Go right in, please."

III

LITTLE AMBY scratched a match on the hard seat in the counsel room of the Tombs, and lit a gold-tipped Turkish cigarette. "How did you move the stuff, Bert?" he asked Cortenay, who was with him.

"The porter carried it out," said the prisoner readily.

"Was he standing in with you?"

"No. He simply delivered the packages to hotels in the section I addressed them to names that nobody would have, and marked them 'To be called for.' I called for them after hours."

"The darky's in the House of Detention," said Little Amby. "No doubt he's told all he knows. He's their star witness. Where's the plant? I'll have it raised right away."

"It's in Winckler's warehouse on Forty-sixth Street," said Cortenay submissively.

"Where are the receipts?"

"Gloria Maguire has them—the sister of Dago Maguire. She lives ——"

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"I know all about her," interrupted the lawyer. "She knows me, too, but you'd better write me an order for the tickets." He gave Cortenay a pad and pencil. "Make it to bearer."

"Suppose it should be lost, counselor."

"What do you care?" said Little Amby. "You'll never see a cent of it again anyway. Hurry up."

Cortenay scrawled a line on the paper and surrendered it. "Counselor, need I sit here in hock? I've done the fair thing, and always did. What hurts me is to think I broke my word to Ma."

"We'll go over your story and look at the stuff," said Little Amby. "If everything is satisfactory, we'll spring you on bail."

"But, counselor," begged Cortenay, fawning on the notorious little shyster as he rose to go, "tell me only who put me in here. You know I was framed. I tell you, counselor, I was framed."

"That's what they all say, Bert," said Little Amby, warding him off.

Two days later he called at the House of Detention for Witnesses, which was within a block and a half of his office. He went to interview a law-abiding citizen who had had the misfortune to witness a burglary and who was now locked up while the burglar was out on bail. He managed to interview Drubel's colored porter without having asked to see him.

"How do you like it here, Sam?" he asked.

"Well, boss," said the colored man, lovingly licking the bad cigar that Little Amby had given him, "they's just one thing's the matter with being in a jail house—it's too much of the same thing. It's nice here, but it's too much of the same thing."

"You'll get used to it in a few weeks," said Little Amby consolingly.

"How's 'at, boss?"

"I say you'll get used to it in a few months, and after that the years will seem like nothing. Witnesses who have been here for some time, waiting for their cases to come up, tell me that they feel lonely only at Christmas."

"Wha—say, boss, I ain't done nothing. Wha' for they lock me up? How long I got to stay in here? My, but that's a long time, no matter how long it is."

"You'll stay here until you give the undertaking to appear that the judge required of you, or until the trial comes up. How much was the undertaking?"

"How's 'at, boss?"

"What bail did the judge fix?"

"Two thousand dollars, boss."

"It's a wonder Mr. Drubel wouldn't go bail for you, seeing that you're his witness. If you were my witness, you wouldn't be sitting here a minute. I put my witnesses up in a fine Chinese hotel on Race Street in Philadelphia, where they have the run of the city all day, and the only rule is they must report for their dinner."

"'At's a harsh rule, boss—heh, heh, heh! Wish't I was one of your witnesses, boss. But look here, boss, look here—what you pay them witnesses? In this here place, we get two dollars a day, going to."

"We pay two and a quarter," said Little Amby. "But don't think for a moment, Sam, that I want you to be my witness. In fact I don't want you to be anybody's witness. I'll take care of that undertaking for you, and you can go over there to Philly and live on the fat with nothing to do but study up schemes for spending two and a quarter a day."

In the course of the following week Little Amby called on Jonas Drubel in his shop on Fifth Avenue.

"You can't talk me over," exclaimed Drubel, holding up his hand in anger when he learned he was facing Cortenay's attorney. "I'm going to put that scoundrel away so hard that he'll be an example and a byword for many a day. I don't care what it costs me!"

"A very proper attitude, Mr. Drubel," said Little Amby, "in view of the fact that you honestly believe him guilty."

"Oh, come, Mr. Hinkle," said Drubel with confidence amounting to contempt of any opposition, "we're not in court now, so why equivocate and quibble? You know he's guilty as well as I do, and perhaps a whole lot better. Don't you now, man to man?"

"Drubel, I'll take you up on that proposition," said Little Amby warmly. "Man to man, I'll show you a piece of evidence that knocks your case into a cocked hat; something that nobody has seen yet because it was just found. You claim he stole a big bill of goods, but all you expect to hang on him is the theft of two Spanish shawls. Let me have your candid opinion of that."

He put before the proprietor a sales slip for two Spanish shawls, showing a payment of a balance of one hundred and eighty dollars. The slip purported to have come from the Bombay Shop of Atlantic City.

"Bah," ejaculated Drubel, pushing the slip away stubbornly. "That's no proof. How are you going to prove these are the same shawls?"

"By swearing to it. I'll bring those people up here to identify their goods. Take the name and address, and go down there and find if they sold those shawls or not. We have nothing to hide in this case."

"I don't believe it," snorted Drubel, reddening with disappointment. "There's no question whatever but that Cortenay was the thief. He used this half-wit of a colored man, and we've got him safe under lock and key until the trial."

"Where? I understand he gave the undertaking to appear and was turned loose."

"Like thunder he did. Who gave it for him?"

"Some professional bondsmen, I dare say. You know how these things are arranged, Drubel. I have a shrewd notion that Mr. Jones is away down upon the Swanee River right this minute."

"If he is—Mr. Hinkle, if that man has been let go, somebody is going to sweat for it! I shall spare neither time nor expense to see this thing through. Anybody that thinks I'm the sort of man to sit down tamely under an outrage like this is going to find himself sorely mistaken. Sorely mistaken, understand? And that goes for you and the district attorney of this county and the whole kit and boodle of you. I'm aroused now. I'll open this thing in the newspapers and give a lot of people some free advertising they won't like. I'll show them I'm somebody in politics too."

When the justly angry man paused for breath, Little Amby said, "Now, Drubel, I've shown you by the best evidence that my client is not guilty, and that you can't convict him, whether he is or not. Let me now ask you a hypothetical question: Let us suppose that Cortenay is guilty. Let us suppose that he, under what terrible temptation none of us can judge, did hypothecate to his own use, steal, take and carry away, the fourteen thousand dollars' worth of goods you lost. Let us suppose that he dissipated the proceeds of this larceny in whatsoever manner, perhaps thoroughly worthy in itself. Let us suppose that he is now bowed down with remorse and yearns to make recompense in full, and asks only to yield up to you a quarter of the goods in value, and to promise you faithfully that he'll pay the rest with interest if fortune ever smiles on him again. Would you, as a man of heart or feeling, want to blight that young man's career and blast him with the odious name of thief, or would ——"

"But, Mr. Hinkle," protested Drubel, "he is a thief. He is a professional thief—a well-known professional thief with his picture in the rogues' gallery!"

"—— or would you not rather," went on Little Amby, refusing to be robbed of his flyblown peroration, "restore him to decent society, and to the empty arms of his old mother, and let him make you this recompense and promise that will bind him to toil until his debt is paid in full and running over. Drubel, the pangs of conscience which will be his ——"

(Continued on Page 80

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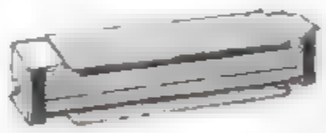
TWENTY super-keen Schick blades are stored right in the handle of this razor. They come to you in a clip. To load the razor you drop this clip into the handle.

When you need a new blade—simply pull and push the plunger. In slides a new blade—out drops the old. A split second and you are ready to shave.

These Schick blades are keener—and they are absolutely uniform. They reach your face with their keen edges unmarred by handling. Paper wrappings have been done away with. Even fingers never touch blades. Nothing can dull the Schick edge before it meets your beard. And what a new sensation in shaving comfort these new blades bring!



This compact clip holds twenty blades. To reload razor, drop clip in handle.

The Schick razor head holds the blade firmly—at the correct flat shaving angle. The blade runs parallel to the surface of your face. Without razor drag or pull, each hair is cut clean—*right at the skin line.*

It's a new sensation in shaving. Never again need you have a dull shaving moment. Never again need you fuss with separate parts either before or after shaving. With the Schick you don't even remove the blade to dry it.

There's magic in this razor. Men fall in love with it before they know how well it shaves. They don't just take it home. They carry it to the club, even produce it on the street, to show it to their friends.

Your Schick is waiting for you at a nearby dealer's. If he has been unable to get a stock of this fast-selling razor, fill in the coupon and mail it to us with five dollars. We will send you a Schick complete with twenty blades. Extra clip of twenty blades, 75 cents. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Simply tilt the razor head, and you are ready for your shave at the skin line.

New blade? Move the plunger once—out and in. Sharp blade slides in place. Dull blade drops into receptacle for used blades.

SCHICK REPEATING RAZOR

Magazine Repeating Razor Company
285 Madison Avenue, New York City

I enclose five dollars. Please send me a Schick Razor complete with twenty blades.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Dealer's Name _____

In Canada, Razor with 20 blades, $6.50. Extra clips of 20 blades, $1.00.
Canadian Distributors, T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd.
St. John, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver

(Continued from Page 78)

"Poppycock," said Drubel rudely. "Make the offer 75 per cent and I'll consider it."

"You have my very best now," said Little Amby, getting up. "It's too good, in view of the fact that the cork is pulled out of your case. I'll expect to hear from you in forty-eight hours, after which the offer is withdrawn. Good day, Mr. Drubel, and glad to have seen you."

IV

ON SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH, which was a Friday that year, Gilbert Cecil Cortenay was admitted to bail in the sum of five thousand dollars. His bail, it is pertinent to note, was Fat Ben Finkel, the same obliging and self-immolating gentleman who was bail for Sam Jones. A certain languor and hopelessness had been infused into the prosecution; the negotiations for the buying off of the prosecuting witness were proceeding, and with increasing prospects of success as Drubel's original fierceness was dampened by the thought that he might lose all and punish no one. It is not unnatural for a man to feel that the cost of punishing rascals should go on the taxes.

In the afternoon of that day Ma Bonn, in her shop near Jefferson Market, was writing a letter to her younger daughter, then at school in Montreal. She was writing at a bookkeeper's desk in the glassed-in office. Her two shop assistants were waiting on customers. A black-bearded and Roman-nosed gentleman wearing a low-crowned derby and an overcoat that fell to his shoe tops entered the shop, walked rapidly to the little office and rapped on the glass.

"Hello, lady," he called. "Mrs. Bonn, ain't it?"

"Hey," called one of the clerks to the newcomer. "She'll come out of there and jump down your throat. Sit down until she is ready to see you."

When the letter to Canada was duly completed, Ma Bonn came out, leaned over the counter and inspected her visitor.

"The name is Rifkin, lady," said the gentleman, smiling and bowing without rising. "Might you would remember Braun of Pettis & Braun speaking of me? Mr. Braun is a very intimate friend of mine."

"What do you want, Rifkin?" asked Ma Bonn.

Rifkin looked about him, got up and walked to the counter and leaned over it. "I'll tell you what I want, lady. I'm opening a fire-sale store in Louisville—a new store—and I want a good article of dress goods for a leader. A big price I couldn't pay, because I don't make nothing myself. Just for a leader."

Ma Bonn looked at him as if he had been an article offered to her for sale, an article that was of doubtful genuineness. Suspicion narrowed her eyes and compressed her lips. She looked decidedly unpleasant now that she had dropped her air of frank and bland good humor; she looked mean, grasping, furtive. She opened a drawer in the counter in which were several samples of cloth, and took out a piece of heavy black silk. She tossed it on the counter; he picked it up. "How much, lady?"

"A dollar and a half a yard."

"But might I would take a t'ousand yards."

"You'll take two thousand or none. You can use it."

"Listen, lady, I'll tell you what I'll do ——"

"No, don't tell me anything. Do you want it?"

"What's the terms?"

"Cash with the order, in full."

He made for the second time a noise like a clucking marsh hen, and asked about delivery. "I'm traveling by automobile in my own car, and I could pick it up and save trouble."

"We save trouble in our own way," said Ma Bonn. "It'll be delivered in five days in Louisville. Let me have your check now to cash for three thousand dollars." She whipped out a scissors and slashed the silk in two. "Put that in your pocket and you won't forget what you bought. Come in again."

A brightly enameled private car stopped outside in the avenue. Little Amby, in a new fall overcoat and a gray derby with a black-and-red feather in its dark gray band, entered the shop.

"Hello, ma," he called breezily, standing with his back to the door; his black eyes flitted rapidly over the individuals present, placing them. He drew off gray kid gloves, hooked his light cane over his forearm and went to shake hands with the proprietress.

"Come in back," she said. He followed her.

The door in the rear of the shop, which secured itself behind them by a spring lock, admitted them to a dark and musty vestibule. The building was old and its secret and unregarded parts were in decay. Beyond the vestibule was a solid door that gave into the first floor of a two-story extension.

This entire first floor was a single room, being twenty-four feet wide and forty-eight feet long. Its furniture did not shame its stately dimensions.

Two matched Khorasan carpets, each eighteen feet square, covered the central section of the waxed parquet floor; they in turn were centered by a refectory table of massive Jacobean oak, twenty feet in length. Sixteen oak armchairs upholstered in red leather were ranged about this huge table; beyond it was a mahogany sideboard that would have daunted a gang of piano movers. It was ten feet high and twelve feet wide, replete with pigeonholes and cubbyholes and little doors of beveled plate glass; its counter was a single slab of red-and-black-veined African marble. It was a piece of furniture that couldn't have been replaced for two thousand dollars, and that wouldn't have fetched a dollar and a quarter in an honest auction room.

On the slab was a cut crystal punch bowl of some five gallons capacity; this stood on a base of cut crystal. It was reflected in a silver waiter thirty inches long and weighing twelve pounds troy. The cubbyholes and pigeonholes were crammed with expensive trash—a Delft windmill, a red-crystal claret pitcher, hand-painted dishes, an antique Russian samovar of brass, a pair of blue-porcelain-and-gold mantel vases, a Sèvres and ormolu vase, a bronze figure on a revolving pedestal of Mexican onyx, an ivory bonbon box. There was silver, and again silver; there was tortoise shell, Cloisonné and gold.

Ma Bonn switched on the lights of the crystal chandelier that hung over the refectory table and took her seat with satisfaction on a Chinese Chippendale sofa that had been newly upholstered in gold-and-green silk damask.

Little Amby, who had been in this room before, and who was therefore neither alarmed nor delighted by it, seated himself in a high-back armchair done in black-and-gold damask.

He lit a gold-tipped cigarette, threw the match on the floor, and said, "We sprung English Bert this morning on bail."

"What did you do with the darky?" asked Ma Bonn.

"He's in Philly. I told you at the time."

"What are you holding him for?"

"To release the bail after we beat the case. If the bail is forfeited, we'll go into court and have the forfeiture remitted. That's discretionary."

Ma Bonn went to the sideboard and brought back a gold-decorated gravy boat full of salted nut meats, a decanter of port and two engraved champagne glasses. She poured wine into the glasses.

"It's strange that English Bert tried to double-cross you," said Little Amby, holding up his shallow glass.

"Why not?" said Ma Bonn. "Didn't I stake him? If he brought the stuff to me he'd have to pay what he owed. So he brought it somewhere else where all he got was velvet." She nibbled nut meats placidly.

"Did you think he was going straight when you put him into Drubel's shop?"

"Certainly not. He's a born thief. He can't help himself. I knew he'd clean out the place."

"You yourself sold several bills of goods to Drubel, didn't you?"

"We sold him some. He bought where he could buy cheapest. The biggest bargain we gave him were those Spanish shawls. They were wonderful values. How many did we get in Winckler's?"

"Shawls? Nine, I think."

"I think I'll put that stuff out in Philadelphia. I've heard from a party over there who seems to be thoroughly reliable and trustworthy. He's just done a bit in the penitentiary for fraudulent concealment. How much will we have to kick back to Drubel?"

"I'll tell you Monday. We're having a final conference and I'm going to give him an ultimatum. You don't want to put him out of business, ma."

"Oh, no," said Ma Bonn, sipping wine. "Does English know who put him in stir?"

"He may guess," said Little Amby, pursing his thin lips critically. "He can't be sure; it was just luck that Crogan found those shawls."

"It will be a good lesson to the boy," said Ma Bonn comfortably.

They were companionably silent for a few seconds.

"Ma," said the lawyer, pulling a copy of the Law Journal from his pocket and passing it to her, "you're getting famous. Give a look at yourself."

She frowned at the passage that was encircled in blue:

> And of the dark structure that is built over against the Temple of Justice by crooked lawyers, receivers of stolen goods, thieves, professional bondsmen, professional witnesses and perjurers, corrupt politicians and jurists on the bench itself, the keystone is the receiver. If there were no markets for stolen goods, there would be no goods stolen. And the receiver, it is well known, does not only supply the underworld with markets; he is also its banker, its backer, its promoter. He plans crimes, finances them, fees the lawyer who defends the trapped thief.
>
> We must strike at the receiver. We can do so by changing a phrase in Section 1308 of the Penal Law. That phrase puts upon the People the burden of proving that the receiver knew the goods were stolen—an almost impossible task. We should make the possession of stolen goods prima facie evidence of that guilty knowledge. No honest merchant would find hardship in identifying the source of his goods. He does not buy goods from doubtful sources. Reading further in Section 1308, you will note—and I do not comment adversely on it—that a junk dealer who buys metal used by or belonging to a railroad, telephone, telegraph, gas or electric light company is put on diligent inquiry—the burden of proof is on him.
>
> There are in New York City a great many professional receivers, people who deal exclusively in stolen goods. Some of them are a public scandal. I have one in mind now, a woman whom I prosecuted for criminally receiving fifteen thousand dollars' worth of silk. That creature is doing business at the old stand today because I could not prove by legal evidence that she knew that the silk—a few yards of which were found in her store—was stolen. She is independently rich today as the result of her commerce with thieves.

"Bah," said Ma Bonn, tossing the paper onto the teakwood stool beside the gravy boat and decanter.

"It's the speech of the district attorney before a committee at Albany," said Little Amby.

"Circus stuff," said Ma Bonn wisely. "What they had better attack and reform is human nature. Somebody buys from the receiver. Why don't they put the last owner on inquiry as to whether what he bought so cheap was bent? Any woman out shopping knows when she's offered something for less than cost. Does she refuse it? Does she refuse to profit by somebody's need? Suppose I'm selling clothing, and I go up here to the cloak-and-suiters, and I find a little contractor with a big order thrown back on his hands so that he simply got to touch money quick; I take his profit and part of his capital, and for his suits I give him his carfare to go home. I've robbed that man."

"You're a social philosopher, ma," said Little Amby.

"It's all a game," said Ma Bonn dogmatically. "What would the world do without criminals? There would be no police, no courts, no lawyers, no soldiers, no weapons except fishhooks. There would be no bank vaults, no fences, no parsons, no prisons. Did you ever try to think what this world would be without crime? What would the newspapers do and the insurance companies? It would be a pretty rotten world for anybody to live in; and you couldn't even kill yourself. It takes all sorts of people to make a world, but the people with the money control the advertising, and they do not speak bad of themselves. It's all a game. There's no penalty against digging potatoes for a living, because that's a sucker's racket. They penalize the grifter to make things even and to keep everybody from going into it. People like that district attorney give me a pain. I'm open-minded and I don't apologize for making a living. Look at English Bert; a more gentlemanly fellow you couldn't meet, and a credit to any society. You could introduce him anywhere and be proud of him. Do I respect him any less because he has the guts to take a chance?"

She was rambling on and getting rather warm, with an occasional flirt of the hand at the copy of the Law Journal, when a buzzer sounded in the room.

Ma Bonn moved to rise, and then sank back, stifling a yawn.

"It's Crogan," she said. "I sent him uptown to look at some stuff. I'll let him in. You don't mind?"

They watched the door with slight interest. It opened. Miss Violet Bondy stood on the threshold.

"Vi!" exclaimed Ma Bonn, springing up and going swiftly to her. "What is it? What is it, child? What brings you here?"

The girl walked into the room, tossing her hands outward in a gesture that was intended to dissimulate secret uneasiness. "You weren't at home," she said. "And I was in the city. So ——"

"I told you not to come here again," said Ma Bonn. "You'll do as you're told, Violet." To Little Amby, who had risen: "My daughter—my headstrong older daughter, Mr. Hinkle."

Little Amby knew something of Ma Bonn's family affairs. "It must be lovely in the country in this weather, Miss Bondy," he said after his preliminary bow and murmur.

"But tiresome, Mr. Hinkle," she amended, sitting on the arm of a chair. "I want to go into business, but mother won't have it; she's so dreadfully conventional. I tell her it's just foolish pride; none of our friends know that mother's in business. They don't know, I mean, that she keeps a shop, though they see her going constantly into the city. Will you believe that even I didn't know exactly what she did until six months ago? I knew she dealt in antiques, but I'd never been here."

"Well, what is it?" interposed Ma Bonn brusquely. "Money?"

"Oh, mother, you're a mind reader," said Violet, with a light laugh that still did not dissipate an appearance of nervous strain. "Could you make it two hundred this time?"

"What for?"

(Continued on Page 84)

You can't clean a tooth that your brush won't reach. Pro-phy-lac-tic is designed for one purpose · · *to reach and clean all the teeth*

YOU cannot clean *all* your teeth unless you have a tooth brush that reaches every tooth in your head. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, pictured here, is one that does.

Look closely at this brush and note how carefully it is designed to enable you to reach *all* your teeth. See how the bristles are arranged in a curve. This curve fits the round contour of every tooth and the horseshoe curve in which your teeth are set in your jaws.

And now look at the big end tuft. This works like a separate small brush and makes it easy for you to reach the hard-to-get-at rear molars. Then note the curved handle. This conforms to the shape of your jaws and makes every tooth more accessible. You do not have to stretch your mouth with this handle. You find brushing easy and comfortable.

The bristle—the big end tuft—the curved handle. These are the three scientific features that make it easy for you to reach every tooth in your head with a Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Don't try to use your Pro-phy-lac-tic too long. Because of the high quality of the bristles in Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes, they never seem to wear out. But the elasticity, the springiness, of the bristle, which is so important for effective cleansing, may be lessened. Be on the safe side. Try a new Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush and compare its "feel" with the old one. With twice-a-day brushing, you will need a new Pro-phy-lac-tic about every three months. It is a good idea to keep several new Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes on hand. To present one in the yellow box to an overnight guest is a thoughtful courtesy.

Made in America by Americans

SOLD in three sizes by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, soft—and with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green, or orange. Pro-phy-lac-tic with *four* rows of bristles is priced 60 cents. Always sold in the yellow box.

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Please send me your instructive booklet on the care and preservation of the teeth.

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3 questions for every FORD owner

1 *What sort of oil is best for the engine?*

An oil refined and filtered with such thoroughness that all carbon-forming impurities are completely removed. An oil of golden purity that will do its work and leave the engine free from carbon and from gummy, sticking valves and dirty plugs.

2 *What sort of oil is best for the transmission?*

An oil with the exceptional penetrative power that causes it to saturate the fabric linings, preserve them, and keep them free from the wear and glaze that produce a jerky action.

3 *Is there one oil that serves both purposes?*

Yes. Texaco Motor Oil F meets both requirements perfectly. It is the double-duty oil for Fords—developed after years of patient research in The Texas Company's laboratories—proved by test and by use. The benefits are substantial, the improvement immediate.

The Ford car is an easy car to drive. It is notably flexible in traffic, and universally serviceable—as everyone knows. But it does require suitable lubrication. Ask for Texaco Motor Oil F by name. See the golden color as it pours. The Texaco Red Star and Green T marks the place to buy.

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CELLOPHANE is that sparkling, transparent, protective wrapper you have seen on the famous *Whitman's Sampler* and other fine quality candies.

When you select candies, cookies, dried fruits, meats, perfumery, soap and other high grade products which are wrapped in Du Pont Cellophane, you know the producers want you to get these articles at their best.

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(Continued from Page 80)

"I forgot to tell you this morning that Lily Spence invited me down to Long Island over the week-end. But I remember now that she called up after you left. We may be there until Wednesday—I have my bag outside—and then we expect to do some shopping before I go home."

"Very well," said Ma Bonn, anxious to get her out and away.

"Good-by, mother," said Violet, moving to kiss her. "If you insist on putting me out, I'll run up to Lily's now, though I wasn't to meet her until half-past five—two hours."

"Good-by, have a good time," said Ma Bonn crisply.

"Good-by, mother," said Violet, kissing her. And then she sobbed.

"What's the matter, child?" demanded Ma Bonn.

"Oh, nothing," said Violet, laughing now. "I feel so nervous I'm really silly. It's nothing at all, mother."

She pulled down her left glove, found a tiny handkerchief and touched it several times to her nose; her head was averted, perhaps to hide starting tears. "Now I'm perfectly all right," she said brightly. "Good-by, mother! . . . Pleased to have met you, Mr. Hinkle."

"Wait," said Ma Bonn. "Take that glove off again."

The girl pulled at the glove and then halted the movement with a sudden understanding of her mother's command. Ma Bonn took hold of the reluctant hand, pulled the glove from it, and exposed a narrow band of gold on the third finger. She turned the hand over; Violet was wearing an engagement ring that she had turned in.

"What's this?" rasped Ma Bonn. "Sit down there."

Little Amby moved toward the door. "I'm going, ladies," he announced. "Good day, and ——"

"Stay right here," ordered Ma Bonn. She added, "Please."

She had retained hold of her daughter's hand and was staring steadily at the ring and its stone.

"Who is he, Violet?" she said with surprising gentleness.

"His name is Alan Carruthers," said Violet in a half whisper. She was evidently healthily afraid of her mother.

"Humph, that's his name," said Ma Bonn. "Now, who is he?"

"He's an Englishman of fine family, mother. The name he uses is not assumed exactly, but it's the name of a younger branch of his very old family, and just as soon as he's completed his secret mission in this country he'll reassume his own rightful name and title."

"'And title,'" repeated Ma Bonn, after this first burst of information. "What is his title?"

"He can't tell me that yet, mother. He's over here as the representative of a great English landed estate, and he is sworn to reveal his identity to nobody until he has completed his mission, which is to look up the heirs in this country. Naturally if they knew who he was he couldn't do anything with them and get them to sign off their various small interests. They'd know how important the matter was, because the court won't give him a penny of his fortune until all the heirs have signed off. So they might have only an interest of a hundred dollars, but they could hold him out of possibly millions."

"So he has no money now," interpreted Ma Bonn soberly. "But, Vi, I don't know why you didn't tell me this before now."

"Alan asked me not to, mother. He's so scrupulous, mother, that he said he wouldn't appear before you under an assumed name."

"Oh, pshaw, tell him not to feel that way, Vi. Assumed names are no novelties. I dare say he's tall and handsome?"

"He is," said Violet, smiling and blushing.

"With marvelous eyes of English blue ——"

"Gray, mother. Oh, I'm so glad you take it this way. But he is frightfully good-looking, mother, and so aristocratic."

"Where did you first meet him, Vi?" said her mother softly, caressing the girl's hand and smiling sympathetically into her face.

"Why, right here, mother! That was the romantic part. You remember when I came here six months ago and you scolded me so? Well, I was crying as I went out, and I met him right at your door, and he turned and followed me and spoke to me. He spoke so nicely that—well, he told me later that he had promised his mother always to assist a woman in trouble. He's odd, as those aristocrats always are."

"And the bag, Vi?"

The girl lifted her head with reviving self-assertion. "We were going over to Hoboken to be married this afternoon by a justice of the peace."

Ma Bonn picked up the decanter and the gravy boat and walked with them to the sideboard. Little Amby, a faint smile on his narrow face, lounged in his chair with head back and watched the smoke from his cigarette mount into sudden visibility in a ray of sunshine from a high, barred window behind the sideboard. His alert mind had perceived the trap that had closed on Ma Bonn.

"Where are you to meet him?" called Ma Bonn in a flat voice.

"At the Hudson Tube at Thirty-third Street."

"We'll go together," said Ma Bonn cheerfully. She returned swiftly and put an arm about her daughter. "Not a word to him until I see him, Vi. Don't prepare him. Now take your money and go and shop until a quarter to five, when I'll meet you at the Hudson Tube. Wait in a cab in Thirty-third Street, Vi. Never mind the bag now."

The girl was gone. Ma Bonn returned to the chamber behind the shop. Little Amby watched her with interest. "She doesn't know your business, ma?"

"Certainly not," said Ma Bonn in a contemptuous whisper. "She was in a boarding school in Canada since she was ten and until she came home to me last year."

"She'd break off with English Bert if she knew he was a professional."

"True," said Ma Bonn. "Do you advise me to tell her?"

There was a pause. "You could buy him," said Little Amby. He meant that she could buy time; Violet's enlightening as to the nature of her mother's business affairs could be postponed, but not forever. "That is, ma, unless you think you might eventually see your way to let the young people marry. After all, ma, Bert is a nice boy, and with your money and a fresh start ——"

She held up her hand. She had picked up a telephone and called a number. "Is English there?" she asked. "Hello, English. This is ma. I hear you're in the land of the free—say, drop down here and get what's coming to you. . . . You bet there's something coming to you. . . . No, you have to come right away; I'm closing up over the week-end. You'll be here in twenty minutes?"

She hung up. The smile fled from her face, which was suddenly pale and contorted. She leaned toward Little Amby.

"My girl marry a—thief?" She spewed the word from her mouth. "Get Fat Ben Finkel at once on the wire. Tell him that bail bond is to be canceled at once, and to come here and get his man and surrender him. No settlement with Drubel! Work his goods back to him and then he won't settle. Hold onto that darky. Withdraw as that dirty little crook's attorney. We'll get him the limit."

There was aroused in her that stubborn temper that had stiffened her in her long and successful defiance of the laws. She was vigilant and fertile-minded, revolving this and that expedient as she paced the floor springily. But her strong frame was bent and her greenish eyes were unceasingly searching. She was terrified.

The American Scene

ONE DAY HE IS A FARM HAND, THE NEXT OWNER OF ONE FARM, TWO FARMS

On Fifth Avenue he strides confidently through the crowd, head up, shoulders back, well-dressed and in love with life. You will meet him, also, on a farm in Iowa, on the shaded sidewalk of a New England village, on Market Street in San Francisco. In no case is his horizon measured by the town he happened to be born in, or his future occupation determined by his present.

Yesterday he walked, or rode on street cars. Today he is planning to buy an automobile, and will drive a better one year after next. Soon he will be married; will furnish an apartment; in a few years more will own a home of greater comfort and in better taste. Today, he is a bank clerk in a small town. Tomorrow, the newspaper will announce his appointment as an official in a bank two thousand miles away. One day he is a farm hand, the next owner of one farm, two farms. He marches from salesman to sales manager to owner of the business.

He is an American living in the American Scene—hoping, reaching, climbing. Nothing is too good for him. He will not accept limitations for himself or his family. He welcomes news of any product or service that can make his living more complete, more colorful, more efficient.

In the aggregate, it is hard to overestimate his purchasing power. Population figures are merely suggestive. They leaped from 91,972,266 in 1910 to 105,710,620 in 1920. The increase in the last seven years is estimated at another thirteen million. National wealth grew from 18 billion in 1900 to 70 billion in 1925.

A more understandable estimate of the American's purchasing power is found in the number of new products he has welcomed and put to work. The luxuries of yesterday he accepts as necessities today. Automobiles, tiled bathrooms, radio, oil heating, electric refrigeration, the telephone, the talking machine—to mention only a few of them.

Appeal to him with news of a worthy product today and he will respond if he is able. Appeal to him again tomorrow, and he will be able. His purchasing power and his interest in life have meant success for countless businesses already flourishing. As surely they spell success for products yet to be put on the market, for businesses still in the realm of ideas and estimates and charts. . . . In the American Scene, to advertise or not to advertise is no longer the question, but merely how well—how effectively—can that advertising be done.

TODAY, HE IS A BANK CLERK IN A SMALL TOWN. TOMORROW, THE NEWSPAPER WILL ANNOUNCE HIS APPOINTMENT AS AN OFFICIAL IN A BANK

HE MARCHES FROM SALESMAN TO SALES MANAGER TO OWNER OF THE BUSINESS

SOON HE WILL BE MARRIED; WILL FURNISH AN APARTMENT, IN A FEW YEARS MORE WILL OWN A HOME OF GREATER COMFORT AND IN BETTER TASTE

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Distance *lends* Enchantment

and *accuracy* · · · means better golf · · ·

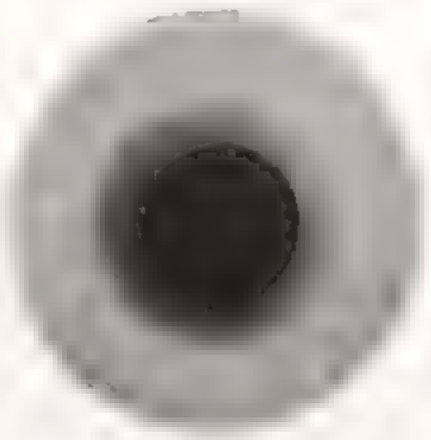
WITHOUT accuracy and trueness of putting, distance alone won't help your score. Here is an X-ray of a well-known make of ball. It may give you as great distance as a "U. S." Royal, but its lopsided inside will cause you to miss many an important putt!

A Lopsided Inside

Note the X-ray of the "U. S." Royal. It gives as great distance as any ball. It is as true and round *inside* as it is outside. You can depend on maximum putting efficiency with a "U. S." Royal—its center of gravity is accurately located and permanently fixed in the exact center of the ball.

Do you want long distance? "U. S." Royals will drive as far as any ball you can buy. And in addition—its trueness of construction helps to keep those long drives straight down the fairway.

Do you want a ball whose sturdy cover will resist the attack of every club in the bag? The cover of the "U. S." Royal is as tough as a golf ball cover can be made, without decreasing resiliency and distance. It is fully guaranteed.



A "U. S." ROYAL

Above all, you want ACCURACY—and the exclusive construction of the "U. S." Royal insures you an accuracy, balance, and trueness of putting found in no other ball.

Play a "U. S." Royal. Seventy-five cents each. You can buy them in recess and mesh marking from your professional or golf shop.

"U. S." ROYAL GOLF BALLS

A product of the United States Rubber Company

WANT TO BUY A DOG?

(Continued from Page 23)

accept change of ownership readily enough and become grand pals for their new masters.

There is one caution along this line, though, that you will do mighty well to bear in mind: Think twice, and then think several times more, before you accept a grown dog as a gift; especially if he be valuable. Think this over and you will see its logic. A mere acquaintance would not give you his watch or his ring. Then why should he offer to give you a dog whose cash value may be greater than the ring and the watch combined?

It does not make sense, unless the donor is forced to go for a long time to some place whither he cannot take his dog. Even then, as a rule, he must have some closer friend than yourself with whom to leave his canine chum. If you accept such a dog you are more than likely to find it is you who have granted a favor in taking him, not the owner in giving him to you.

Again and again, fine and highly trained thoroughbred dogs have been offered to me. Always, I have refused the generous gift. Here is the history of two cases where my refusal was fortunate:

A man on whom I had no claims at all wrote me that he was taking the liberty of presenting me with a prize-winning dog of a popular breed. I wired him that I could not accept the offer. Accordingly he gave the dog to another acquaintance of mine, who was inordinately delighted over his own good luck—until the new dog attacked a little girl who lived next door and mangled her so terribly that she was in a hospital for weeks.

Her father made inquiries. He discovered that the prize-winning dog had torn and injured three children in his former master's neighborhood, and that the master had had a choice of shooting the brute or of sending him out of town. He had been too soft-hearted to shoot. So he had palmed him off on a business associate, without mentioning the animal's defects of temperament.

Another dog—a beautiful collie—was offered to me by a man I scarcely knew. As usual, I refused. Later I found the collie had a record as a wholesale killer of chickens and other small livestock, and that he had a way of slipping out at night to ravage hencoops and lamb folds. The crime was brought home to him. His owner paid heavy damages and was ordered by the local magistrate to get rid of his collie immediately. So he offered him to me, modestly refraining from telling me why he was disposing of such a fine dog. Had I taken the gift our farm region might have suffered the loss of hundreds of chickens and the like. I would have had a steep bill to pay, besides giving my own tolerably law-abiding collies a black eye in the neighborhood.

Show Dogs and Culls

I could cite a dreary list of instances along the same line, each and all of them showing the crass folly of accepting a full-grown gift dog. I do not know whether or not there is any legal penalty attached to this kind of present. There should be, if there is not.

If you want to buy a dog, grown or otherwise, decide on the breed you prefer. Then find some kennel which deals in that breed.

If possible, go to the kennel yourself. In that way you can pick out the dog which appeals to you most. You can see him in action and you can study him. It is infinitely better than to handle the transaction by mail and thus never set eyes on your purchase until he is taken out of the crate at your home.

If you cannot go to the kennel—and in the long run it is worth the sacrifice of a day's absence from the office—write, telling the breeder just what you want, and ask his terms for such a dog. If the sum is more than you care to pay, tell him so, and ask if he can give you what you want at your own price. You will be surprised to find how often he can stretch a point and do this; unless the amount you name is too absurdly small for consideration. At worst, he can recommend you to some good kennel whose prices are lower than his—a kennel just starting in business and thus on a low-tariff basis.

Tell him whether you want a dog for possible showing and breeding or merely for a pet. Dogs with high show points are more than twice as costly as the culls or seconds of a litter, and they are no stronger or handsomer or cleverer. More than 90 per cent of the pure-bred dogs you see on the street or in cars or in their owners' front yards are culls and seconds.

Seldom will you see a true show dog owned as a chum. The great majority are the inferior pups of a pure-bred litter; though their inferiority is largely an imaginary thing and observable only to the eye of an expert. They have not the arbitrary physical peculiarities which the judging standards demand. Hence, they sell at bottom price.

Unless you plan to go in seriously for breeding pedigreed dogs or for exhibiting on the dog-show circuits, you may as well save money by getting a cull. Not one observer in 500 will know the difference.

One of the myriad elderly and nonkillable lies which pass current about dogs is that a show-type canine has no sense, and that character and brain have been thrown away for points.

Beauty and Intelligence

I sold a beautiful young female collie to some people who motored here from a Western city for her. She won blue ribbons at every show they took her to, and she was one of the best show-type dogs I have been able to breed. They went to Europe for six months, and sent her out to a ranch to be cared for in their absence. When they went back to the ranch to get her, the foreman begged eagerly for leave to keep her there. In that half year, and with almost no training, she had become the best sheep-and-cattle dog in the township. Mind you, up to the time she went to the ranch, neither she nor any of her immediate ancestors had set eyes on a sheep, and she had had no experience in cattle driving.

In England and in Scotland and in Northern California, I have seen, working brilliantly along with the squat little black sheep dogs, several collies which would have won blue ribbons in any show. There is nothing in physical perfection to exclude intelligence. But the average show dog is brought up with little more chance to cultivate his keen brain and his instincts than has a prize hog or a milking-record cow.

If you are buying a dog for a chum and if you pay only a chum price for him, don't expect him to develop into a prize winner, and don't feel disgruntled if a show judge gates him. The lowly cull puppy—the canine ugly duckling which later sweeps its triumphant way to a championship—exists in large numbers; but chiefly in fiction. There are very few exceptions. Barely once in a hundred times in real life does he grow into anything much greater than he gave promise to. Anyhow, there are only a few shows in the course of the year, and your dog is your pal every day in the year. If I could have but one kind of dog, I should prefer immeasurably to have a chum rather than a champion.

As to price—it ranges anywhere from three or five dollars up to infinity. Richard Croker is said to have paid $10,000 for his imported bulldog, Rodney Stone. Untermyer was reported to pay $6500 for the supercollie, Squire of Tytton. J. Pierpont Morgan, Sr., went somewhat high in the thousands for several of his best dogs. But a really fine-quality chum dog of any popular

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When this page
turns one week
from today
July 16th
DODGE BROTHERS
will reveal
still another
development of
extraordinary
interest to all
motorists

(Continued from Page 86)

breed can be purchased in puppyhood for $200 or less; often very considerably less.

I have read advertisements of registered-stock pups on sale at from $5 to $15; and thence on up to $50 or $75 or $100 or $125 and more. These ads are from reputable kennels. Sometimes they represent the advertiser's rock-bottom prices. Sometimes they do not. Many a breeder finds himself in a financial pinch where he must sell good dogs at considerably less than their advertised price. As a rule, you will make no grave error in tactics if you haggle.

Before you complain that the professional breeder is descended from Ali Baba's forty boy friends because of the prices he asks for a pure-bred pup, stop to think what that pup has cost him. Its dam, if she is of quality, was bought by him for a goodly sum, or else her upbringing and her keep cost him even more. The stud fee alone was from twenty-five to fifty dollars. Count, too, the cost of the ad that caught your attention. Also the fresh milk and eggs and other weaning foods for the pup were not free. Add to this the share of general kennel expenses which the pup's sale must cover. Then remember that several pups out of the same litter may have died before they were a week old—the first week takes more puppy lives than do the next six months—and the losses the breeder has sustained in other litters that died at birth, and in the feed and care of pups that for some reason he could not sell, and in distemper epidemics which may have killed half his stock. You will begin to see that the pup cost him perhaps fifty dollars or more before it was eight weeks old, and that he loses money by selling it for less.

A nonprofessional whose female dog of fair quality has six or eight pups can afford to get rid of the surplus youngsters at a nominal sum. Often they are of only nominal value, at that. But the man who makes a business of it, and whose prestige rests on breeding only excellent puppies, cannot sell for a song.

I have been talking about pure-bred dogs. But there is another dog which often is a better comrade and guard and worker than almost any registered-stock prize-winner. He is the mongrel, the crossbreed, the so-called mutt, the cur. And every one of those terms, except "crossbreed," is a dirty insult to a splendidly clean and worthwhile dog. So hereafter let's speak of him by his rightful title alone—the crossbreed.

There are more crossbreeds owned in America than pure-breds of all kinds put together. And the average crossbreed is as fine a dog as any human can care to own. I have found him healthier and hardier and cleverer than most pure-breds. That is the chief reason you will find more of him in animal acts than you will find of his pure-bred half brother. He learns more quickly and he stands the cruel gaff more hardily.

If you own a crossbreed dog, don't be ashamed of him or say apologetically, "Oh, he's just a mutt, but we like him!"

Crossbreeds of Yesterday

Be ashamed only if you have been too stupid or too careless to bring out all the grand qualities that are lying dormant in his alert brain, waiting to be developed. Treat him, from the start, as you would treat a $200 puppy, and lavish on him all the care and patience and common sense you would give the more fortunate pup. He will reward you a hundredfold. Yes, he is mighty well worthwhile, is the crossbreed.

It is a queer trait of human nature to value and cultivate any possession in direct ratio to what it cost. If you pay several hundred dollars for a baby canine aristocrat, you feel you ought to do all you can to enhance his value and to bring out his every good quality, mental and physical. But when you pay a dollar for a nondescript crossbreed puppy, as a playmate for your child or as a future watchdog, you are likely to let his upbringing take care of itself. It is an error by which you lose far more than does the dog. You have it in your power to make him a veritable treasure to your household and to yourself. It is wholly up to you. And don't forget that some of the best and most popular breeds in the dog shows today are the crossbreeds of the day before yesterday.

Take the Airedale: a gallant and loyal and bright chap. In my childhood there was no such dog as the Airedale at our shows. But there were otter hounds and various terriers, and so on. A blend of these went into the evolving of the clean-cut Airedale of 1927. British pit workers used to revel in dog fighting. They set about to combine several different strains into one dog which should have all the best warrior traits of each. The Airedale was the result of this scientific mongrelizing process.

The lovable Boston terrier is another evolution of three or four different breeds. So is the wirily handsome Doberman Pinscher. So are other show-ring favorites. They are merely standardized crossbreeds. If you could be proud of owning one of them, be proud also in the ownership of your cleverly friendly crossbreed. Don't call him a mutt or a cur. He is neither, or, if he is, the fault is in his upbringing. A pure-bred would be quite as worthless if you had given him no better or wiser training.

I have read an odd derivation of that word "cur." In medieval Europe, at one time a special tax was levied on dogs' tails. To avert the ignominy of owning a tailless tike, folk must pay a yearly impost. The well-to-do paid it more or less cheerfully, sooner than amputate the handsome tails of their pets. The poor could not afford to pay. Nor did the poor want to give up their watchdogs. They avoided the tax by cutting off the tails of these dogs. A poor man's crossbreed became known as a "curtailed dog." This was shortened into "cur dog," and thence into "cur." In time the name designated any dog of doubtful value. The word "mastiff," by the way, is supposed to be derived from the old French term "*Mestif*," meaning "mongrel." Score one more for the standardized crossbreed!

Barks and Growls Interpreted

I spoke of the swarm of solemnly accepted dog lies which pass current. Among these is the one about a black mouth roof proving a pure breeding. It proves absolutely nothing except that there happens to be black pigment in the skin in the roof of the dog's mouth. I have seen crossbreeds whose ancestry was a matter of the wildest guesswork, which had jet-black roofs to their mouths. Their owners pointed out this peculiarity to me with much pride, as attesting their dogs' perfect breeding. On the other hand, I have seen dozens of flawless pure-breds whose mouth roofs were pink or yellow or piebald.

My great collie, Sunnybank Alton Andeen, had an unbrokenly pure ancestry back to the very beginnings of the official studbook. Incidentally she was one of the three finest show dogs I have owned or shall own. She was close to collie perfection in every way. The roof of her aristocratic mouth was a pale pinkish-yellow, with not a dapple of black.

Another belief is that a pure-bred dog will not eat fish. If a pure-bred dog does not eat fish, it is merely a sign that that especial dog does not happen to like fish. Nearly all pure-breds will eat it greedily.

The canine fallacy which comes nearest to truth is that "a barking dog will not bite." As a rule, this is true. But sometimes the bark may merge into a growl. Then the safety zone has been passed. A growl, except in the course of play, means but one thing: It means trouble.

Here are some trouble-dodging suggestions which may be of use to you, if you will bear them in mind:

When a strange dog comes galloping toward you, barking and with his head up and his tail flying, there is no immediate danger to be feared from him; unless you turn and run. In that case, even if he be a fairly good-tempered animal, your chances of a bite are growing brighter at your every step.

It is dog instinct to pursue anything or anybody that runs away. Never run from an oncoming dog. Stand still, facing him, and with your hands laid quietly on your upper chest. Don't shrink and don't yell. Nineteen times out of twenty, that moveless stance will confuse the purpose of even the most vicious dog, and will keep him from sinking his teeth into you. There is nothing movable for him to pursue. There are no flutteringly outthrust hands for him to grab. There is no frightened clamor to excite him. If you can speak to him quietly and soothingly, do so. But if you can't trust your voice not to break, say nothing.

A bark is a gay challenge or a greeting or any of several other things which dog men learn to read and to differentiate. But it is not a menace. It is delivered with the head up. Indeed, a dog cannot bark or howl with any fervor without raising his head. And an angry dog does not raise his head as he runs to the attack. It is dog instinct to go into battle with head held low enough to guard the vulnerable throat.

So when you are met by a dog with upheld head and waving tail, and which greets you with a salvo of barks, there is far more of friendliness than of threat in his approach. But if his head is lowered and his tail is held ramrod stiff, and if he growls, showing a glint of eyeteeth, it is an extremely good time for the menaced human to stand stock-still, with hands on chest or shoulders, and to hope for the best.

I have been speaking about your chum dog as "he." I suppose I have done that because a dog, for some reason, seems always to be referred to as "he," just as the cat invariably is "she." I don't know why; any more than I know why a girl is mildly pleased to be called a kitten or why a man is more than mildly displeased to be called a puppy.

But assuredly I have not called your dog "he" with any implication that a male dog is a better pet or guard or comrade or worker than a female dog. He is not. The female dog is likely to be an ideal housemate and pal. She is as well worth having, in every way, as is her brother. In England this has been recognized for many years. Over here it is just beginning to dawn on most people. I can remember when it was almost impossible to sell a female dog as a pet. Now she is in almost as much demand as is a male. Indeed, she has several strong advantages over him; several traits in which she excels him. She costs less too. Breeders charge from 25 to 40 per cent less for their female pups than for their males. Of old the cost difference was greater. Females, in those days, were so hard to dispose of that many of them were drowned at birth; even females of high ancestry and good show possibilities.

Feminine Attraction

The disgusted refusal, "I wouldn't have a female dog around!" had its origin many centuries ago. In early days, throughout Europe, the female dog, even oftener than the male, was the house pet and watchdog and hunter. Her chum value was well understood everywhere.

Then came the Crusades. In the Orient, as you know, a dog was regarded as something unspeakably unclean. True Moslems were forbidden to touch him. He was allowed to live on only as a public scavenger. The female dog, as potential mother of future generations of unclean animals, was held in special abhorrence.

The Crusaders brought back to Europe with them several things they had not gone to Palestine for. One of those things was the rose; almost unknown to Europe before then. Another was the Moslem contempt for female dogs. For centuries that causeless prejudice hung on—as long afterward did the equally insane idea that opals and peacock feathers are bad-luck bringers—and the female dog was relegated in disgust from the hearthside to the breeding kennels. Gradually she crept back, a wistful little figure, to her lost esteem. The English rediscovered her value as a hunter. Learning to like her in the field, they brought her again into the house. It was much the same in other foreign countries. America at last has begun to fall into line. Thousands of female dogs are bought each year as chums.

If I have dwelt on this theme to perhaps wearisome length, it is to show you one more way whereby you may save money in buying your house dog. The female will fill all your requirements as well as will the male, and she will cost you less.

Some years ago, here at Sunnybank, I sold a lovable female collie—a born one-man dog—to some people who lived about six miles away. They took her home and kept her tied up for a week. Then they let her loose for a run. The run brought her back to Sunnybank inside of an hour. I telephoned the owners and they came here and took her away. Twice more, inside of a week, the same thing happened.

Then they built a wire runway, high and spacious, and kept her in that. Nor was she let out, except on the leash. In the course of six months the wire in one corner of the inclosure rusted brittle. She pushed at the weak strands with her furry head, until she had forced a hole large enough to squirm through. In another hour she was capering gleefully down the driveway of Sunnybank. The yard was mended and she was returned to her prison. A month later her owners moved to another home, several miles farther away. There, in the wire yard or on the leash, the little collie was kept for an entire year.

A Confirmed Jail Breaker

One afternoon in late November, when the wire yard was undergoing repairs, she was taken out and tied by a long chain to a veranda post. Her owners forgot she was tied there, and went out for the evening.

How she guessed the porch post was rotten, I don't know. But she gnawed at it and then yanked at it for hours. At last a four-foot section of the post gave way. At once she started for Sunnybank, dragging the heavy and cumbrous mass of rotten wood behind her. She had never traversed the road from her newest home to Sunnybank. But she seems to have traveled in a straight line. Her course brought her to the far edge of the lake, bitter cold and with a skim of ice beginning to form at the edges. In she plunged, with her four-foot wooden burden and her stout chain to handicap her. Collies usually are not good water dogs. This one, from babyhood, had hated to swim. Yet she made the long lake trip, lugging the post behind her.

I was working late that night. On the side veranda I heard a most ungodly banging and thumping, interspersed with fast pattering footsteps and an eagerly plaintive whining. I opened the door. Across the threshold dashed the little dog, soaking wet and shivering. As she jumped at me, the post caught transversely on the door-frame and flung her heavily to the ground. But she was up on the instant, leaping all over me, screeching in crazy delight, licking my hands and boots; out of her wits with happiness. I unfastened the cumbrous chain and post, and brought her into my study. There she subsided presently into a whimperingly ecstatic bundle at my feet, quivering all over and staring up at me in idiotic rapture. She was at home again. Nothing else mattered.

Next morning I was foolish enough to drive over to her owners and to buy her back from them at a price considerably more than she was worth. She stayed on at Sunnybank for the rest of her short life, running away only once. That was when her former owners called on us one day. She bolted for the woods at sight of them, and did not come back again for hours after they were gone. She was taking no chances on another exile. Yet they had treated her kindly and they had given her a comfortable home. But she had been nearly three years old when I sold her to them, and, as I said, she was a born one-man dog. In other words, she had been too old to swear allegiance to another one man.

Light up....for security

For your own safety and the safety of others, carry spare lamps—in the handy Edison MAZDA Auto Lamp Kit.

WHENEVER you drive with one headlight out, you are in danger—not only of arrest but of injury to yourself and to those with you. So take no chances. Carry spare lamps and be sure to keep your headlights adjusted.

Light up for security with the improved Edison MAZDA* Lamps. They are the product of MAZDA Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

Ask an Edison MAZDA Auto Lamp Dealer to show you the handy Edison MAZDA Auto Lamp Kit and to fit it out for you with the proper lamps to use in your particular kind of car. For his identification he displays the emblem shown at the left.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ASK FOR POST TOASTIES-

they stay crisp in milk or cream

Delicious *Corn Flakes* toasted double-crisp and full of flavor

Post Toasties are crisper corn flakes. Hear them crackle as you pour them in a golden stream from the package to the bowl. And Post Toasties stay crisp even in milk or cream. That's why they taste so good. Post Toasties are made from the succulent hearts of white corn, delicately and carefully seasoned. They are toasted double-crisp to keep the delicious flavor in each tempting flake. Crispness and flavor! These are qualities that make corn flakes a real delight. If you want corn flakes that have the true corn flavor, corn flakes that stay crisp in milk or cream, ask for Post Toasties in the red and yellow, wax-wrapped package.

Make the Milk-or-Cream Test
Get a package of Post Toasties and make the Milk-or-Cream Test for flavor and crispness. Eat these double-crisp corn flakes with milk or cream and see how delicious they are. See how Post Toasties stay crisp, even in milk or cream
Post Toasties
Double-Crisp
Corn Flakes
Stay Crisp in Milk or Cream
POSTUM COMPANY, INC.
BATTLE CREEK, MICH., U.S.A.

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One Business Man in Your Town Who Can Help *You* in *Your Business*

He's the office furniture dealer—the fellow who sells you chairs and desks and filing cabinets. And he *serves* while he *sells*—if you let him.

He knows that better offices mean better business—and he can help you plan those better offices. He can show you how to cut down on floor space occupied by clerical workers and yet increase their comfort and efficiency. He can point out little superiorities of design—in a chair for instance—that free executives from the "four o'clock fatigue" that cuts so deeply into profits.

And when he recommends Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs he does so because he knows their comfort, appearance, material, workmanship, durability and special features pay big dividends in satisfaction and reduce chair costs to the minimum. For your office furniture dealer is more interested in *service* that results in *many* sales than *salesmanship* that makes just *one!*

Get acquainted with the progressive office furniture dealer. He's a good man to know.

Sikes

SIKES 532B
One of the Sikes "William Penn" group of Office *Easy* Chairs
Look for the Sikes Self Lubricating Chair Iron on all revolving chairs

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

BETTER OFFICES

Mail This Coupon

Send us a copy of "Better Offices"

NAME

ADDRESS

WITH A MODERN LEADING LADY

(Continued from Page 19)

to lunch, usually with disastrous consequences. She always came out of the Ritz or the Lane or Pierrot's plaintively discontented with her own hat or dress or suit or hand bag; a discontent which frequently spread like hot butter, till, by night, it covered her entire life—her uptown apartment, the fact that she could keep but one maid, that Ed wasn't getting ahead as she thought he ought to, that she was fifteen pounds overweight, that she would be thirty-eight her next birthday, and that that new girl at the neighborhood beauty shop had given her a perfectly terrible wave.

And she could never be taken to lunch without due time for preparation. An impromptu invitation, Ed had found, always met with horrified protest:

"Pierrot's! In this old coat! You must be crazy."

It was oddly surprising to have Claire turn so casually, as unconscious of herself or her clothes as a healthy, interested fifteen-year-old boy.

Over the luncheon table Claire outlined her plan. No longer was the artistic creator of the D. E. Gibson shoes to languish in obscurity, anonymous, invisible. He was, instead, to be a conspicuous figure, as well known as the new advertising manager's industry and ingenuity could make him. Ed Cheney was delighted with the idea.

"You know," Claire dutifully passed on D. E.'s warning, "it won't mean any more money for you for some time anyway. The whole experiment is a gamble. It will cost Gibson's some money and it may not prove of any commercial advantage at all. If it does work, of course, it will be greatly to your advantage in the long run. If it flivs out you don't stand to lose anything."

Ed Cheney expressed himself as completely understanding and willing to shape himself into Claire's plans like water into a bowl. So the campaign began. During her agency days Claire had worked on the account for an exclusive imported perfume, and the technic, the carefully worked-out steps of the campaign served her in good stead now. The choice of the container for the perfume had been considered and debated with all the respect due any question of state, and now Claire turned her attention first to the proper setting for Monsieur Édouard Chenet.

Considerable ingenuity, both professional and housewifely, on the part of Claire went into the changing of Ed Cheney's workroom into a fashionable studio. Claire's knowledge of the correctly artistic in studios was a bit hazy and she knew that D. E. would rebel at the expense of a fashionable interior decorator. He was but half sold on the whole idea, at best. But Claire knew that the background must be right. Fortunately a newspaper reporter friend of hers had an assignment to interview one of New York's most fashionable portrait painters, and Claire persuaded her friend to let her cover the assignment in his place. She sat up till two o'clock writing the interview, but she had had the chance she needed to study the smart, artistic background.

In the place of the two old-fashioned sash windows beside which Ed had worked on a plain deal table, a great window was cut, high and broad, across the whole north side of the room. The shabby soft pine floor into which Ed Cheney in dull moments of creativity had sometimes amused himself by plunging his knife, mumble-the-peg fashion, was overlaid with hardwood, stained and waxed to a gleaming dark richness.

No bride furnishing a first suburban home ever worked over it with more enthusiastic or exacting economy. Claire spent most of one Sunday with Ed and a painter, struggling over the walls, Ed contributing his exact eye for color to the mixing of the paint, Claire holding the unsympathetic painter to experiments with too thick paint applied with a broom. The final result was a wall warmly neutral in tone, much like rough plaster in texture. The rich velvet hangings Claire had made by a cheap little upholsterer up in the Bronx. This necessitated a good many evening trips uptown for her and a good many anxious qualms as to the result. The hangings proved, fortunately, quite satisfactory, furnishing the hoped-for note of expensive luxury.

Ed himself was easy. All it took was a blue smock, the growing of a small, dark pointed beard, to make him fit into the picture. With these, his dark skin seemed olive instead of sallow. The querulous lines about his mouth seemed merely sensitive and temperamental. The studio at last was completed and Ed himself fitted into its exotic background, and it was time for the next step. The salesmen were instructed to arrange for a few moments' consultation with rare and socially exalted customers.

"This same model, only in silver?" The clerks were taught to answer requests for forty-dollar slippers not in the stock. "I believe we didn't make up any in silver. Monsieur Chenet decided that the heel line was more effective in gold. But perhaps—would you like to ask Monsieur Chenet himself about it?"

The customer invariably said that she would. Whereupon the clerk immediately arranged the meeting; arrangements as obsequiously formal as though he were bringing together the King of England and the Japanese Mikado. The studio had once been a bookkeeper's balcony at the back of the shop and a curving flight of steps still ran from it down to the sales floor. After preliminaries sufficiently long to be impressive, Monsieur Chenet was found to be, fortuitously, at liberty for a few moments only, and the customer was ceremoniously escorted to the balcony steps.

Less fortunate customers who chanced to be in the shop at the time were favored with the fleeting glimpse of the great designer as he appeared in his blue smock at the top of the curved stairs, graciously to welcome the arrival. The effect of the studio was almost hypnotic: the cool white north light and the cool blue of the hangings after the August sun of the street outside. Later, in the fall and winter, there would be a fire behind the tall Italian firedogs, shining on the one really expensive piece in the room—a dark medieval chest. The interviews were always carefully of the briefest. If a customer seemed disposed to linger at all Monsieur Chenet would receive an urgent message by office boy, would be forced, most reluctantly, to excuse himself. These brief glimpses of the studio permitted to the chosen few of the clientele were just long enough to begin the spreading of its fame by word of mouth.

Spreading the fame of Monsieur Chenet through the public prints, however, was a more difficult process. Never in her life had Claire worked harder. Fashion-magazine editors, writers of newspaper fashion syndicates, dressmakers' conventions, were plentifully supplied with Monsieur Chenet's opinions on footwear, illustrated with photographs of Monsieur Chenet in his studio, standing, shoe in hand, against deep velvet curtains, or perhaps trying a slipper against a background of shimmering brocade. Magazines of theatrical personalities were bombarded with bits of repartee of this chorus girl or that in the Frivolities and Monsieur Chenet; courses in costume designing were supplied free, with little articles on the designing of shoes by Chenet.

These all had to be written by Claire. Ed Cheney was an excellent shoe designer, but he was as inarticulate as an oyster. Inarticulate because he never had the least idea of what he was doing. He worked entirely by instinct and the ancient trial-and-error method. In reality he had plenty of working principles, but he didn't know what they were. He recognized them visually and emotionally, never mentally. Claire's first task was to discover and formulate these principles. This required both research and field work, more field work than research. For an occasional evening spent in her furnished room, poring over a book on abstract design, she spent hours with Ed watching him work, drawing him out on why he preferred this particular type of heel in kid and not in brocade, why he could combine some two surfaces and not some other two.

Frequently, after days when Claire had been too busy with the routine of her job to spend any time in the studio, she and Ed would have dinner together in the little Armenian restaurant around the corner and over their *shish-ki-bab* and wheat pilaff discussed the adding of a tan kid collar to a white afternoon shoe, or the whimsically practical idea of importing Japanese woven-paper hats and cutting the *toyo* up for sport shoes. They would go back up to the studio, where Ed could make his point much more clearly with a dummy, a wooden last or a bit of silver-kid scrap in his hand. Long after Ed would have left for home or poker or pool—Claire had as little curiosity as knowledge of how he spent the remainder of the evenings—she would sit at her office typewriter, getting down in definite black and white the hazy, indefinite workings of Ed Cheney's mind; letting herself out through the dark sales floor after midnight.

She had been working along these lines for several weeks before she had a definite sign of success. Then it was a minor sign—minor, but authentic. A visiting scion of royalty observed in a newspaper interview that, despite the growing boyishness of styles in women's clothes, their shoes remained feminine. The newspaper sent a reporter to get a follow-up story from Monsieur Édouard Chenet.

This incident impressed D. E. and gave Claire her first definite evidence of the success of her publicity campaign. It also, however, gave her still another job. She had to coach Ed for the interview like a movie star. He was appalled at the ordeal ahead of him and Claire had to tell him exactly what to say and how to say it. She managed a provocative interview, something or other about the foot's showing, both in its natural structure and in the way in which it was shod, the difference between the type of woman who has evolved through sex antagonism and the type which, from the amœba down, has been longest on lure. Not so good as science, but not so bad as publicity. A magazine devoted largely to the cause of making women more beautiful sent one of its staff to get Monsieur Chenet to elaborate his view along this line for their readers. He was asked to speak over the radio and to address a Bronx women's club.

Claire managed adroitly enough so that always "designer of D. E. Gibson shoes" followed the growing personal fame of Monsieur Chenet, like the tail of the comet. D. E. Gibson himself began to feel the results of the campaign. The manager of the branch store in Boston wrote asking to have Monsieur Chenet come up and be photographed in the Boston shop. He was beginning to have inquiries, he wrote, as to whether their shoes were all designed by Chenet himself. What about the fifteen-fifties? It was decided that Chenet should make a flying trip to Boston and that Claire should go with him. She had one or two newspaper friends in Boston and it was possible she might be able to manage an interview or so there.

Claire happened to be in the studio when Cheney was telephoning to his wife, and in some mention of the coming trip, Ed referred to "Mr." Deming. As he hung up he explained, a little shamefacedly, to Claire:

"You see, the advertising manager's always been a man before, and Mrs. Cheney takes it for granted that you are. I thought it might be just as well."

(Continued on Page 94)

Try this delight

for next Sunday night's supper

Sunday night supper is, as a rule, such an unsatisfactory meal. Everyone wants something to eat. No one knows just what, and in most cases no two people want the same thing. So try this for next Sunday night's supper.

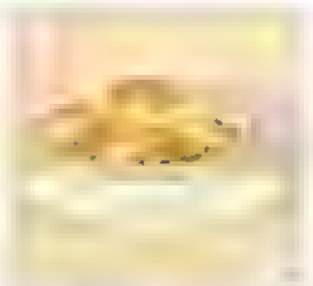
Surprise the family with golden brown waffles and Log Cabin Syrup. Here is a tasty supper that will delight everybody. Light enough not to make you feel "stuffed." Heavy enough to tide you over comfortably until morning. A delightful change to all the family and easy to prepare.

To get the most enjoyment, however, use only Log Cabin Syrup. For it's the real secret of delicious pancakes and waffles. So many syrups fail—because they're merely sweet. You want more than that. That's why everyone adores the Log Cabin flavor of real maple that is only to be found in Log Cabin Syrup.

Why millions prefer

Log Cabin Syrup just naturally makes pancakes and waffles delicious. For it has the luscious flavor of pure maple. An enticing maple flavor that *permeates* every bite with rich goodness. That is why it is the most popular high-grade syrup in the world.

We use only the two choicest kinds of maple—New England and Canadian. These are blended with purest granulated sugar. By the famous 40-year-old Towle process. Nothing else is used. Hence, the delicious maple flavor—rare and melting.



Log Cabin Syrup on Cereals

Log Cabin Maple Puff—a delicious [illegible]

Make this test

We are so sure that you will be delighted with Log Cabin Syrup that we make you this offer. Order a can from your grocer today. Then have pancakes or waffles. If you do not agree that Log Cabin is the most delicious syrup you have ever used—that with it your pancakes or waffles taste better than any you have ever eaten—return the unused portion of the can to us. We will refund the *full* purchase price, including postage.

Log Cabin Syrup comes in three sizes. Order from your grocer today and make this test—*at our risk*. If he can't supply you, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied at once.

Free Offer: "24 ways to vary the menu." Write today for these new, delightful Log Cabin recipes. Send name and address. A postcard will do.

THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY
Dept. 20, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
THE CENTER OF NORTH AMERICA

Towle's **LOG CABIN** *Syrup*

© L. C. P. Co., 1927

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

CORBIN

If your home calls for Colonial Hand-forged Hardware in iron—Corbin can supply that too

A truly Colonial doorway is known by the hinges that gracefully swing it . . . by the latch that gives it picturesque security . . . by the knocker that suggests hospitality and welcome within.

You can give your home an old-time charm and quaintness with this new Colonial hand-forged iron hardware by Corbin.

A newsy booklet (S-7) we'll gladly send you tells all about it. Better still, see this interesting hardware at any Corbin Dealer's.

P. & F. CORBIN
SINCE 1849
NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT
New York Chicago Philadelphia

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"But why?" Claire asked.

"Oh, well," Ed was a little hazy. "You know how women are." He seemed quite unconscious of the fact that Claire did not belong to his own sex.

"But don't you think it's rather foolish," she asked anxiously, "to build up a deception when it isn't necessary at all, and especially where it's bound to come out sooner or later?"

Ed propounded, a little vaguely, his theory of marital felicity, which appeared to be a philosophy based upon letting sleeping dogs lie and crossing bridges when you came to them. Claire, who was as direct as a boy in all her personal relations, felt uneasily that this was a mistake. It was not, however, she thought, any of her business; failing to consider the ancient adage to the effect that, even when situations are merely misunderstood, it is the woman who pays and pays and pays.

The Boston trip was so successful that she and Ed made two others—one to Washington and the other to Philadelphia, both highly successful. In New York the effects began to be accumulative. The more intelligent publicity one has had, of course, the more easily one can get more. It would have been quite out of the question to have secured a newspaper snapshot of Ed Cheney chatting at the dock with a rather well-known singer, newly arrived for her first American tour, but for Monsieur Chenet, Claire was able to manage it.

When she and Ed went to one of the last rehearsals before the opening of the Frivolities—Claire going in the hopes of finding some new angle for newspaper stories—several of the chorus and even one of the principals apparently knew who Monsieur Chenet was. The principal, a dreamy-eyed, hard-headed little dancer, in fact, put herself out to be rather particularly nice to Ed Cheney.

"Better have a care about Bobbie Duleen," Claire jokingly cautioned Ed on their way back to the office. "They say she can get a diamond bracelet out of a Scotchman."

Ed laughed, a pleased laugh. The experience of being teased about a star in the Frivolities was evidently startlingly new and highly pleasing

"Don't worry about me any," he advised Claire. "I was running around New York when you were going to high school in Ioway, you know."

"Well-l-l, I've learned something since I went to high school too," said Claire.

"Oh, our conversation was purely business," Ed went on, obviously hoping to be teased further. "She was showing me some of her shoes; said she'd been dying to ask me what I thought about them—she had them made to order at Gantz's. I told her that while I had no doubt they were excellent shoes I didn't think they suited her type."

Claire hid a little smile in the autumn dusk. Do You Shoe as Well as Dress Your Type? had been the heading for an article she had written and succeeded in placing in one of the very good fashion magazines; signed, of course, by Édouard Chenet.

"That's a good line too," she observed. "Was Bobbie crushed?"

"Mind if I smoke?" Ed was elaborately casual. "Why, I'm dropping in at her place late tomorrow afternoon. She wanted me to see some of her street shoes—they're quite different."

"Well, don't put anything in writing."

Ed laughed again, a distinctly flattered laugh. It was all in jest, and Claire, going back up to her office to finish up copy for the little silver monthly booklet, dropped it out of mind the instant she had left Ed. Later, however, in the light of what followed, she recalled the incident and recognized it as the exact day when Ed Cheney began to lose his head. Not that he lost it over Bobbie Duleen. Bobbie didn't give him any chance to. She got what she wanted, a bit of expert advice in return for a cup of tea and a smile, and danced on to larger fields. It was, however, shortly after that that Claire began to suspect that the fame of Monsieur Chenet was going to be more than Ed Cheney could carry without losing his balance.

This thought persisted in her mind as an annoying undertone all the time that she was engrossed in making that fame weekly, almost daily, greater. The snowball of publicity was rolling gratifyingly large—newspaper stories, trade-paper articles, radio, syndicate, even some magazine fame. But Claire was not satisfied. She longed to have Édouard Chenet recognized by Attire and Savoir-Faire, the two great really smart fashion magazines. To achieve this she knew that she must have something new and distinctive to offer.

The Royal Line was her final inspiration. Each one of the dozen models in this line was founded on a shoe worn by some famous queen. It was Claire, of course, who hunted up the originals; a few to be found in museums and private collections, others available only in colored plates in books. Ed made the adaptations, clever designs which kept the authentic lines of the originals, yet succeeded in making them smartly modern.

Worldly-wise enough, some of these slippers, that had danced through court intrigues. Quaintly young, others, deliciously naive. Some were cobweb frail, others amusingly sturdy.

A scant two dozen pairs of each model were all that were made up—the line must be kept exclusive, Claire knew—and the first pair of each was not sold. It was placed. Gibson's best salesman, a white-haired gentleman with the manner of an ambassador, called personally on the thickest cream, socially speaking, of the Gibson clientele. It is the rare woman who could resist being told, subtly and charmingly, that she had been chosen as the modern woman most truly the type of the lovely Mary Queen of Scots. Not one of the offered pairs, each made up to fit and to order, of course, was declined. The names of the owners of the original models read like a patroness list.

"We really ought to have a side line, inspired by Du Barry and Nell Gwyn," said Claire wickedly. "I fancy we'd know where to place those too."

But Ed Cheney did not get the point and Claire wasted no further words on flippancy. She was all seriousness in her uncertainty as to the next step. She thought it would be possible to get a newspaper story on this Royal Line. But would it not be wiser to hold off on this, on the still slender hope of interesting either Attire or Savoir-Faire to the extent of a personality story about Édouard Chenet? The two magazines used stories of modistes and milliners, of theatrical scene designers, even of hairdressers. Surely it was not too much to hope. But the question was whether to go ahead with the newspaper publicity and await the natural and possibly much delayed action of the magazines or to make some definite move along the line of Attire or Savoir-Faire.

While Claire was considering this problem she was outlining a first advertisement for the Royal Line—a picture of a slipper worn by Catharine the Great. As authentic as an antiquarian's guide. Beside it, the Gibson version. Truly a copy, yet as chic and modern as next month's hat. And in the most chaste and elegant of script, "Copied and adapted by Édouard Chenet, for Mrs. Stuyvesant Verplanck, Junior."

While Claire was working on this advertisement, still uncertain of the next step, she was also worrying a little about Ed Cheney. Ed was not carrying his fame well. There are men who cannot stand fame, and Ed was giving daily signs that his was going to his head. Working with him as intimately as Claire was, she was able to see these signs where D. E. Gibson would not. For one thing, he was spending less and less time in the studio, strolling in at half-past ten or eleven in the morning, being out two hours or more at luncheon and often departing by four in the afternoon.

(Continued on Page 97)

"GALLOP, *Bounce, Bob, Jiggle*"

Whatever you call it—let this simple, inexpensive installation take it out of your car

, , ,

From seventy to ninety per cent of today's driving is on roads like this—full of the tiny irregularities, scarcely visible in the daytime, that cause "galloping

THE last serious obstacle to complete riding comfort! Probably you have a name of your own for it. Most motorists have.

For "galloping, bouncing, bobbing, jiggling"—whatever you may have been calling it—is one of your most familiar experiences. You feel it every time you drive. Even on the smoothest roads you can not escape it.

Annoying to you—still more annoying to those in the rear seat.

Why your car "gallops"

What makes your car "gallop"? Every road, however good, is full of miniature bumps—so small you don't see them in the daytime.

But you have seen them hundreds of times at night. Bright lights and heavy shadows throw into relief countless rises and depressions in concrete, asphalt, macadam.

Small as these are, they are large enough and numerous enough to keep the whole car almost continually bobbing up and down with an uncomfortable, mushy, see-saw motion.

No more "galloping"!

Why continue to put up with this discomfort? For now you can rid your car of it, quickly and at little cost, by installing a set of the new Hasslers!

Ruggedly built to stand the hardest use, thoroughly effective in the control of the severest shocks on rough roads—the new Hasslers are at the same time so delicately responsive that no inequality is too small to bring their corrective action into instant play.

So swift in recovery that they keep your car in constant readiness for the closest possible succession of bumps, large or small.

So perfectly adjusted that they preserve the full resiliency of your springs, while yet effectively checking rebound.

A special type for your car

There is a set of Hasslers specially designed and adjusted for every popular make of car, including the one you drive. A Chevrolet set for a Chevrolet. An Essex set for an Essex. A Dodge set for a Dodge. And so on.

Inexpensive, easily and quickly installed, the new Hasslers will give you an entirely new experience in riding comfort.

Have a set installed when you buy your car, or on the old car—now. Learn how much the new Hasslers add to the pleasure of riding. How much play and movement they permit your car to retain while giving you a thoroughly smooth and perfectly rhythmic ride.

Sold by the dealer who sold you your car, or at the Hassler Sales and Installation Station near you. If you can not find the new Hasslers, write us. We'll see that you are supplied. Hassler Manufacturing Co., Inc., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

The new Hasslers are water-tight. Their internal mechanism is sealed against destructive dirt, mud, grit and slush. This insures noiseless operation under all conditions. It eliminates the broken-strap bugaboo. It safeguards the precise adjustment necessary to give you perfect spring action and control and makes possible uninterrupted service for the life of your car. No readjustment is ever necessary.

Every Hassler is equipped with an Alemite or Zerk fitting for lubrication with high pressure chassis lubricant. This keeps the internal mechanism in perfect working condition at all times and protects it from excessive wear. Put on a set of the new Hasslers and give them a shot of Alemite whenever you lubricate your car. That is all the service they require. Except for the difference in riding comfort, you will forget that they are there

In the new Hasslers the connecting bolt never enters the case but is attached to the outside. Further identifiable by the red label with the name Hassler boldly lettered on every device

The NEW

HASSLERS

NO MORE GALLOPING

© 1927, Hassler Mfg. Co., Inc.

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

The purchase of Lanai—an entire island in the South Seas—adds another romantic touch to a great business already rich in romance. Lanai, long unpopulated, now bristles with industry. Cactus wastes give way to the plowshare. Pineapple is King. Incidentally—of the 90,000 acres on Lanai, only about 20,000 are suited to growing the kind of Hawaiian Pineapple we have been serving you.

The romantic story of Hawaiian Pineapple and 30 new ways of serving it make this booklet as entertaining as it is useful. It tells, too, the fascinating story of "Jim" Dole and his associates, and how they founded this great Hawaiian industry. Like a copy? Write to Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Dept. "S-7," 215 Market St., San Francisco.

Spending $5,000,000 to keep pace with your taste for Pineapple

America likes Hawaiian Pineapples so well that five years ago we had to find more land on which to grow them.

Yet in Hawaii it seemed that not one more acre was to be had. Even then we controlled our share—the largest part of the finest land.

We looked again. This time in our own back-yard, and there was the Island of Lanai—long neglected, and over-run with cactus.

No one had taken Lanai seriously. We did!

We bought it, cleared away the cactus, built roads, reared a city, blasted a harbor out of the rugged coast, and added 20,000 marvelous acres to Hawaiian Pineapple production.

It is costing us $5,000,000 to do this—to keep pace with your taste for Hawaiian Pineapple. It is our promise that you need not want for this luscious South Seas fruit.

You can thank "Jim" Dole for canned Hawaiian Pineapple

Sales Office:
215 Market Street
San Francisco

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY

Honolulu
HAWAII

(Continued from Page 94)

"Out at a little party last night," he would tell Claire with ill-concealed pride. "A couple of Frivolities girls. Do you remember Gale Kennedy? And Iris Van Cleve?"

Claire did not remember Gale and Iris, and the next little party Ed reported, it would be Greta and Helene or Gertrude and Pirelle. Oh, it was obviously no *grande passion* which had caught Ed Cheney; little, in fact, to do with sex at all. He was no more pleased by the fact that chorus girls had found him suddenly worth playing up to than by the startling discovery that the head waiter at the Algonquin knew him by name.

He was simply a little drunk on flattery. Every phase of it was intoxicating. The studio, for instance; Ed had worked in the old north workroom, absorbed, completely oblivious of anything going on around him. The head salesman and a boss from the factory might be carrying on a loud discussion over one end of his very worktable, and Ed had not used even to hear them. But now, in the velvet-hung exquisiteness of his studio, it required the merest crumpled rose leaf to disturb his concentration. He would charge into the outer office in his blue smock, his eyes wild, his hair awry, and berate an overworked stenographer, clicking away at her machine.

"How do you think an artist can work in this clatter?" he would demand furiously. "I'm working on a new model and I must have quiet. Absolute quiet!"

"I've got to get these letters out tonight," the stenographer might protest.

"Then you'll have to do them after five o'clock," Ed would declare. "My time is precious and I can't work in a racket."

He had used to be most cooperative with the mechanical departments, but now he regarded any protest or suggestion from the factory as a gratuitous insult and was aggrieved and sulky about it. To his salary, of which he had been rather proud, he now referred as a pittance. "Why, a man of my standing ought to be getting ten times what I am," he told Claire.

His attitude toward Claire was changing the most of all. During their dinners together it became increasingly difficult for her to get from him any point on shoe designing of which she could write. He did not wish to talk to her about shoe designing. He wished to talk about himself, his opinions on finance, on the drama, love or politics. When she would insist upon drawing the subject back and back again to shoes, his manner was half indulgent, half irritated. His whole attitude suggested that she was exploiting a great artist for selfish purposes of her own.

This was trying, of course, but Claire had considerable of an ability popularly denied to women—the ability to keep her eye on the ball; of refusing to be diverted into personalities. Steadily she plugged away at the one task, that of making Édouard Chenet famous. Once or twice, to be sure, she was moved to sharp protest. Once was when she went into his studio for some new models. The photographer's boy was waiting in her office and she took the two slippers Ed handed her and was about to hurry out. She needed three models, however, and paused to ask:

"What about that stunning red thing you had in here yesterday? The one with the rhinestone heel."

"That? Oh—er, that didn't come out so very well," Ed answered.

"Didn't come out? Why, it was all done."

Claire, at first, was puzzled; then, seeing Ed's embarrassment, suspicious.

"Are you making designs for anyone outside of Gibson's?" she asked directly.

Ed flushed. "Certainly not," he answered. And then defiantly: "There's no reason, though, why I shouldn't design a shoe for a friend now and then if I happen to want to, outside office hours. I'm not a slave to D. E. Gibson, you know. Anybody'd think I'd been sold down the river."

Ed's answer was revelatory to Claire. She had wondered what the Gales and Gertrudes and Irises of the Frivolities could possibly see in Ed Cheney. Of course, he was giving them individual slipper models. Having a pair at a time made up, as though for a model, in Gale's or Maude's or Beatrice's size. A limited edition, indeed; limited to the single pair. It was possible even, Claire thought, that the girls might be selling these models to some large theatrical maker, like Gantz.

"There's every reason in the world why you shouldn't, and you know it," said Claire angrily. "It may not be any of my business, but if you're giving your original designs away, outside of Gibson's, you're doing a very dishonest thing."

"Well, I'm not," said Ed, angry, too, "and even if I were you're quite right in saying that it's none of your business."

Claire said nothing, taking the two slipper models back to the photographer's boy.

There was another time, too, when a reporter from one of the trade papers came to interview Monsieur Chenet and Ed insisted upon giving his own interview. What he said had so little to do with shoes that the paper simply did not publish the interview, so no real harm was done. But Claire, fearful of a repetition of the incident sometime when the loss of the story would be deplorable, made such an issue of her right to direct all publicity that Ed was sulky for days, so sullenly noncommunicative that Claire could get nothing at all from him to use.

"That is always the trouble with giving a woman a little authority," Ed had been haughty about it. "It goes to their head and they don't know where to stop."

Oh, there is no doubt that Ed was becoming very difficult to work with. He was going down to the Philadelphia branch for a week and Claire looked forward with some relief to the brief vacation from him.

Late in the afternoon of the day Ed was to leave—he was taking a night train that did not actually pull out till two or three the next morning—Claire was working in her little glass cage, when a telephone call came—a call for which she had almost ceased daring to hope. Attire wished to send one of its staff to interview Monsieur Édouard Chenet. Ed seemed at first not quite to appreciate the importance of this event.

"They're putting off the interview till you get back from Philadelphia," said Claire, "but we'll have to get together this evening before you leave and dope it all out."

"Well-ll," Ed was dubious, "I was going to show the wife a good time—dinner and a show—tonight, before my train left."

"It's a shame," said Claire sympathetically, "but you see how this is. This is really the climax of the whole campaign. This story has got to be absolutely right. And there'll be no time after you get back "

"Oh, well, couldn't I ——" Ed began. He had quite lost his awe of interviewers.

"You could not," said Claire bluntly. "This interview has got to be perfect. Perfect and absolutely water-tight. If this isn't right, everything we've done so far has been wasted. Your life story as it comes out in Attire has got to be picturesque, interesting, unique. But it's got to tally with your own life well enough so that there can't ever be any comeback."

Faced with these requirements, Ed evidently realized that the task might really demand a subtlety greater than he could achieve. Claire, going back to her own corner through the outer office, heard him breaking the engagement with Mrs. Cheney.

"I've got to spend the whole evening with Mr. Deming," he said. "He wants to get this interview worked up just right."

There was a little pause in which querulous distrust seemed almost to float into the studio over the wire. Then Ed's voice—a stenographer stopped to ask Claire about a letter she had dictated and, pausing, she could scarcely avoid hearing—resentful, more than a little bullying.

"No, I haven't got any date with any girl. I tell you I've got to stay right here at the office and work with Mr. Deming."

It was half-past eight when Ed and Claire got back to the office after dinner. She had been delayed in getting away from the office and the Armenian restaurant had been crowded. They did not trouble to unlock the large dark salesroom, but went up the outside hall stairway instead. The Gibson Shoe Shop was in a modernized brownstone and a door from Ed's studio still opened upon the old-fashioned hall. Ed put on the lights and he and the advertising manager faced each other across the shining, carved-legged table, ready for an evening's work.

By half-past ten Claire was realizing the difficulty of their task. To find anything picturesque in a life which, to any degree at all, paralleled Ed's own, was a job for a Titan mind. A knack for designing shoes he assuredly had, but aside from that, his experience in the past and his ambitions for the future might have been those of a successful butcher or broker. He liked to talk and think of himself as an artist, but in art, manifested in any area other than shoes, he had as little real interest as he had in pastry cooking. He had lived thirty-five of his forty-three years in New York City and he had never set foot in the Metropolitan Museum. He was more at home really in the Gibson shoe factory than he could possibly be in any studio but his own.

That, however, was neither here nor there. A picturesque story had to be written about Ed Cheney, and Claire was after it with the scent of a bloodhound and the stick-to-it-iveness of a bulldog. At half-past eleven, her chin cupped in her hands, her elbows on the polished table, she was tenaciously following one clew after another.

"Now, let's see, this old man who first asked you why you didn't try making your own kind of slippers—what was he like?" And: "Your grandmother was a professional dancer—that's good stuff—it's too bad you never saw her." Or: "What about that time you took an art course—were there any people in your class who've turned out famous?" And so on, indefatigably.

The studio was chilly. The furnace fire, banked for the night, was only enough to keep off actual cold. Claire put on her coat and Ed threw his around his shoulders. The logs for the studio fireplace had not as yet been delivered, but shortly after midnight Ed remembered that some shoes had been delivered that day, and he went down to the little storeroom back of the sales floor and broke up a half dozen wooden boxes. They built a roaring fire in the studio fireplace and relaxed a little as its grateful warmth filled the chill room.

Ed lit his pipe and Claire dropped down for a moment upon a shoe salesman's stool which had somehow found its way up into the studio. She must, she knew, begin right away again on the pursuit of the story. But for the briefest moment she allowed herself the luxury of being tired. She clasped her hands about her knees and leaned her head against the warm stone of the fireplace.

Her weariness, her pose, the firelight reddening the smoothness of her cheek, the shine of her dark hair, the slim curve of her ankles, brought out almost startlingly in Claire something of soft femininity usually hidden by her straight, boyishly plain business suit; her frank, keen, sexless business manner. She sat there, though, in the midnight stillness, her lashes dropped, long and dark against her cheek, entirely unconscious of Ed's eyes upon her, of his look, almost startled in its sudden, unexpected recognition of her charm.

Suddenly Claire became conscious of eyes—eyes that blazed away her absorption, burned through her relaxed weariness. Chill air cut bleakly into the still warmth of the studio. Claire raised her head with the quick alertness of a sensitive animal scenting danger. Standing in the

(Continued on Page 99)

As physicians do
—stop the torture of SUNBURN

. . . heal the flaming skin

ALONG the beach, by lake or stream—anywhere under the bright skies in summer: these are days to cherish.

Blistering sunburn need not steal precious hours. On guard! At the first sign of redness—spread on the dressing hospitals use—stop the smart at once—Unguentine!

Soothing Unguentine halts infection instantly—counteracts the dangerous poisons generated in the injured tissues—swiftly heals the tenderest skin. All outdoors is yours again!

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PEANUT BUTTER
Orange Marmalade
Figs in Syrup
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Yankee Beans Pork and Beans
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Tomato Soup Vegetable Soup

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Fruit Salad Grape Fruit
Peaches Pears Plums
Raspberries Strawberries
Blackberries Gooseberries
Loganberries Blueberries
Cherries Seedless Grapes
Cranberry Sauce
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Beans Beets Okra
Hominy Succotash
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Lunch Tongue Ox Tongue
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PEANUT BUTTER
Sardines
Sweet Peas Early June Peas
Green Beans Lima Beans
Sweet Corn
Diced Carrots Beets
Asparagus Points

A few choice positions for young men with a thorough knowledge of the food business who can furnish unquestioned references and are seeking a broader field leading to salesmanship and management. Apply in person at our nearest office

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(Continued from Page 97)

opened doorway was a woman, looking at the two of them there before the fire, with triumph and with hate.

"Well, this is just about what I expected," said Mrs. Edward Cheney. "Good evening, Mr. Deming."

Claire never knew, of course, exactly what took place in D. E. Gibson's office the next morning. Ed had gone on to Philadelphia according to plan. Mrs. Cheney, arriving at ten, was ushered promptly into Gibson's private office, and was closeted there with him for an hour or so.

Claire, pretending to work away in her own glassed corner, could only guess at what was going on in the other office. But she made a fairly accurate guess at that. She was sure that, with unerring feminine insight, Mrs. Cheney was appealing not to the owner of the D. E. Gibson Shoes but to D. E. Gibson, the old-fashioned man; to the D. E. Gibson who liked women to be weak and sweet and home-keeping, who had always felt really that there was something so irregular as to be almost immoral in a young woman's receiving the same salary that a young man would for doing the same work; to everything in Gibson that was male and gallant and protective.

No great keenness of accurate guessing in that. One would have known from the very way Mrs. Cheney had dressed herself for the interview—a quiet gray dress with soft white ruffles at the throat and wrists—that she was going to be pathetic and helpless and self-pitying; that she would probably cry. Claire who had, for herself, a young man's fierce proud shame of tears, knew, however, that the woman who doesn't mind crying always has a great advantage.

Through the thick oak partition she could almost see Mrs. Cheney dabbing at her eyes with a bit of scented, lacy linen, could almost hear through the solid wood Mrs. Cheney's feminine, soft, quavering voice:

"He's never been the same since he met this woman—out all hours of the night. She's in his studio all the time. They have dinner together half the nights. Oh, he was brash enough about telling me how many evenings he had to spend with Mr. Deming. To think he should have deceived me! Trips alone, the two of them, to Boston or Washington. . . . He takes no interest in his work any more—or in me—and it's all this woman. . . . Oh, Mr. Gibson, I've come right to you because I knew that you would understand—that if you once realized what has been going on you'd put a stop to it." And so on.

Claire, sitting at her own desk, trying to write chattily about rhinestone slipper heels, knew, with a sense of icy fingers clutching at her heart, just what was going on in the big private office; knew how very little her honest devotion, her honest work was going to count in the scales. Suddenly the oak door opened and Mrs. Cheney came out. She did not look through the glass wall as she passed Claire's office, but she did not need to. Anything that a look could have told was in her walk—virtue, victorious, light stepping, self-pleased. A very aura of smug triumph floated about her like a wedding veil.

It was four o'clock before Claire was summoned to the oak office. D. E. had at least believed that he had taken time to make his decision. Before she had closed the door behind her Claire knew what that decision was.

"M'm —— and while I'm extremely sorry—I realize how very hard you've worked," he finished, "and I know, believe me, Miss Deming, that there has never been anything wrong in your heart; still, there are appearances to be considered. There is the example, for one thing, that is being set to all the young girls here in the office. Moreover, Mrs. Cheney assures me that her husband's attitude toward his work is being seriously affected. I realize, of course, that this is nothing you have consciously done, but I have always felt that it might be unwise to have a young woman in so important a position ——"

He paused uncomfortably, obviously hoping that Claire was going to be sensible and not make any scene about it.

"I'm sure you understand how I feel about it, Miss Deming. And how much I regret the stand I feel compelled to take. There is no lack of appreciation of your work or your—or—character, but I—I really feel that it will not be wise for you and Mr. Cheney to—er—be working in the same firm."

He was uncomfortable, uneasy about it, and Claire realized suddenly the resource, the power this put into her hands. Gibson was not completely sold on his own stand. She could appeal to his masculinity, his chivalry, as well as Mrs. Cheney. She could play up, with a tremolo in her voice, her hours of overtime work, the fact that she had been doing her very best in what she believed was Mr. Gibson's best interests; she could even play up pathetically her own position—a young girl, utterly alone in the world with her way to make. She might even hint piteously that she had given up some other positions, that she had scrimped and worried and gone very nearly hungry while she had waited for this position—oh, the tremolo possibilities are seldom all on one side. If Claire could outcry, out-appeal, and out-woman Mrs. Cheney, quite possibly she could keep her job.

And not for one single tempted instant did Claire consider doing it. There was not the faintest hint of the hidden soft charm of femininity that had peeped out for that brief fire-lighted moment last night, as she faced her employer. There had been no dressing for this interview; her dark blue coat and gray silk shirt were plain enough for a boy. Boyish, too, was the square directness with which her eyes met the man's.

"I think you're quite right, Mr. Gibson," she said quietly. No tremolo of feminine appeal, no making him uncomfortable by very helplessness, by womanly sweetness and need. Here, instead, was a mettlesome, proud young human being who would ask no quarter, who would win gallantly or go down with the flag still flying. "I think you're quite right."

Gibson's sigh of relief showed how much he had feared she would not be sensible about it.

"It's too bad, of course," Claire went on, "but if a man's attitude toward his work is going to be shaken by every breeze he would have let you down sooner or later anyway. And if it had to come, this is really a rather fortunate time."

D. E. Gibson was too good a business man to look as surprised as he felt; and it was to the business man that Claire was talking.

"There is no point in your making an excellent position for a man if he's merely going to turn around and bite the hand that feeds him. And after this Attire article comes out it would be much more difficult, of course, to make a change."

"Are you talking"—Gibson could not keep the startled amazement out of his face—"are you talking about my letting Cheney go?"

"It seems too bad after so many years," Claire acknowledged, "but if he isn't going to be big enough for the position that his is growing into you'd come to the point where you'd have to, sooner or later, anyway. Wouldn't you?"

Being an excellent business man Gibson was diverted for a moment from the moral issue involved.

"Let Cheney go," he echoed, "and lose out on all the publicity we've got him!"

"The publicity would help Mr. Cheney greatly in getting another position, of course," said Claire, "but I don't see that you would stand to lose so much by it."

"If there's no disadvantage in losing Édouard Chenet, what's been the point of all this reputation you've been making for him?"

"You can't lose Édouard Chenet," said Claire. "I copyrighted him." Gibson could not quite keep from looking surprised. "I copyrighted the name," said Claire, "just on general principles, when I had the first line printed about him. Édouard Chenet isn't Ed Cheney. Édouard Chenet is the designer of D. E. Gibson Shoes."

Gibson looked at Claire for some moments in silence.

"In that case," he said, "I could simply get a new designer."

"None of the photographs of Ed that have already been published," said Claire, "show his face very clearly. The few people who have met him personally wouldn't count—they'd just figure they'd made a mistake somewhere. There's a very clever young Frenchman who's working for Gantz right now," she went on, "that everybody says is a comer. I've seen some of his shoes and they're lovely. Naturally, he wouldn't be working for Gantz if he weren't good. Also he's young and ambitious, and I'm pretty sure he's got a level head."

"The thing to do," said Gibson thoughtfully, "would be to sew him up on a long contract. We ought not to be changing Chenets every whipstitch."

Claire nodded, then laughed. "He's a bachelor, too," she observed. "It's too bad you can't get it into the contract that he's to stay one."

Which flippancy routed for the moment D. E. Gibson, the modern business man, leaving in his place the old-fashioned gallant who had been melted by Mrs. Cheney's tears. Ed, Mrs. Cheney had told him quaveringly, had never told her that Claire was a young woman, had always spoken of her as "Mr. Deming." It was a bit difficult for an old-fashioned gallant not to feel that this was, in some indirect way, the young woman's fault. He fixed suddenly disapproving eyes upon Claire.

"What I deplore in this matter of Mr. Cheney," he said, "has been the deception."

Perhaps Claire failed to recognize that right now D. E. wasn't talking business, or perhaps she deliberately refused to recognize it.

"I've felt that wasn't fortunate, either," she agreed without a change of tone. "I've felt right along that if a designer is to be played up as French, he ought to be a Frenchman. I've always been afraid some reporter or some rich customer might try to parley-voo with Ed."

And that was, for all practical results, the end of the interview. D. E. was preeminently a business man, and he knew good business when he saw it. But he did shake his head deploringly over Claire for several minutes after she had left the office. The whole affair might be good business, but it was shockingly irregular. Even a modern young woman who had practically lost her reputation ought to appear at least to notice she had lost it.

Going back to her own little glass office, though, Claire was walking in no floating veil of triumph. She was really feeling very sorry for Ed, cast out into the snowstorm of ancient melodrama. Even though he had, undoubtedly, brought it on himself.

At her desk, however, she shook herself briskly out of it. Sentimentality and business do not go together. Ed would not have the slightest difficulty getting another position, perhaps at a better salary than Gibson was paying him. And if the experience would be shockingly unpleasant to him, it would also be shockingly wholesome, in the long run.

Claire looked at her little office clock, at the pile of unfinished work on her desk. The monthly booklet had to be ready for the printer the next morning; she had been too nervous all day really to work. Oh, well, she'd go around the corner to the Armenian restaurant and come back and work tonight. She could build up a fire in the fireplace and work in the empty studio. It would probably be very late before she got through. But that wouldn't make any difference. Claire stretched comfortably.

"Thank heaven," she said, "I haven't got a wife."

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Protect yourself against loss; buy them in sets of four.

GOLF WE WOMEN PLAY

(Continued from Page 13)

control, as well as your equilibrium, because pressing is a sure sign you are annoyed at your inability to get distance in your shots, and have made up your mind to do it whether you can or not.

I well recall the match in the semifinal of the Women's Championship a few years ago, when I met Mary K. Browne and lost to her. I will tell you a secret about that match. I didn't expect to lose. I did not know that Miss Browne was as good as she proved to be. She was driving well—getting quite a great deal of distance from the tee—and was adept with her irons, which surprised me somewhat, for I had supposed, along with many others, that Miss Browne was a tennis player, and not a golfer. But on the greens she demonstrated that tennis was not her only love.

So I decided I would force a few more yards into my drives, and lay my mashie shots closer to the green. I would put pressure on Brownie and have it over with. So I started to outdo myself. I sent a great drive on its way. I put all I had into my swing. The ball was not only in the rough but had perversely come to rest behind a fringe of trees. I would have to pitch out to the fairway and then continue my way to the green.

Ushered to the Gallery

But when I reached my ball I saw an opening between the trees. It was possible, with a brassie, to go through the trees to the green, or thereabouts. And grimly I decided that was what I would do. On my first attempt the ball hit a tree to the right and bounded back a few yards farther than it had been originally. The second shot hit a tree to the left. The third did get through, but not to the green. I think I had an 8 on the hole.

All that was the result of pressing. An opponent who will not be left behind tempts to pressing. In a mixed match, because she cannot get the same length in her tee shots as a man, a woman will always be at that much disadvantage. If it is more than the thirty or forty yards she is outdriven. Suppose every par-four hole on men's courses were about forty yards further than the best players could span with the conventional drive, mashie shot and two putts. The result would be pressing. The men would lose control and few would make par. So par would not be four, but five. That is exactly why woman's par is a stroke higher than men's par on eight or ten of the longer holes of every eighteen-hole course.

Still it is a tribute to woman's golf progress that she is only ten or so strokes behind man in the ancient game. Thirty years ago a comparison of the sexes in a golfing way would have been purely academic. The ladies who teed off in the first championship in 1895 would have been given a handicap of two or three strokes a hole and beaten, if any man had taken the challenge seriously. But then such questions were irrelevant. Indeed, they were not even thought of. And it is conceded that men have made much progress in America in thirty years, but not nearly so much as women have. Now all we ask is six bisques.

There is one woman golfer who does not need six bisques from any opponent. She is Joyce Wethered, the English girl, who is the most perfect golfer I have seen. As a stylist she is as fine as Bobby Jones. She has the unruffled calm of Walter Hagen, the confidence of Gene Sarazen and the fighting spirit of Jesse Sweetser. Give her four bisques and she will make any of that famous quartet of men press. On her best days I believe she would need no bisques at all.

American women played golf about thirty years before anyone broke 80 in the eighteen-hole qualifying round of the National Championship. It happened that I was the first to cross that barrier. The 1924 tournament was held at Nayatt, Rhode Island, on a course I knew well, and I scored a 39–40—79. The next year, at Clayton, Missouri, Alexa Stirling led the qualifying round with a score of 77, and I was in second place with 78. The average for the thirty-two who qualified for match play was only 87.

I have scored as low as 73, on the south course of the Westchester Biltmore Club, and a few 76's, 77's and 78's on standard courses. But not often, and they were such momentous events in my life that I can describe each round, play by play, from memory.

But in England no stir is created when Joyce Wethered scores under 80. It is considered quite ordinary for her to play such courses as St. Andrews, Gleneagles and Hoylake in 72, 73 and 74. We met in the third round of the British Ladies Championship at Troon in 1925, on a rather long course with a bogey, or women's par, of 79. At the end of fifteen holes of the best golf I have ever played—I was just one stroke over par at that stage—I was out of the tournament, beaten by four holes. My illustrious opponent had played the fifteen holes in even 4's and was five under par figures.

If we had played out the round and Miss Wethered had maintained her pace, she would have had a 73 for the round. So it is not mere gossip that credits the English girl with rounds of 72, 73 and 74. I played almost perfectly that day. I foozled two tee shots and my approaches rolled into the bunkers twice. Each mistake cost me a hole. Miss Wethered was never in the rough, never in the bunkers, and never did she need more than two putts. She was over par on only one hole, but had six birdies, four of them in a row. If she had been put to it more, I have no doubt she would have done better. I did what I could, reaching the turn one under par, and one down.

Golfing writers in England said this match was "the greatest in the history of the British Ladies Championship." I cannot imagine any more perfectly played round in competition than Miss Wethered's, so I do not question the encomium. Here is the card:

Out Par	4	4	5	5	3	5	4	3	5—39
Miss Wethered	4	4	4	5	3	5	4	4	4—37
Miss Collett	4	4	3	5	4	5	4	3	5—38
In Par	5	4	5	4	3	5	6	3	5—40—79
Miss Wethered	4	3	4	4	3	5			
Miss Collett	6	5	4	4	4	5			

One of the most pleasant events in American golf would be a visit to America by Joyce Wethered. It is futile to attempt to tell you the golfer she is. I would want to have you see her in action. That first visit to me will always be wrapped up in that one match with Joyce Wethered at Troon—Joyce Wethered, queen of British golf. A title earned! Many golfers have ushered me to the galleries, but this memory lasts the longest.

The Best Ever

Joyce Wethered is English. Typically she is all that you would expect a real English lady to be. Affable and pleasant, courteous, reserved, gentle mannered. And golf! Well, it was too good for me. She is as near perfection as I ever dreamed of being when I sat in a deep-seated rocker on the front porch and dreamed my best dreams. Her drives travel straight down the fairway, her irons run safely to the greens, her little chips drop dead to the pin.

Perhaps she gave me two semichances to take in my tricks, for twice she took three putts. After I had played two perfect 4's and followed up by getting a birdie three on the third, I must have rested on my oars, being then one up. Bad policy, playing with Joyce Wethered. We were both on there in two, but her first putt was weak. Mine ran about two yards past the cup. I tried to coax it in and failed, when I should have played it boldly for the back of the cup and been two up.

We squared the match at the eighth and then I made another blunder. Just an ordinary, common, garden variety of error—flubbing a drive. Well, one cannot do that with impunity when playing Joyce Wethered. And when I made my other error, she again walked in the open door.

She ushered me to the gallery, as I said before, and as a reward I was enabled to see her in the finals matched against Cecil Leitch. Miss Leitch seemed to throw away any fear she may have labored under for her worthy rival, for the match was such as one would cross even an ocean to witness. Joyce Wethered again proved her worth and Cecil Leitch proved her mettle as a worthy opponent.

Outnumbered in Experts

The English gallery, to a player introduced to it for the first time, gives room for reflection. It is large. Not that the galleries of our own States are not large, but they really are a bit different. In Scotland on a day such as the Ladies Tournament the towns round about Troon close up shop and all fare off to witness the match. Not only the men who play golf, but women and everybody. It is a gala day.

In following the finals that day of Miss Wethered and Miss Leitch I got a close-up of the intensity of the interest of the gallery. The player never sees her ball from the time she hits it until she comes upon it again. No opportunity to get a line on the distance and the direction of the next shot until you come to it. This calls for rapid judgment.

A bevy of eight or ten girls formed a circle around the finalists after each had made her shot, to keep the player from being hurried along with the crowd. It was all quite exciting and memorable. Besides all this, there was our American flag floating proudly in the breeze beneath the Union Jack, and of a necessity you feel that you are called upon to do your utmost for your country.

Of course, we all know how strict they are in England about being on time for the matches. If you are not on the tee when your name is called you lose by default. One of the girls in our party was at Tee Number 1 fully an hour before her starting time. Pale she was when she first arrived, and as the minutes ticked themselves away she grew white and more white. She was the first of the American players to tee off, and as she represented one of the invading team, the gallery grew greater in size every minute, waiting for the American to tee off As the girl had never broken 100 and was on the party purely for the pleasure of the trip, it can easily be understood how much she must have been worried. Mae O'Gorman of Providence will never forget that ordeal

After they had played several holes a player asked her how she stood "How many holes have we played?" she asked. On being told, she replied, "Well, I'm that many down." Her pallor seemed to be on the increase. A solicitous Englishman asked if any of her friends were in the gallery.

"Oh, yes, indeed," she replied. "They are both in the clubhouse." You see, a strange gallery in a new land has a tendency to take the wits quite away from one. Everyone who has performed under such circumstances can readily appreciate these facts.

The first thing that is driven home to the American woman golfer playing in England for the first time is the very large number of women that are active in the sport. And of that number, a strikingly large part of them are of the highest caliber. We hear little in our press about many of these exceptionally fine players. There are more great golfers in the British Isles than Joyce Wethered and Cecil Leitch.

When we Americans held our first national tournament in 1895, those in the British Isles had been holding them thirty years previous to that date. That start reveals itself in the increased skill of a larger number of women players. Such names as Joy Winn, Joan Stocker, Molly Griffiths, Mrs. Alan Macbeth, Molly Gourlay, Mrs. Temple Dobell, who, as Gladys Ravenscroft, won our championship, and scores of others are ready to fill in the places when there is any open space left at the top of the ladder. And worthily can they defend the honors that the heights call for. Relatively speaking, the English players outnumber us in regard to the numbers of the truly expert.

I think it is noticeable also that the majority of these British golfers are players who are self-taught. They began the game when very young and as the American boy learns baseball, after that manner have they learned their golf. Hence they are more independent in forming their judgments and more self-reliant in all phases of the game. Unlike many American golfers, they are not dependent on a pro to explain and to correct their faults.

In England a visitor will notice less standardized styles of golf than we have on our side. But the tendency among us is to strike out for ourselves. Very few players are there who, as they pass along the fairway of golf, do not put on a bit of individuality to their style.

In my own game I feel conscious of the changes that have passed over it, and if I have found a form for my game at last, I am not at all certain that the form will be a permanent institution.

To compete successfully in British golf the American player has found that it is essential to know well the running-up type of approach. This type of shot is excellent on many of the holes that are found on the famous English courses, all of which a visitor would be anxious to play. At Stoke Poges, Prestwick, Westward Ho, and those of Walton Heath. The success that a strange golfer has in making this shot may have much to do with the tender feelings that he is apt to carry away with him from these historic places. What warm feelings Bobby Jones must hold for Sunningdale. I find that on English greens the golfer feels the necessity of coaxing the ball into the cup rather than, as in our country, of hitting boldly for the back of the hole. All of which observations might be tempered with "It all depends"—that is so.

It's Going to Rain Some More

Now, who ever spoke about golf in England without prefacing or concluding the remarks with comments on English weather? To me that is a volume that could be compiled all by itself. England has weather, especially in spring. Of course, Maytime is the season for blossoms and daisies and posies, but there is also connected with it some weather.

It is apt to rain in England. Not exactly wet rain—just a drizzle. With the customary tweeds and a woolen jacket, you really do not mind it. But it rains. Sometimes it is expected, sometimes not. But it seems safest to expect it. When you get used to expecting it, you really do not mind it a bit. Besides, the English weather makes you buy the best sort of shoes for golfing. Also umbrellas—large ones that will cover the bag, the caddy and yourself; bright ones, with red, blue and green stripes. Quite colorful on a gray drizzly day is an English golf gallery. On every visit to England a player is surely tempted to add another umbrella to his kit. As I have said before, I am looking forward to having a third for

(Continued on Page 105)

Where *Rust-Protection* is vital, Byers is chosen

A MASSIVE structure of inspiring architecture is the new 22-story building of the Ohio Bell Telephone Company, in Cleveland. With the telephone equipment which it shelters, it represents an investment of nearly eleven millions of dollars.

Modern plumbing and heating systems, designed for the health and comfort of some 2,000 workers, form an extensive network of pipes, concealed behind walls and beneath floors, throughout the building.

Such systems, in such a building, must at all hazards be designed to resist rust from within, if untold damage to the premises is to be prevented in future years, and the public is to be served, without interruption, according to the high standards of the Bell Telephone Company. Hence the extensive use of rust-resisting Byers Pipe, in this as in other monumental buildings erected in the past by the Bell Telephone Companies in many important cities.

Byers Pipe was installed for cold water supply and drinking water lines, refrigeration, soil stacks, waste and vent lines, comprising the most vital parts of the plumbing system, and further, also for the return lines in the heating system.

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It is common experience to find genuine wrought iron pipe of Byers quality only superficially corroded after upwards of 40 years' service in buildings and underground, in every part of the country. These records indicate a probable life of upwards of 75 and 100 years for most purposes where Byers pipe is subject to corrosive attack. Backed by such a record of service, it is only logical that Byers should be chosen by the most experienced architects and engineers, for the permanent protection of building investments.

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(Continued from Page 100)

my collection. At least I can collect umbrellas.

Caddies in England and Scotland are also a revelation. I wonder how they would thrive in our golf setting. My caddy in Scotland was much older than my father. He knew Troon much better than I did. I fear he felt he would like to play it for me. Brought up in the business and earning a living by means of it, they become very adept at the game. He probably gave me the best of instructions and advice, but the truth of the matter is I was short on Scotch dialect. I am not yet certain that I know all he said.

Then, golf and English weather means a number of introductions to King Boreas and his coterie of winds. When the winds sweep across from the ocean and play havoc with skirt and hair, the effects on the golf equilibrium are not slow in being felt. The game of golf is not what it ought to be when battling with the winds.

Alexa Stirling's Record

We gathered together our party after one of these windy encounters, and for the mutual good of the group we broke rules and talked shop. Finally we nailed ourselves down to these facts. It appeared, after deliberation, that when playing in winds in England it was best: 1. To keep well within yourself. No lunge, no jerk, no jump, no overbalance, no overpull, not a thing that would be abnormal. 2. To aim to get a straight low flight to the ball, by keeping hands ahead of ball at address and striving to swing straight through.

Differences in greens and these differences in playing conditions are all to be expected on a golfing trip to the British Isles. The golf in the woman of their land is essentially high class, and though there is but one Joyce Wethered, England has many players from whose encounter American women could learn fine points. Many good golfers have come to our shores from England. Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd and Mrs. Ronald Barlow have come to stay. Visitors who have left their imprint on golf's story are Cecil Leitch, her sister Edith, Mrs. Gladys Ravenscroft Dobell, Mrs. Rhona Adair Cutbell, Mrs. Muriel Alan Macbeth and Mrs. William Gavin. Mrs. Hurd has won our national title three years. Once Miss Ravenscroft took it to England.

The American woman golfer who first drew the attention of the world to the genius of her play was Alexa Stirling, now Mrs. Fraser. She was in her youth a neighbor of Bobby Jones in Atlanta. She was also of Scotch parentage. These circumstances may help explain the heights she scaled. When she gave her full attention to golf, which unhappily she no longer does, she was almost invincible, and when her powers were at their crest she went undefeated at match play for more than two years.

Her record includes three successive championships, and in six of the nine national championships she entered she was a finalist. She holds the record medal score for the National—her 77 scored in 1925. She was also the medalist in 1919 and 1923 and 1924. Her medals and cups for lesser tournaments must be legion. Her form has been the model for countless women golfers whom she has inspired to better games. I succumbed to her influence from the moment I saw her play, and I am not so sure of anything as I am that I steadily improved in the game after watching the effect of her perfectly played strokes.

A golfing temperament better than hers would be difficult to find. I never saw her flustered or hurried. She was businesslike always, and expert, and sure of herself. When she was beaten, it was because her own remarkable play had inspired or driven her opponent almost to perfection, or as near perfection as anything can be in golf.

In many respects the National of 1926 marked the highest peak of women's golf achievement. Mrs. Fraser began the spectacular performances with her medal score of 77 in the eighteen-hole qualifying round. I was one stroke behind Alexa, and seven others broke 85. Fourteen had scores between 85 and 90, and the remaining nine of the thirty-two who qualified, scored between 90 and 93. As I recall, several were tied with scores of 93, and three of them were eliminated in a play-off. The average score of the thirty-two ladies who qualified was 87, and women's par for the course was 81. In what tournament in men's golf annals has the average of the field been within six strokes of their par?

A few years before, the men's National Amateur Championship was played over this same course. Men's par was 71, and Francis Ouimet was medalist with a round of 72—one above par, as compared with Alexa's four under par. The average of the qualifiers was 81½ strokes, ten and a half strokes over their par as compared with our record of six over par.

In the match play there were some exceptional performances. Alexa had a nine-hole card of 37 against Mary Browne. I was playing as well as I have ever done, and had scores of 36, 37 and 38 in several matches. In spite of this unusual good fortune, I had difficulty in winning my matches. I barely defeated Miss Stifel, although I played exceptionally well that day. In my match with Ada Mackenzie, the Canadian champion, we had 36's for the first nine, and were even. During the second nine the rain came down in torrents, and, although the golf was not so good the match was just as close. I scored a 44 and won by two up on the last green. But I will always thank the elements. Miss Mackenzie was wearing a knitted suit which reached just below her knees. But as the rain fell harder the soaked skirt grew longer, and finally reached her shoe tops. It is no simple matter to drive with a soaked skirt clinging to your legs.

Mrs. Fraser and I reached the finals after many trying experiences. It was my second chance at the title and Alexa's ninth. She had won her championship first in 1916. I had won my first championship in 1922. The final round was thirty-six holes, and the result depended largely on stamina. Alexa was quite tired, although she would not admit it, and for that reason I was able to win quite easily.

For sustained effort I have never equaled my performance in that championship round. I played out the thirty-six holes, and my card for the two rounds was 77–75, made up of a 37–40 in the morning and a 38–39 in the afternoon.

Among the Best for 50 Years

This tournament was also notable for the appearance of the most heroic figure of all golfing history—Mrs. Caleb Fox. Mrs. Fox was a finalist in the National Championship of 1899, and that is sufficient evidence that she was then a golfer of note. In the 1925 tournament she qualified with a score of 88. Where are the men of three score and ten who will shoot an 88 with no putts conceded? I have often speculated on what Mrs. Fox would have done to the rest of us these last few years if golf had come to America when she was a girl. In 1895, when the first women's championship was held, Mrs. Fox was well over thirty. Even with the handicap of her late start, she has contrived during the last twenty or so years to defeat all of the champions.

If it is true that golfers are born, it is true also that they are occasionally born in pairs. The year 1923 was responsible for the rise of two such teams. America furnished Edith Cummings, of Chicago, winner of the Women's Championship, and her brother Dexter, who won the Intercollegiate title, under the colors of Yale. England had the Wethereds—Joyce and Roger, the greatest brother and sister golf has known.

The appearance of Miss Cummings on the golfing fields brought word to the country that the West must be reckoned with. Last year it was Virginia Wilson, and now the West has produced Miss Virginia Van Wie. Marion Turpie, of New Orleans, and Maureen Orcutt are also types of the younger golfers who are bringing a new method to the game. These young players are the hitters of the game. The old-style sweeping stroke is disappearing as youth brings in crispness and directness and enthusiasm. When they have had a few years' more experience it may be possible that the lady golfers will not require six bisques from their lords and masters. Perhaps four will suffice.

But women will not reach that desirable goal—if it is desirable—by aiming definitely at it. Women need to develop naturally. They must direct their attack on women's par, not on men's par, and must do so on courses designed with some attention to the shorter game. Today, so far as I know, there is only one course in the United States laid out with short holes for the requirements of women's short game. That is the women's national course at Glen Cove, Long Island. Another one is in the process of organization at present in Westchester County, New York. We hope to have it ready by next season.

The Giant Killer of the Links

In Chicago is the Bob-o'-Link Club which has disbarred women from its courses. It is one of the many Eveless Edens in the country. But it is no matter, for Chicago still seems to dig up a new girl or so each season. The metropolis of the Midwest has also given the game its chief usher of golf celebrities. When you win your match in a tournament, according to the quaint phrasing of the ancient game, you usher your opponent to the gallery. Mrs. F. C. Letts, of Chicago, has never won a title in the National Championship, nor even reached the final round, but she has caused many heartaches in her attempts. The draw has not dealt kindly with her and she has retaliated against fate by ushering out a fair proportion of the golfing giants she has had to face. That is why she is known on the links as the Giant Killer.

A few years back when Cecil Leitch, then the British champion and the best of women golfers, came to the United States to add the American crown to her trophies, it was freely conceded that no American player had a chance to defeat her except Alexa Stirling; and the country was none too sanguine about the chances of Miss Stirling. Miss Leitch had held her own against the best men players of Britain, she was sure to outdrive Miss Stirling and match her shots on the fairway and green.

Of course, Mrs. Letts had to face Miss Leitch in an early round. It was unfortunate, but no new experience to the long-suffering Chicago woman. However, she took it all philosophically, and was probably the only person in America who was not surprised when she ushered Miss Leitch to the gallery.

The next year it was Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd that the draw set before Mrs. Letts in the early rounds. And scarcely anyone was surprised when Mrs. Letts put her out also.

Having mentioned a formidable list of young players, and spoken highly of their long hitting and enthusiasm, I perhaps ought to explain why the present American champion is Mrs. G. Henry Stetson, a charming matron of Philadelphia—a mother with grown children. A golf champion must have a sound game, and a genuine love for it and its traditions. Mrs. Stetson's qualifications are precisely those.

Women are improving their golf much more rapidly than men. The present ten-stroke difference in men's and women's par must be revised downward, else we may be barred from more courses where masterful males feel uncomfortable in the presence of females who break 80 now and then. Men have reached the point of diminishing returns, while women still have room for improvement. But though the margin of difference can be narrowed, the gap will never

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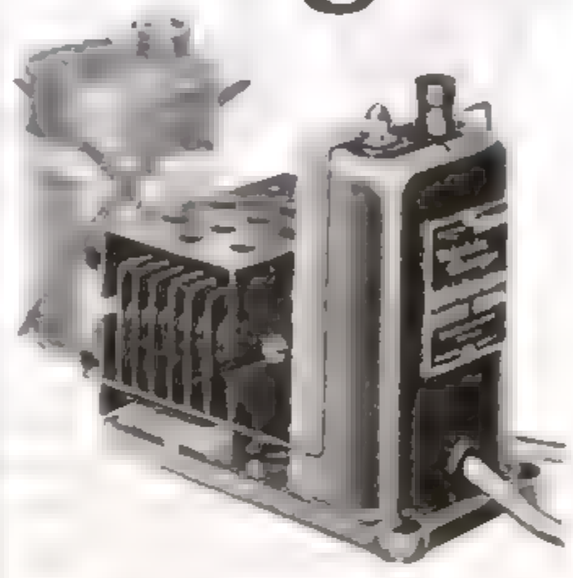

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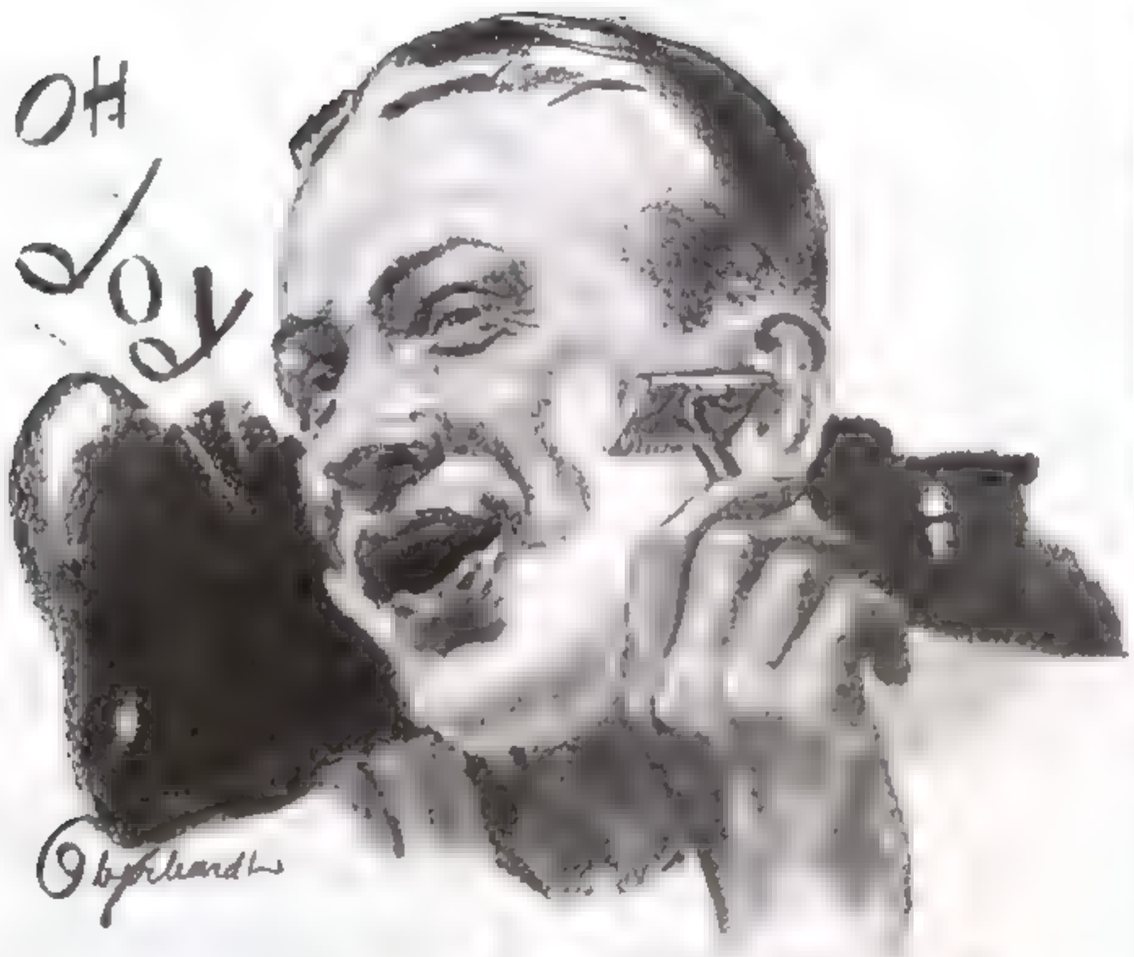

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be bridged until golf breeds an Ederle, with her physique, her deadly seriousness and her superlative confidence

There are 5000 golf courses in the United States. Give a professional to half of them, and a few assistants, and you have a group of 3000 men who think golf and play golf twelve months of the year. They put their best efforts into making their game approach perfection. They have ample opportunity by tournament play to try out their skill. No mention do I make of amateurs.

Now, I ask you, could an army of 3000 women be found who are taking a like opportunity? The obvious answer is "No." There seems little likelihood of women ever giving much serious attention to golf as a means of livelihood. The broom and mixing spoon are more likely to hold their attention yet awhile.

Second. Talk to Devereux Emmett, Donald Ross, Wayne Styles and others whose business it is to lay out golf courses. I wonder if these builders will not admit that the courses are laid out for he men—many holes conforming to the idea that the modern rubber-cored ball can be hit a mile. Full plenty thought and brains are given to making the one-shot and the two-shot hole, but even these are stretched enough. Taking it for granted that a goodly percentage of the holes can be made as low by a woman as by a man, isn't it possible to believe a premium is put on length rather than average distance plus skill?

Third. When the great prairies of the West boasted of no golf courses, and when the present ones of the South still were but swamps, England had her Kirkcaldys, Willie Parkes, Sandy Herds, her Vardons, Rays and Hiltons, far ahead of American progress. Yet today the golfers of this land have already caught up with their erstwhile betters, and as their peers they contest comfortably for the Walker Cup, and have been successful in lifting other prized crowns from the British lion.

À Bas Sir Walter

Would it not seem possible that time, too, will have its bettering effects on the woman's game? Remembering always that man's golf must be nearly at its height, there is not much leeway for improvement, while woman's game is only in its ascendancy. Its ebb tide has not even heaved in sight, and after the high tide there comes an ebb.

A type of woman golfer can be found, and my mind gleefully fashions this hypothetical player. Not at all Amazonian in build, but possessed of a full quota of physical stamina, golfing ability and a lion's share of golf sense. The picture would be somewhat as follows: A player who could drive as consistently long a ball as can Virginia Van Wie and Simone Thion de la Chaume; and added to that, the ability to dispatch a screaming brassie such as Maureen Orcutt's and Cecil Leitch's; then there would be needed in the player's make-up the irons as Alexa Sterling Fraser or Edith Cummings can play them. And, as in all good tales, I save the frosting for the last—that player of mine would have to have the approaching genius and the putting skill of Joyce Wethered.

With that equipment success would come, for such a player would have my other essential—golf sense.

Many times it has fallen to my lot to try out my game against that of a male opponent. The best known of these efforts of man versus woman are held each summer at Fairfield, Connecticut. The prestige of the male sex has never been seriously in jeopardy, although three years in succession success crowned the efforts of Edith Cummings in her combats with Max Marston.

In these yearly encounters the men give the women five bisques. After such chivalric conduct on their part, they start right in to turn the trick and feel no need of playing any Sir Walter Raleigh act, and proceed to prove their superiority. It would be toying with the facts to say that women were superior. If girls could play their very best game there would be a chance of defeating a champion if he was a bit off his stride. The facts as they manifest themselves to me seem to point to the truth that although we women may make a display of mannish-appearing golf, we cannot keep it up. We lack the strength of forearms and wrists that makes for the long carry. Except in very rare cases, our game has an element of inconsistency in it, and this is apt to display itself when most undesired.

Not Even Thinking About It

The best in the women's ranks can comfortably keep up with the better-than-average man golfer, but as yet needs must accept handicaps from those on the top rungs of the ladder. Admitting, however, the difference in the two games, I can discern a faint trace of possibility of making them even.

The type, of course, might in time be on different lines from those now in vogue. A premium may one day be placed on ordinary yardage and on skill. The contention that a woman cannot get back spin, fade-aways and what nots is not backed up by facts. You ought to see Joyce Wethered make the ball back-spin!

Then, too, women are making improvements in every line of athletics. The progress of woman's rise in athletics has kept pace with her curtailment in habiliments. Examples are the one-piece bathing suit, the sleeveless tennis costume, the boyish figure of the golf attire. The more comfortable the clothes have become, the more marked the improvement in sports.

To win the race is worthy of achievement, but picking up the golden apples along the way also has its major attractions, and herein lies the true reason no woman has yet raised her eyes toward man's golf Olympus. I never heard of a woman who ever gave it a thought. No woman would care to make the grade.

Cut off our hair to keep the flying ringlets from bothering while we putt; train our muscles to obey the brain's behest. But to make our bodies hard as nails by muscular training, or to get our heads to the state of baldness to acquire greatness on golf, is far beyond our desires.

Mine is not the task to tell by whom or when or where the Rubicon that separates the games of the sexes is to be crossed. Yet I might be truth-telling if I made the statement of its possibility. Jules Verne was not accepted as a truth-telling individual when he wrote of trips under the ocean. Yet when the Deutschland poked her periscope through the waters of New London Bay after her journey across the Atlantic, I, in truth, would have hailed him as the counterpart of George Washington. When women think about the winning of everything in golf, it will be time to worry. Meanwhile we await developments.

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KEEPING THE MISSISSIPPI IN ITS BANKS AND OUT OF POLITICS

(Continued from Page 17)

And from far-off corners Solons sweetly sing,
"Here's the old pork barrel, boys! Flood control's the thing!"

The memory of a republic's people is short. If it were longer we would all remember that the trunk containing the question of improvement of the Mississippi never is opened without its being filled with a hodgepodge of claims for the improvement of Myrtle Creek and Dog-gone Harbor, the reclamation of Stagnant Desert for the raising of camphor trees, and of other deserts which in many cases already have eaten up, with no particular return, great sums of Federal assets.

It is true that in the 1912 campaign Roosevelt said: "We, the nation, must build the levees, and build them better and more scientifically than ever before." And that Wilson said: "In the case of the Mississippi River, that great central artery of our trade, it is plain that the Federal Government must build and maintain levees and keep the great waters in harness for the general use." And that Taft said: "I am strongly in favor of spending the money to save that part of the country from floods in a reasonable time and to provide a proper levee system." But any one of them might have added, "And here come the joy riders!"

The moment a Congress is assembled to make a political question of Mississippi flood control—be sure of it!—unless there are at hand the highest-grade information, the most assured and unassailable plan, and the best possible apportionment of equities and of contribution obligation as between states and between the states and the Federal Government, not only will Coolidge and the taxpayers see a general gold rush aimed at their economy program, but any comprehensive Mississippi flood control project will be delayed, dismembered, politicked, logrolled and covered from head to foot with leeches.

All-Inclusive Plans

Sic semper gold-dig! If the past is any indication of the future, any relief to the Mississippi Valley proposed by any method other than by a noncongressional, sound and sane, nonpartisan and equity-balanced plan, well matured and presented with the confidence and sentiment of the country in its favor, will contain:

Hydroelectric developments in distant corners.
Swamp-drainage schemes.
Canal systems on the coast.
Great Lakes dredging.
Tree forestation.
Purification of stagnant waters.
Chicago-to-the-sea waterways.
Docks for sick harbors.
Protection for the shrimp industry.
Irrigation of mountain slopes.
Free railway grading.
Impounding of the waters of Tiddledee River.

Under such conditions the clamor for an extra session of Congress, usually accompanied by the tears of the crocodile, was, in many instances, a clamor inspired by hunger to get more noses into the Federal feed bag. Or it was party campaign tactics. It was like the clamor for Coolidge to go to the scene of the flood, a demand which was intended by partisan politics to create a situation where the President could be painted as a heartless *glacé* if he stayed on his job, or could be put into the position of a political soft-soaper if he went.

If one is a common citizen and feels sincere interest in the future of this flood-menaced empire of ours, why not look to those who will tell the unveneered truth about Mississippi floods, and who after years of study know most about what can be done to control them?

No doubt it is good policy for those who know the subject—men like Hoover and the Secretary of War, General Jadwin of the army engineers, and members of the Mississippi River Commission—to take the position that they will listen indulgently to every suggestion and every plan for flood control. No doubt it is good policy to have hearings and receive all the counsel, good or bad, which is obtainable.

The chances that any of this counsel and advice will be any news to those who have been studying the subject for years, or would even have been news to their predecessors, are slight indeed.

The taxpayers of the United States should be told with some unhesitating frankness that most of the amateur suggestions, whether offered, as many are, with sincere benevolence, or for self-advertisement, or as an advance agency for some congressional lobby of water-power projects or contractors or selfish local interests, may be novel, but are not new, may be as ingenious as Jules Verne, but are as impractical as sewing handkerchief pockets on young pigs.

Plenty of Expert Opinion

There is a very general idea all over the country that flood control of the Mississippi is quite a new problem. The flood of 1927 comes, and everywhere there are persons who spring out of their boxes to say that the subject should be studied and American ingenuity invoked. "Never let it happen again!"

Editorial writers are shocked and congressmen hold that the army engineers and river-district veterans must be taken to account for the heavy rains which so far have not obeyed either congressmen or engineers. There is a demand for some great engineer to come galloping in all covered with foam, with a blue print in his manly hand, and then learn overnight the hard cold facts. Months and years of study of trial and error with the Father of Waters is necessary before any such Moses would know as much as a levee foreman—unless those who had been at it told him.

And those who have been at it are glad to tell. The army engineers are glad to tell. Col. Charles L. Potter, now president of the Mississippi River Commission, who has had twenty-seven years of knowledge of the problem, is glad to tell. Col. C. McD. Townsend, his predecessor, who knows about flood control all over the world, is glad to tell. The weather experts of the Government are glad to tell. The railway engineers are glad to tell.

Therefore why listen to the president of the Reno Sewing Circle or to Congressman Wicklight, who started with dentistry and ended with a law office over Tolliver's drug store?

The statement of what has been done in study of flood control and of the body which has spent nearly $200,000,000 on both construction and maintenance is given in a report to Congress.

In answer to the demands of those who were interested in both problems—that is, in navigation and also in flood protection—Congress, in 1879, created the Mississippi River Commission. It was made the duty of the commission, by the act creating it, "to take into consideration and mature such plan or plans and estimates as will correct, permanently locate, and deepen the channel and protect the banks of the Mississippi River, improve and give safety and ease to the navigation thereof, prevent destructive floods and promote and facilitate commerce, trade and the postal service."

In other words, the commission was to make a thorough investigation and to devise and report a plan by which the problems, both of navigation and of flood control, could be best and most economically solved. This was a mixed commission—that is, was composed of three engineer officers from the Army, one from the Coast and Geodetic Survey, two civilian engineers, and one civilian who need not be an engineer. Since its organization there have been thirty-two members of the commission all told, and sixty-five engineers connected with it. After an elaborate study of the river and many experiments the commission at last arrived at the conclusion that there was but one economical plan by which either problem could be solved, and that plan, if carried out, would solve both.

The engineers agreed, as have all the engineering commissions heretofore appointed by the Government to study the problem, that these floods can be controlled and passed in safety to the sea by means of levees built along the banks of the river and by preventing those banks from caving into the river by the building of works of revetment. They were unanimous, also, in the opinion that these floods can be controlled by no other means. They were also of the opinion, and equally unanimous, that a navigable channel of sufficient depth to carry the commerce of the future could be maintained economically by these same means and in no other way.

Maj. E. M. Markham, testifying before the Committee on Commerce in 1916, commented wisely upon the newcomers who approach the problem with gestures of brand-new opinionation. He said:

"I think the matter has perhaps gotten into a state of confusion for a number of years, due to the fact that the advocates of other methods have merely stated generalities and have never gotten into details, so far as I can see; but I have convinced myself very earnestly that there is no other method of controlling the floods except by levees and revetments."

And that is just the trouble. The average conclusions of these newcomers are brilliantly conceived but unfortunately are based upon a river as they conceive it and not a river as it is—upon waters as they wish they were rather than upon waters as they are.

The innocent or the wily volunteers of various plans for flood control are usually even ignorant of the Mississippi River Commission, its organization or its extent of investigation and experience, in which it has not only the aid of the army engineers in charge of the various districts of the river but a tremendous accumulation of data as to rainfall, drainage, cubic second-feet of flow, flood gauges and proved-good and proved-bad methods and devices.

There is no proper realization yet that the Mississippi River Commission has been operating for nearly fifty years and is not a sitting-room body, but an organization covering a tremendous territory and employing hundreds of experts and thousands of workers.

Persistent Fallacies

After two years of contact with the river before the war and two weeks of intensive observation of this flood between the artificial crevasse below New Orleans and the office of the commission in St. Louis, I would no more think of offering any of my plans for flood control than I would think of offering the Navy the blue prints for a battleship. I have learned that my secret plans for flood control were no more practical than would be my plans to teach Chinese spelling to General Chiang.

But now, stepping on the tail of the 1927 flood, along comes every misconception, every myth, every persistent fallacy with which those who know the business have had to deal year after year.

Let us discuss a few. There is the fallacy which persists with all the tenacity of the most persistent lie in the world. This fallacy is that levee building is a discouraging work because the higher we build levees the more the bottom of the river rises. The river engineers dismiss this with an amused statement that this bit of nonsense came about because dwellers in the valley saw levees gradually built higher and higher for better flood protection and merely assumed that the higher levees were made necessary by a general rise in the whole bed of the river. Those who know have no hope whatever that this fallacy will ever die.

There is the fallacy that European experience has demonstrated that other than levee systems can be depended upon to control floods. The exact contrary is true. The Po, Rhine, Rhone, Danube and the other rivers where flood control is a problem have been successfully treated with levees as the main line of defense.

The Mississippi and the Nile

Then the fallacy of comparing the Mississippi and the Nile. Colonel Townsend dismisses this easily. He says:

"Many persons in the United States—some even in the Mississippi Valley—argue that as the heights of floods have increased as the land has been reclaimed, this is sufficient evidence that there are no limits to the heights which the river will reach, and that levees should therefore be abandoned, mounds constructed to preserve cattle and other farm animals during the floods, and the cultivation of the country confined to periods in which there is no overflow. Such critics point to the Nile as an example, and argue that as this method of handling the Nile has been successful, it should be applied on the Mississippi.

"It is unquestionably true that the flood waters of the Nile have for ages been permitted to spread over its valley with beneficial results, but it by no means follows therefrom that other rivers should be similarly treated.

"The Nile rises near the equator and flows from a tropical toward a temperate zone. This characteristic differentiates it from most of the other large rivers of the world. Its floods arise from tropical storms during the early winter months, which reach its mouth early in the spring. It therefore deposits its silt on the land and subsides before the agriculturist is prepared to plant his crops. In fact, as there is little rain in the Nile Valley, it is impossible for the crops to grow until the river overflows.

"The conditions on the Mississippi are the reverse. Its sources are in the ice-bound north, and it flows toward the tropics instead of away from them. The snows at some of its sources are beginning to melt when the floods of the Nile have reached the sea. Bounteous rains occur in the lower valley, and the crops are therefore well advanced before the flood arrives. The floods of the Nile prepare the land for the farmer, while those of the Mississippi destroy the crops he has planted.

"Men have lived and could live again under such conditions, but not comfortably, according to modern ideas. Such abandonment of all attempts at control of the river would leave it free to work its own will on its banks. It would wander hither and thither around sand bars which it had built from material taken from its caving banks and which it would be unable to remove. It would behave as it did in the ages when it was building the alluvial valley. The same law of sedimentary deposit which obtained then would be present and controlling. A narrow margin of land adjacent to the overflow would be built up, beyond which would stretch interminable swamps filled with water. No intelligent man can entertain seriously such a proposal as this."

But it is often made. In the recent flood, letters galore, citing the Nile, passed over the desks of the President, of the army engineers, of Hoover and Davis and the Mississippi River Commission.

There is the fallacy that the big floods on the Mississippi are caused in the main by waters, rains or thaws coming from the north southward. The fact is that the biggest contribution of water in these

(Continued on Page 113)

"For three years I was a slave *to* cathartics"

Mr. John L. Porter, *with his children, Margaret and Jack, on the beach near San Francisco, Calif.*

"Pills and Tonics *I spent many dollars on them with no results. After I had given a dozen of these remedies a fair chance I wasn't any better.*

"*I was actually taking a laxative every night—that was the state I had reached as a result of chronic constipation, indigestion and biliousness.*

"*I often wished that I never had to eat, I felt such distress after every meal.*

"*Then I started in with Fleischmann's Yeast—more to please a couple of my friends than for any other reason. They argued that Yeast had helped many others that it wouldn't do me any harm. I followed their advice three months ago and ate my three cakes regularly every day.*

"*Today I can honestly and truthfully say that my whole constitution has been marvelously helped. I absolutely forgot about laxatives after seven weeks! I once more really enjoy my meals.*"

John L. Porter, San Francisco, Calif.

THIS is the way yeast works—gently but surely overcoming constipation and its attendant ills. Almost before you know it you really feel like a new person.

Mysterious?—not at all. Yeast is simply a corrective food. Each cake consists of millions upon millions of living plants, grown in a nutritious extract of malt and grain. Unlike drugs, which merely stimulate the body to temporary, abnormal activity, yeast keeps the whole system *clean*—and *active*. It purifies the digestive and intestinal tracts, checking the absorption of dangerous poisons by the blood. It gradually strengthens the sluggish intestinal muscles, aiding the processes of elimination.

One person in every third family in the United States and Canada is a user of this truly amazing food! Start today: make Fleischmann's Yeast a part of your regular diet. See how your constipation gradually disappears and with it that constant discouraging feeling of weariness. You can again enjoy a normal digestion, a fresh healthy skin.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-41, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

BELOW

MRS. CHAMBERS WRITES: "For two or three years my two little girls had severe stomach and skin trouble. Certain things they ate invariably upset them. I tried medicines, dieting, but nothing seemed to help except temporarily. I had noticed Fleischmann's Yeast advertised for such trouble and decided to try it. I gave them two cakes a day and in three weeks the skin eruptions had entirely disappeared, and neither of them has had any since. As to their stomachs, they can now eat anything short of nails. I still feed them a cake of Yeast a day just to be safe."

Mrs. Lottie C. Chambers, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

"MY STORY should be a convincing one, as it is written by one who for twenty years had suffered from what was considered incurable constipation. Not to mention all its attendant ills. I had fits of depression, pains, headaches, sleepless nights. Physics, cathartics, I tried everything—except an operation. I had even tried Fleischmann's Yeast—but in an unsystematic fashion . . . After reading some of the published letters of Yeast enthusiasts I decided to give Yeast another and real trial, and to use ordinary patience as a part of the cure. Today I am a living example of the real cure for chronic constipation—three cakes of Yeast a day for eight weeks. I have grown to like it as a food. At night (I take it dissolved in a glass of milk) it makes a 'nightcap' fit for a king. I am a writer and can heartily recommend Yeast to all whose work requires rested nerves."

Mrs. Rex Barrett Hagen, Seattle, Wash

Howard Chandler Christy, *noted American painter, in his beautiful New York City studio*

"I AM PROMPTED to write you this letter of appreciation for the benefit which I have received from using your fresh Yeast. In painting portraits all day long a great expenditure of vitality is required. I find the use of your Yeast is a great benefit in restoring my energy and in keeping me fresh for the work, and a-plenty left over for enjoyment of The Social Life."

Howard Chandler Christy, New York City

Lucille and Edith, *children of Mrs. Lottie C. Chambers, on the beach at Fort Lauderdale, Fla.*

One person in every third American family keeps well this new easy way

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For quick results dissolve cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Train yourself to regular daily habits.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

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That gains gallonage!

Every gallon measured visibly. ***That gains gallonage!***

Every gallon measured with positive accuracy. ***That gains gallonage!***

Elimination of the wet hose evil—Control at Nozzle. ***That gains gallonage!***

Every gallon is recorded. ***That gains gallonage!***

Every measured gallon is positively delivered. ***That gains gallonage!***

It is power-operated and has pressure discharge. ***That gains gallonage!***

The speed is amazing. ***That gains gallonage!***

The design is unusually beautiful. ***That gains gallonage!***

What is probably one of the greatest single contributions towards the further development and betterment of the thousands of already excellently equipped and well-managed gasoline filling stations, is the introduction of America's newest gasoline pump—the Fry Super-Twin.

Knowing the puzzling problems of every gasoline station owner, Fry undertook the responsibility of developing a more advanced pump which would make marketing of gasoline simpler, speedier, snappier, more attractive and more profitable.

At last this new pump is ready! For the development and perfection of the astonishing Fry Super-Twin eliminates in a most sweeping manner practically every single problem that has ever confronted you in connection with the sale of gasoline. Think that over—then read on!

This new and advanced pump is truly the answer to every pump buyer's dream.

Never before in the history of the entire pump industry has a pump been offered in which are incorporated so many refinements, each one of which is specially designed as a profit-producing aid to your business.

Already the more thoughtful buyers in all parts of the country are installing this latest pump. Now more than ever, Fry is recognized as the outstanding authority on service-station equipment.

The Fry Super-Twin, like all modern inventions, is a great aid to both the buyer and seller. It gives the buyer of gasoline—the motorist—faster, more economical, always accurate service. It gives the seller an opportunity to widen his business, increase his profits, and to make himself known as the most progressive, most alert and most deserving filling-station operator in his vicinity.

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Respect Fire as a good servant. Hate Fire as a dreadful enemy. Keep him in his rightful rôle of servant by doing everything you can to balk his villainy. Be careful. Be watchful. Always.

If each one of us was as careful as he could be about Fire, hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of property would be saved every year. More than half of our annual fire losses are due to carelessness.

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(Continued from Page 108)

lower-valley floods which spread destructively toward the Gulf of Mexico has just come from the Gulf of Mexico. It has ridden in the Zeppelins of the clouds and knows nothing whatever of what is going on in the upper valley or the upper tributaries.

A former president of the commission has said of the greatest of the various floods:

"The greater Mississippi Valley is bounded on the east by the Appalachian chain and on the west by the Rocky Mountains. These mountain ranges exert a great influence on its floods. The winds blowing from an easterly direction deposit most of the moisture they absorb from the Atlantic Ocean on the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, and therefore cause little rain in the Mississippi Valley; the Rocky Mountains intercept the moisture from the Pacific Ocean. Though showers occur from winds blowing over the Great Lakes, the original source of the floods of the Mississippi is to be sought in the Gulf of Mexico.

Trees and Floods

"During the winter and spring the land of the Mississippi Valley, no matter what its soil or the nature of its covering, is cooler than the waters of the Gulf, and a southerly wind, becoming saturated with moisture as it passes over the water, will precipitate that moisture on the land in copious rains, or in snow when the temperature is sufficiently low. A wind from the southwest sweeps up the Ohio Valley; one from the south carries moisture to the upper Mississippi; one from the southeast to the valleys of the Arkansas and the Missouri; but in all cases there is a tendency for the greatest rainfall to occur near the coast, and gradually to decrease as the wind currents travel inland. Thus the average annual rainfall at New Orleans is 60 inches, at Memphis 52 inches, at Cincinnati 42 inches, at Pittsburgh 36 inches, and at St. Louis 40 inches. At the headwaters of the upper Mississippi it is but 25 inches, and at the headwaters of the Missouri but 13 inches. Though floods do not arise from mean conditions but from exceptional rainfall, when 6 to 10 inches fall in a week, these figures are good indices of flood volumes as we find from observation by the Geological Survey at Williston, North Dakota, that the flood discharge of the upper reaches of the Missouri is about one second-foot per square mile of drainage area; measurements at St. Paul give an extreme flood discharge of the upper Mississippi of slightly over two second-feet per square mile. In the Ohio it is about six second-feet, and in the Ouachita, St. Francis and Yazoo rivers from eight to ten.

"From the above it will be seen that the rainfall is very unequally distributed over the Mississippi Valley, being least at the upper sources of the tributaries, and rapidly increasing as you approach the main stream."

The 1927 flood raised its havoc without being affected by any abnormal contributions from the upper river or the Ohio.

The dismissal of that fallacy brings us to the dream of reforestation as the key or important auxiliary to flood control. There is no doubt that reforestation, standing on its own merits, is important to any country, but the recently published statements from the Department of Agriculture give the general impression that reforestation has an important and practical place in control of such floods as came in 1845, 1912, 1922 and 1927. The importance of forests in this respect has long been emphasized, says the department, but until recently very little attention has been given to the effect of the continued destructive washing of large areas of cultivated farm land and pasture lands.

"Reforestation and forest protection," says E. A. Sherman, associate forester of the Forest Service, "will unquestionably enter into any plan for the future control of the Mississippi. Claims that the present flood is due to forest destruction or claims that reforestation has no bearing upon flood prevention are both exaggerations. Every acre of land in the immense catchment basin of the Mississippi system contributes in one form or another, at one time or another, to the flood problem. It is idle to say the scores of millions of acres of forest land within this basin have no relation to the flood problem. The plans for preventing a recurrence of a flood of this magnitude must, as one of their essential factors, include the reforestation of the headwaters of the Mississippi and its tributaries."

There are several facts which would appear to prick the hopes of the forestry advocates. Let us cite a few of these realities:

First. Flood control is needed today as well as after the hundred years of forest growth needed to accumulate the leaf humus which is supposed to hold water like a blotter. The problem is of this century, not the next.

Second. The largest flood known to man's memory, and even larger floods recorded in the behavior of the river in prehistoric periods, happened before forests were cut off.

Third. Any reforestation extensive enough to touch the problem would require that agricultural and industrial land wrested from the wilderness should be returned to the wilderness. Farmers and business men volunteering to give property, please, step forward!

Fourth. The territory of rapid, heavy winter and spring rainfall which can make a devastating flood all by itself, as it has just done, is territory which even Nature herself did not dedicate to trees.

Fifth. It is not certain that forestation does the slightest good. Colonel Potter, president of the Mississippi River Commission, has an example of accurate observation which he introduces by saying, "I have never been able to decide whether rainfall produces the forests, or the forests the rainfall, but I have evidence of the effect of forests on run-off."

He gives this evidence in the Engineering News Record. The territory in question has 3265 square miles, and he says:

"The run-off percentages were as follows:

	PER CENT
1885–1891 Primeval conditions	20.2
1892–1898 Deforestation begun	22.7
1899–1905 Most active deforestation	34.2
1906–1912 Partial relapse to scrub	23.7

"This indicated that deforestation had done its worst, and that relapse to scrub was bringing the run-off back to its primeval rate. I looked for even greater improvement as time advanced.

Farms Better Than Forests

"I have recently obtained the records for the past eleven years, bringing the data down to date. For the full eleven years the rate of run-off has been 23.1 per cent, a drop of .06 since 1912. Taking the past seven years, for comparison with my original seven-year periods, the run-off is reduced to 19 per cent, or 1.2 per cent below anything recorded. A visit to this area in the summer of 1923 showed a full growth of scrub and increased farming. This is why I maintain that land cleared of timber and gone back to scrub, as has probably 80 per cent of this area, is equal to, if not greater than the original forest in reducing run-off. As more of this land goes under cultivation, the run-off will be less. This brings me to my early theory that farms are better than forests in reducing run-off."

Then comes the fallacy that farmers in the whole drainage territory can be induced to engage in contour plowing, can be wheedled into turning a back furrow every yard, can be asked to abandon the drainage systems they have constructed and to restore or maintain their swamp land. All this would help a little, but it is as practical as asking the owners of nearly 40 per cent of the United States to bottle the water that falls on their property and send it by rail freight to the Atlantic Seaboard.

The fallacies that hook most inexperienced opinion are those which attempt to solve flood control by two steps of thought.

The first thought is to turn away from measures such as levees of sufficient strength and height—the accepted method of taking floods safely away.

The second thought is to turn toward any scheme aimed at holding floods back.

Among those errors of ingenuity, the proposal to solve everything by impounding water in reservoirs up the river and up its tributaries is the commonest. Broadly considered, the fallacy in this is that the reservoir sites where the cost of impounding areas would not be prohibitive are in districts which are the least valuable. And where would those districts be? Why, in the areas where the rainfall is inconsiderable! If the proposed region of reservoirs is in territory where the rainfall is greater, the cost of the land occupied by reservoirs would be staggering. It is often pointed out that the St. Lawrence has its natural reservoir system. The St. Lawrence drainage is about one-quarter of the Mississippi system. And its impounding system is the Great Lakes.

The Reservoir System

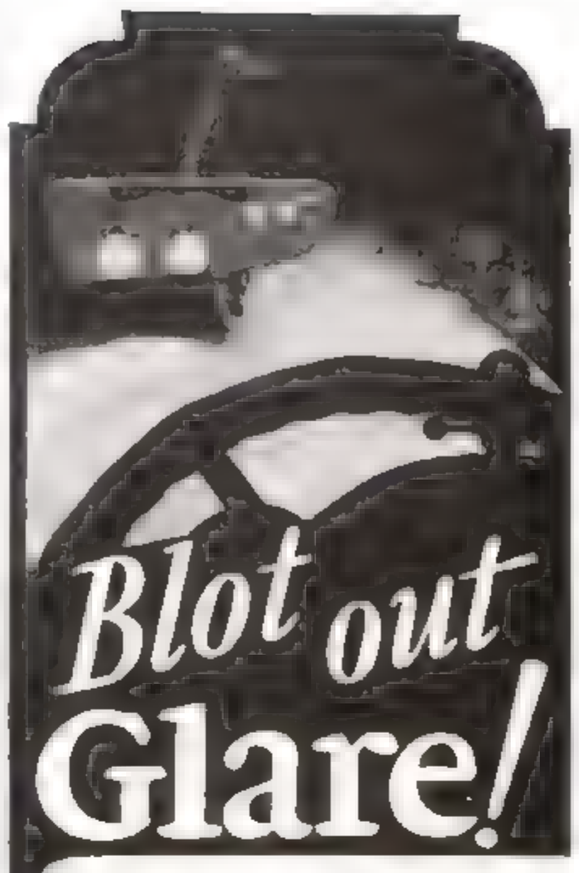
Colonel Potter, in the survey already quoted, presents the following facts:

"It has been estimated that, in order to reduce flood level three feet at New Orleans, a reservoir fifteen feet deep at Cairo would have to cover 7235 square miles, or 4,630,400 acres—seven-eighths of the area of the state of Massachusetts—having a capacity of more than 3,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. In the rolling lands of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky and Tennessee, it is doubtful if there could be found large reservoir sites where an average depth of fifteen feet could be stored. Assuming it could, land for such reservoirs, covering rich farms, highways, railroads, and even towns, could not be had for less than an average of $200 an acre, representing a cost for land and damages of nearly $1,000,000,000. If we double that, to provide for all the storage in one-half the area—shown above as possibly necessary—we are piling up costs unknown to anything but war, running the Government and bonus legislation. In the mountainous regions reservoir sites could be found giving greater depths, but less area and with less value to lands. But if the rainfall occurred largely in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, as in 1912, reservoirs in the Appalachian Mountains could not do much good. However, the cost outlined is for land and damages only, and there are many other elements of cost besides these."

Another eminent engineer, with half a lifetime of experience with the Mississippi floods, points out that the largest system of reservoirs built in any country and having twice the capacity of those proposed by the Pittsburgh Flood Commission are successful to control high water and augment low water. But he says, "While these Upper Mississippi reservoirs materially increase low-water discharge at St. Paul and markedly reduce flood heights, yet 100 miles farther down the river it is impossible to detect their influence during either high or low water."

Said Colonel Townsend in 1912: "I have recently been appointed a member of a board to investigate the use of reservoirs to protect the city of Pittsburgh from overflow. The Pittsburgh Flood Commission has a carefully prepared project which proposes to store in seventeen reservoirs 59,000,000,000 cubic feet of water, at an estimated cost of about $21,000,000, which I consider very reasonable. Fifty-nine thousand millions is a pretty large-looking figure, but I made a little computation to see what it meant when translated into a unit applicable to the Mississippi River, and found that during less than seven hours 59,000,000,000 cubic feet of water flowed by the latitude of Red River at the crest of the recent flood."

In other words, in the flood of this year the whole great heralded salvation of impounding waters by this project would be



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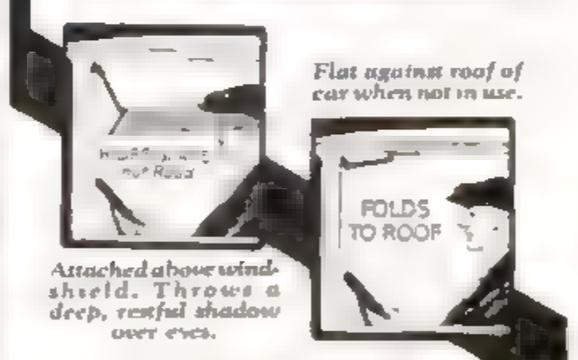

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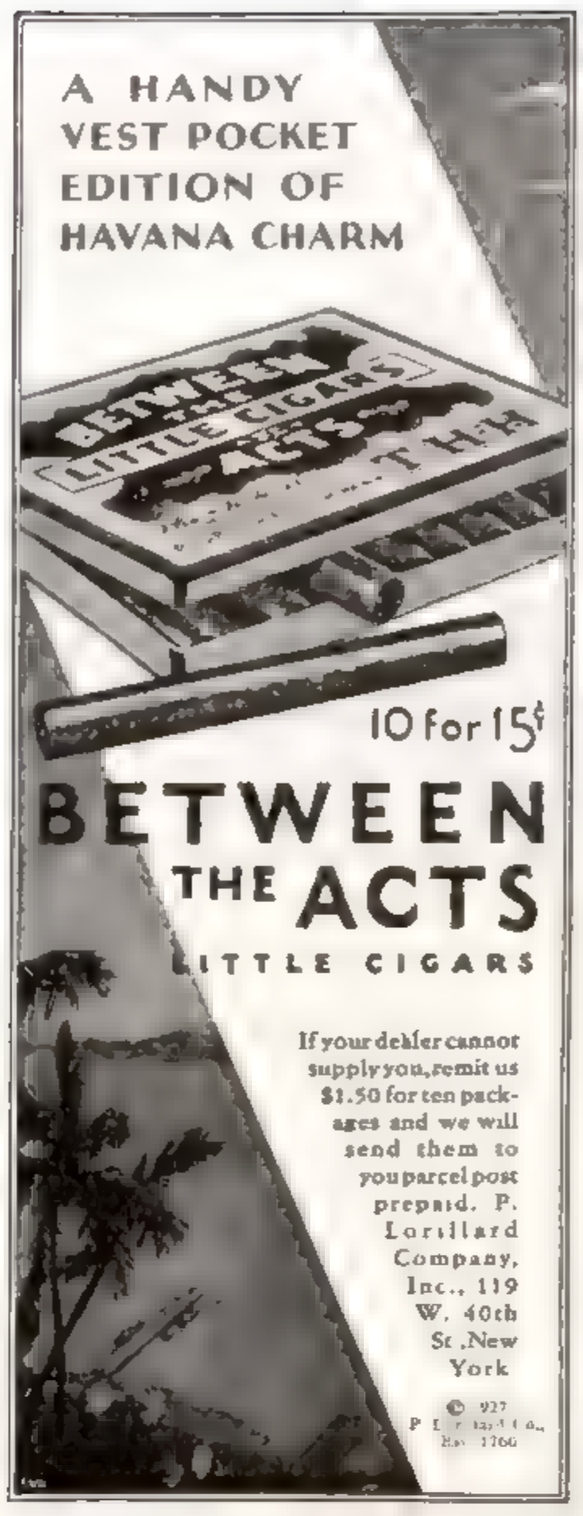
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PINAUD'S LILAC

[*Lilas de France*]

sucked off to sea from the lower reaches of the Mississippi in less time than it takes the sun to dry out a flannel shirt.

No one opposes reservoir developments which are built locally to control local conditions. If the Federal Treasury is not tapped in cases where the national Government has no equitable responsibility, who will complain? If hydroelectric or irrigation developments will pay the cost of impounding water, let private concerns or local public enterprise lay hold. But any proposal to impound water as a major operation to prevent floods such as this one of 1927 will smell enough like the pork barrel and a lobby of special interests to make every sensible taxpayer in the United States rub his eyes and prick up his ears.

Just as the impounding of water interests the upper reaches of the river system, so do spillways into the Gulf interest the lower reaches of the system. Just as reservoirs do little good a distance down, so, also, spillways do little good some distance up.

The spillway is merely a device to give a new outlet near the mouth of the river. The proposal for permanent spillways has been in the hands of a special commission, and studies are still continuing, with real hope that Louisiana may find relief through permanent spillways.

Three main proposals are made. One is to cut a spillway above New Orleans into Lake Pontchartrain and thence to the Gulf. There stand in the way objections of local interests. Another proposal is to cut into the Gulf below New Orleans. Against these discharges toward the Mississippi shore of silt-bearing waters, destructive to oyster, shrimp, resort and other coast interests in Mississippi, there is certain to be protest. A third ambitious proposal is to go up the river above Baton Rouge where, on the west side, the Red River and the Mississippi join. Anyone can find it on the map. There is the Atchafalaya Basin; there is the district which during this May was inundated. From there to the Gulf is about 160 miles, a somewhat shorter distance than the present course of the Mississippi. Indeed, it is quite probable that this old basin was the former bed of the river.

And now the spillway proposal becomes interesting! Suppose this spillway was dredged out again, regardless of cost? Is there any guaranty that the Father of Waters might not desert its present course and heave over into its old bed? Yes; control devices shutting off the flow down the Atchafalaya when necessary.

A Short Route to the Sea

But no one knows what such control devices would cost; no one knows how securely they could be built. And it is not beyond the realm of imagination that New Orleans might lose her river! If she did the Gulf would immediately throw back into the passes a complete stopper of silt.

In May I went over the upper end of the Atchafalaya basin when the flood was just bursting its way into it. One old levee engineer said, with impressive solemnity, "It wouldn't take a great deal of encouragement for the Mississippi to come this way, and if it did, there might be a port called Atchafalaya City to make new history!"

In 1912, testifying before the Committee of Commerce, Capt. Charles H. West of the M. R. C. did not regard this speculation as absurd. He was speaking of the same situation which arose in 1927. He said:

"It is impossible for anyone to foresee accurately what will be the effect when the water escaping through the crevasses in the upper Tensas Basin finds its way down to the lower end of Red River at the head of Atchafalaya, and there meets with the waters that are kept between the levees. There is almost certain to pile up a great head of water at the upper end of Atchafalaya Basin, and no one can possibly foresee what may be the result. Should the levees at the head of Atchafalaya give way before this great wall of water, practically all of the Atchafalaya Basin, the largest of all the basins, would be flooded; and as the route to the sea by the Atchafalaya River is about 100 miles shorter than the route by the Mississippi, it is possible that it might form a new channel that would change all the conditions below the mouth of Red River."

It is true that spillways may offer relief to the lower reaches of the river. And there is no one who fails to hope that they will. It is true, however, that there will be certain opposition to any spillway plan, contending interests between states and some startling and perhaps unforeseen results of fooling around the old Mississippi's mouth.

Colonel Potter has this to say of spillways in his article in the Engineering News Record:

"It is the function of the engineer first to apply figures. Even if figures prove him right, he must study precedents. If precedents are lacking, he must study analogies. Figures prove the spillway a success; precedents are lacking; but unfortunately we have had analogies in many crevasses in the levee line. These are natural spillways, with the crest of the weir at bank level. Many surveys have been made and there is no doubt that the immediate effect of a crevasse is to form a bar in the river below it, and that in a short time the water levels rise again, due to the reduced capacity of the stream. The spillway enthusiasts claim that a controlled spillway will not act like a crevasse. The commission cannot see it that way. In fact, the crevasse has the advantage of getting natural relief from the obstructive bar formation below, and consequent increased head, by widening out and carrying an increased volume of water."

A Synonym for Control

"If a spillway is to be installed near New Orleans, it should be above rather than below the city. Practically the entire New Orleans front is built up with wharves. The underwater bank is very steep and the water very deep. The banks have been formed by the river through the ages, and under conditions of normal current. Their equilibrium is none too stable; many sections have had to be revetted, and some have had to be buttressed under water to prevent settling under the added load of the wharves. New Orleans had better be in the region of the reduced current—below the spillway—rather than in the region of increased current—above the spillway—for the safety of its wharves."

The bald truth is this: Flood control of the Mississippi, as well as better navigation, is synonymous with better levees.

The taxpayers of the United States will do well to keep their eyes on that ball.

That is the whole foundation of flood control. The hundreds of engineers who for more than half a century have studied flood control say this.

If the taxpayers' money is to be spent because of a national obligation toward a great territory appealing to our humanitarian sympathy and to our national economic self-interest, any attempts to drag that money off into strange corners may be diagnosed as a sign that a nose is in the pork barrel.

And what is the truth about the present levee system?

First of all, the levee system is a standing proof of the fact that it is not the river in its flood stages which steals the property of mankind; it is proof that mankind has been the invader of the natural domain of the river. It may be idle to say so, but almost every acre of the flood areas is land which was taken from the river or its tributaries, on the bargain that its owners should keep the river back by levees.

The system of levees was begun when, in 1717, Le Blond de la Tour, the engineer who laid out New Orleans, planned a levee, completed after ten years, which protected the city from overflow. From that day until about a half century ago the building of levees was done exclusively by local initiative.

The early history, and, indeed, the long history of levee building—do not forget this—presents a piecemeal and hodgepodge advance from little levees to larger, from one district to another. Even during the years of existence of the Mississippi River Commission, there has never been quite enough expenditure, quite enough comprehensive, prompt construction, quite enough ability to make local levee boards raise the money required by law before the Federal Government spends its own share. The result today is that the levee system is not quite good enough, and this flood of 1927, though it may not be paralleled for a century, proves it. I saw great, adequate Gibraltars of levees shoulder to shoulder with weak, thin, sloppy levees. That means that the money put into the good levee is almost a waste until the bad levee is as good as the good levee.

This May no one would, and no one could, estimate accurately how much work is needed to complete a whole comprehensive levee system that will spell flood control, or how much it will cost to build up the present levee system to such a standard. Probably a few feet more will be required on most of the levee top, and that means a much vaster addition to the bases of the inadequate levees, because for good permanent work you cannot wisely raise unless you generously widen.

There are now in the hundreds of miles of levees—so say engineers, figuring roughly—450,000,000 cubic yards of contents. It is estimated that as a piece of property it is worth about $135,000,000. To do a comprehensive job and make a four-foot rise—which is the engineers' guess as to full security—would cost between $80,000,000 and $100,000,000.

Is that expenditure worth making? Who will bear it? As to the first question it appears rather plainly that the investment is worth making. If 25,000 square miles of rich alluvial land, with its towns, industries, farms and forests, is worth only $50,000 a square mile, there is a value of $1,250,000,000. The territory is probably worth several times that amount.

Suppose that it can be protected forever by an investment of $100,000,000. Little data can be had as to maintenance of levees, but it is a trifle when levees are good levees. In the Yazoo district the cost of maintenance is only equal to the value of the hay cut from the banks.

If $100,000,000 is all that is required the investment is probably much smaller than the damage by flood in a single record year.

Low-Premium Insurance

If a comprehensive, one-piece, vigorously directed system of levees, brought up to standard, can be bought by the Federal Government for $100,000,000, or even $200,000,000, that insurance to the property of 25,000 square miles and to a population soon to be climbing toward 1,000,000, could be made cheap insurance.

Consider it so for a moment.

The Federal Government puts up the money; the localities, the states, pay the interest and amortization, say, at the rate of 4 per cent and 2 per cent respectively. This would be buying insurance, or what is better, protection, at a reasonably low rate. If $100,000,000 were advanced by the Federal Government it would cost $6,000,000 a year to carry it. If six states were involved it would cost an average of $1,000,000 a year apiece. This may be too great a burden, but it must not be forgotten that we should strive for two ends:

First. To build a system good enough, promptly and comprehensively.

Second. To do, as a nation, what we ought to do, and yet require of those localities which reap the harvest of security and increased property values a full, fair share of the carrying and amortization charges of our investment.

The hardpan of flood control rests on the fact that the Mississippi has been taken out of its natural bed and squeezed into a trough. The main solution of the present situation is simple: Build the sides of the trough high enough and strong enough and straight enough.

And watch the pork barrel.

LEADING THE WAY!

freedom from flies and mosquitoes

THE new way! The easy way. The *safe, sure* way to kill *all* flies and mosquitoes. The way of millions of homes everywhere. Comfort! Cleanliness! Health! Restful days and nights! The Flit way!

Spray Flit, the wonderful, new liquid. A few moments will rid your home of filthy flies, mosquitoes, roaches, bed bugs and ants. It kills them *all*. Flit penetrates the cracks and crevices where insects hide and breed, destroying both insects and eggs. Flit also kills moths and their larvæ, the tiny worms that eat the holes. Will not stain. Fatal to insects, but *harmless* to mankind. Gone are the days of ineffective swatters, poisons and other old methods. Flit is a scientific solution of the insect problem.

Join the Health Squad. Get a can of Flit and a Flit sprayer today. For sale throughout the world

"The yellow can with the black band"

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HONEYMOON HATE

(Continued from Page 5

"Before she finds out that I sell antique furniture and brocades," said Prince Dantarini. "I don't see that it matters. American ladies cannot expect to hire an entirely undamaged prince, even for a thousand lire a day. There must be some stain! It is my stain to keep a shop."

"I heard everything, Pietro. The doors were not tight shut," said the old lady. "What a terrible young person, though so handsome. I wish you hadn't sold her our beloved brocade."

"The money will come in very well," said the prince. "Our own old treasures are now almost exhausted. This will help me to pay something down and secure the Medici bedstead. Bueno thinks Cavaroni has a client for it. The terrible young person will not, in any case, be terrible enough to cut the brocade."

"I wouldn't put it past her!" sighed the princess, his mother, who was Irish by birth, though she had almost forgotten it. "But at least now that you have ten thousand lire and you have seen what the girl is like, you will not hire yourself out as a guide—practically a servant—to such an impossible creature. Oh, not for any price! It would be unbearable!"

"I shall soon know whether or not it will be unbearable," returned Dantarini, "for I shall take the precaution of engaging myself to the ladies for one day at a time."

"You are going to do it then?" moaned the princess. "After such an experience with the young female?"

"I am going to do it, and after such an experience," echoed her son. "That is, if the young female wants me."

"Shall I go back to the office and phone Miss Grant that you accept?" inquired Bueno.

"Yes. Say I will call on her to discuss the business at three o'clock, if that suits. And if this affair comes off, Bueno, 10 per cent to Cavaroni, of course, the same as in the matter of clients for the antiques."

"*Dio, colonnello mio!*" protested Bueno. "Judging from the lady's manners, we ought not to accept a soldo. It would be blood money."

II

THEY were talking about her in the *salle à manger* at the Hotel Danieli, two elderly ladies whom she had purposely not noticed at their wall table, as she stalked out ahead of Miss Molesey after lunch.

"There, my dear—there she is! What do you think of her?" whispered Lady Drumkilbo to Mrs. MacArthur, whom she had invited to come over from the Hotel Regina on purpose to gaze at Miss Grant.

"Well, she's beautiful to look at," replied the guest. "You didn't exaggerate about that."

"One can't exaggerate anything about that girl," pronounced Lady Drumkilbo. "It gave me quite a shock when she sailed into the room for dinner last night, dressed as if for a ball. This isn't the time of year one meets people at Venice, especially such people. I am here only on my way from Vienna—where I've been taking a cure—to Genoa. I sail from Genoa to the States, you know, to deliver more lectures on postwar London. The first series made such a success! It was then that this girl was brought to see me. I was warned against her, but I'm afraid I was pigheaded. Just as you do, I thought her so beautiful it seemed she must make a success in England.

"I arranged about her presentation at court and introduced all sorts of men to her—unmarried ones with titles! That was what the unfortunate Fanny Molesey hinted to me the girl wanted. She was out for a title. You would say, at sight, that she could pretty well have her pick, with that face and those millions. But, no! She was too impossible. Such an opinion of herself! She insulted everyone without even knowing it—she's been so horribly brought up. Why, she can't even keep a maid—has given up trying, Fanny said. I believe her father adored her—mother dead, only child, and all that sort of thing. She was given her own way invariably; simply encouraged to walk over her fellow beings as if they didn't exist. That kind of stuff won't do with the type of men she was after.

"We worked down the scale, from the Duke of Dundee, as far as my cousin, Sir Bobby MacLure. She'd been such a fiasco from beginning to end that I fancy she would willingly have accepted a mere baronet. Church mice are rich compared to Bob, for they have no responsibilities, and he was ready to grab at her. At least, he thought he was. Then he happened to hear the girl ordering Fanny Molesey about. He had an idea that he and Miss Molesey looked alike—not much chin or vitality, you know. He couldn't stick it, my dear. He said Socrates would never have married Xanthippe and made her classic down the ages if he'd known in time what she was really like. It was only a few days after Bob faded away that the Grant girl was very rude to me, and I told her once and for all what I thought of her. That finished our connection, and I was thankful, though I must say I made a good thing out of the young woman. She doesn't care what she pays—and why should she? But she will have to learn that there are some things not to be bought with money."

"I wonder if there are, in these days?" pondered Mrs. MacArthur, whose husband was an artist, painting Venice now that the tourists had gone, and the only crowds were the pigeons in the Square of San Marco.

"So, at least, it would seem! The most desperately hard up marquis in France couldn't swallow her when she tried her luck in Paris after England. I should like to know what has brought her to Venice."

"Is there anybody here worth her while?"

"I should say not," opined Lady Drumkilbo. "But we shall see. At least, you will. Unfortunately, I'm going tomorrow. Do question Miss Molesey, if you get a chance; though I fear that's not likely, as you're at different hotels. The miserable little creature is a slave! But there's one comfort: She must be saving enough to retire on soon, poor soul!"

At three o'clock—not four minutes before three or five minutes past—came a knock at the salon door of the royal suite at the Hotel Danieli—for of course Miss Grant occupied the royal suite. Had there been an imperial suite, she would have been in that. Miss Molesey scrambled anxiously across the room and opened the door for a page boy, who presented a card on a tray.

"Principe Dantarini," Gail Grant read. Too grand an old name, it would seem, to be bandied through a telephone! It must be borne through halls and corridors on a salver of silver.

"Thinks something of himself!" she mumbled to Miss Molesey, and gave permission for the prince to come up.

He would be, she imagined vaguely, an Italian version of a Parisian gigolo, small, slender, ineffably polite, with dull dark eyes and hair like a jet helmet. Perhaps in reality he wasn't a prince at all. She would catechize him and find out whether he was worth his daily thousand lire.

Another knock; the same page boy announced, "Il Principe Dantarini."

How theatrical for a hired guide! But Miss Grant would soon show him how little he was able to impress her with his princehood! It might earn him butter and sugar on his bread, but even that was for her to decide when she had interviewed and looked him over.

She sat by a window, her back to the door, and intended not to turn, thus forcing the caller to present himself in front of her. But Miss Molesey's surprised "Oh!" tempted Gail to twist her neck. Then, before she had stopped to think, she had wheeled round completely.

"Why, you're the man who keeps the antique shop!" she exclaimed.

"I have turned the Palazzo Dantarini into an antique shop," answered the tall man with the dark red hair and the hard gray eyes, who had somehow made her promise not to cut up his beautiful brocade.

"Well," said Gail, angry because it seemed that she had been fooled, and yet interested to the point of excitement, "it seems to me like a fraud to call yourself a prince when you're a shopkeeper!"

"I do not call myself a prince," replied the man. "Others do that and have called my forefathers 'prince' since the gold book of Venetian aristocracy was printed. If I were rich as well as called prince, I should not be hiring myself out as a guide. If you desire a guide who is a prince, you must put up with what you can get in Venice. You cannot pick and choose here. And that is where I have the advantage over you."

"What do you mean—advantage?" questioned Gail.

"I can pick and choose a patron. There are many more tourists in Venice than there are princes. Shall I bid you good afternoon, or do you wish to engage my services?"

Gail would have liked to insult him as he seemed quietly to be insulting her, but the man's cool audacity intrigued her.

"You are very—independent!" she exclaimed. She almost said rude, but instinct warned her of what he might retort.

"The one privilege left to my princehood!" He bowed slightly and smiled. It was not a pleasant smile, but there was some attraction in it. Gail suddenly decided to omit the catechism she had planned. She couldn't help wondering what this man, as a guide, would make of Venice for her. And she wanted to find out. She couldn't afford to risk losing him before she had found out!

"All right, you're welcome to the privilege so far as I'm concerned!" she informed him. "I don't know how long I shall stay here, but I'll engage you for a week. Then we can see about going on."

"You are very kind," said Dantarini. "I think it will be best, however, for you and for myself to make the arrangement by the day."

Gail stared at him with the immense blue eyes whose brows and lashes were dark in contrast to the sculptured curve of her bronze bobbed hair. She was far more beautiful and girlish-looking without than with her hat, as it was impossible for the least friendly critic not to notice. "You mean that you're to be free if you want to back out any minute and let me down?"

"Not more free than you would be."

"That idea's no good," said Gail. "It doesn't suit me."

"I'm sorry," said Dantarini. "No doubt Bueno of Cavaroni's can find you a substitute glad to accept any arrangement you suggest."

"Another prince?" Gail asked this question in sheer curiosity to hear what he would say.

"No, not another prince," he replied quite gravely. "But isn't that a detail? Allow me to bid you good day."

"Wait!" Gail commanded. "On the whole, it might be convenient for me to take you on your own terms. If you didn't suit——"

"Exactly!"

"Very well then, we'll try it. Have you got someone ready to look after your shop while you're out with me, or are you going to shut the place up?"

"My mother will look after the shop. I can't afford to shut it up."

"Your mother! How will she like that?"

"She will not mind in the least, for she is as great a lady, I think, as ever lived. Therefore, nothing can demean her. She can console herself by remembering that the first princes of Venice were merchant princes, trading with all the world. The difference with us is we trade only with tourists."

Somehow, Gail felt this speech an indirect reproach. She considered herself a very great lady, and she would object extremely to serving customers in a shop, even a shop that had once been the family palace, and even if the early aristocracy had been merchants, serving the world.

"Would you care to begin work this afternoon," she proposed, "and call it half a day? It's late to go out anywhere, but there's a tea dance in the hotel. I like to dance. I like it very much! Do you know how?"

The guide prince smiled his baffling smile. It occurred to Gail that most men would smile at the word "work" connected with her and dancing. But his smile didn't mean that.

"It is some years since I danced," he said. "In fact, not since the war, not since I opened shop. But if one loves music, one does not forget how to dance. If you will try me as a partner, I'll not disgrace you."

"You do speak English like an Englishman!" Gail said suddenly. "I've been wondering about it."

"I went to Eton and had a year at Oxford before the war, so it would be strange if I didn't."

"Oh! Well, I want to learn your language. Let's hear you talk Italian."

He turned to Miss Molesey, a chaperoning shadow in the background, and addressed her with a gentler expression in his eyes than he had for Miss Grant. Gail could not help remembering the sweetness of his voice in its native tongue. She understood not a word of the many which rushed from his lips, but their meaning was clear to Fanny.

The small worried face brightened. Miss Molesey actually dared to laugh. What could the man have said to her? Gail determined to learn Italian faster than she had ever learned anything, and that would be very fast indeed. She would not be outdistanced by Mole!

It was too early yet for the dance. The prince remained and talked of Venice. He suggested books which Miss Grant ought to have and which he would get for her. He vetoed her idea of a motor boat hired by the day which would "get them quickly to places."

"You do not here," he said, "wish to get quickly to places. To do so is against the spirit of Venice. I will find for you a private gondola," he promised, "to be at your disposition while you remain."

"Perhaps you've got one to rent yourself?" Gail questioned with suspicion. These Italians, always on the make with Americans!

"No!" Dantarini answered. "My gondolas, or rather my mother's, were sold long ago. We used to have two, so that, if we went for a moonlight picnic on the lagoon with friends, we could take a couple of house servants in one and dishes with hot food. We would have music while we dined and the moon rose. Those were pleasant times!"

There was sadness in his tone, yet he was not asking for pity. Gail Grant was somehow sure of that. She determined to have picnics on the lagoon, with two gondolas and servants, and music. Yet she had no friends to invite. There would be only this hired guide man and Mole. Yet the prospect did not seem unattractive.

By and by they went down to dance. Gail had not intended to invite Miss Molesey, but the prince person evidently expected that she would come, and it seemed crude, even to Miss Grant, who dealt in crudenesses, to say: "You can stay behind. I don't want you, Mole."

A good many people who didn't dance were looking on, and Miss Molesey found

(Continued on Page 121)

THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

America's Finest Vegetable

Mothers Who Know~

Mothers, who are familiar with the healthful, nourishing qualities of peas, serve them regularly to their children.

They know that the energy-building nutrients—the vitamins, proteins, carbohydrates and mineral salts—contained in peas are of vital importance to the proper development of growing bodies and active minds.

Direct from the nation's finest pea gardens, where they are grown under constant supervision from pedigreed seed, Hart Brand Peas are *fresh garden peas* in every sense of the word! Even peas-in-the-pod cannot compare with them in freshness or nutriment. As tempting as they may appear, peas-in-the-pod are invariably 24 to 96 hours old when they reach your kitchen, and it is a recently discovered fact that home cooking of such peas destroys a considerable portion of the vitamins that are so valuable to physical well-being.

Hart Brand Peas are packed in hermetically sealed cans within *two hours after picking*, so that the natural freshness, flavor and food values are preserved when you serve them on your table! This is why many prominent physicians, dietitians and domestic science teachers recommend the use of canned peas over peas-in-the-pod.

You will find, at leading grocers', the 11 popular sizes of Hart Brand Peas shown on this page. Look for the "Hart Brand" name and red heart on every can.

W. R. ROACH & COMPANY
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Varieties of
HART BRAND PEAS

LITTLE DOT
(Smallest peas packed)
LITTLE QUAKER
(Very small early variety)
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(Small early variety)
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(Smallest sweet peas packed)
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(Very small sweet variety)
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(Small sweet variety)
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(Medium sweet variety)
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(Popular sweet variety)
SMALL UNGRADED SWEET
(Smallest ungraded sweet peas packed)
AUTO
(Selected ungraded sweet variety)
SWEET WRINKLED
(Ungraded home-style sweet variety)

Most grocers carry a complete line of Hart Brand Vegetables and Fruits. Ask for them by name.

Hart Brand Fruits

More than a dozen varieties of Hart Brand Fruits enable you to prepare quickly a number of delightfully varied, summer desserts and salads.

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS
THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

PRIDE AND PLEASURE

As fine linen and lustrous silver are symbols of culture, so the fine fragrance of FLY-TOX is the accepted token of immaculate cleanliness.

HEALTH

FLY-TOX kills flies. Then they do not crawl over baby's tear-wet eyes—suckat its little mouth—torture and infect it.

FLY-TOX

Wherever there are Flies use FLY-TOX

CLEANLINESS

In that one word is expressed the hope of every housewife. FLY-TOX is the economy of cleanliness. It quickly destroys those insects that make true cleanliness impossible.

• Cellar •

Send one fragrant cloud of FLY-TOX after another into those dusky nooks and far corners. FLY-TOX the preserve closet. Besides killing flies, FLY-TOX will destroy mosquitoes, ants, spiders, and other unclean insects.

• Kitchen •

FLY-TOX up, down, and around. FLY-TOX kills flies, mosquitoes, ants. And every other objectionable household insect. That makes the kitchen spick and span, gleaming white, alluring, with food untainted, pure and delicious.

• Dining Room •

Kill insects in their hiding places. FLY-TOX behind draperies. Beneath the table. Upon the screens. Make the dinner table sparkle with cleanliness.

• Living Room •

FLY-TOX screens and draperies. That kills flies and mosquitoes. Give every vagrant moth miller a touch of FLY-TOX. FLY-TOX the upholstery. That destroys moths. FLY-TOX leaves a subtle scent of cleanliness everywhere.

• Sleeping Chambers •

FLY-TOX screens, draperies, inside closets, corners of the rooms. FLY-TOX kills mosquitoes. Makes possible deep, restful sleep. Protects defenseless sleeping children.

• Attic and Storeroom •

FLY-TOX these rooms bountifully, especially the unsealed dark recesses under the roof That kills insects. Dispels their musty tainted odor.

• Cottages and Summer Houses •

That have been closed for months seem filled with insects. FLY-TOX kills them all. Freshens the whole house.

• Summer Camps •

Spray every tent, bungalow, cabin, kitchen and mess tent. A single fly may poison food of a whole camp. Mosquitoes destroy vacation's joys.

And, too, you can use it on dog or cat. Dip a comb in FLY-TOX. Draw it gently through the fur. That will get the fleas . . . FLY-TOX the garbage can . . . That kills insect life—especially that from decaying fruit . . . FLY-TOX is not guaranteed for outdoor use, yet many use it successfully, spraying dark, damp places behind buildings where mosquitoes breed . . . Others have used FLY-TOX to kill hordes of burrowing ants migrating up trees . . . When touring, take FLY-TOX with you—spray every sleeping chamber.

COMFORT

Kill mosquitoes. Use FLY-TOX. Enjoy unmolested sleep. Awake rested and refreshed.

TOX

Not alone a *Modern Cleanly Refinement*, but a household necessity

FLY-TOX KILLS FLIES and MOSQUITOES

FLY-TOX *is the scientific insecticide developed at Mellon Institute of Industrial Research by Rex Fellowship*

Colored servants in fine livery used to fight flies. They were the style. At great dinners, they deftly waved long sticks bearing streamers of gay colors.

That was refinement. Today, more than ever before in history, freedom from insect taint is significant of intelligence and culture. To everyone everywhere the spicy scent of FLY-TOX is an agreeable confirmation of the sweet, undefiled cleanliness—of a room, or an entire house.

But FLY-TOX was created for something bigger—greater, more important than refinement—for the most vital of all things in life—health.

Since Cao's report in 1903, the record of every new research is a repeated indictment of the unspeakable filth and sickening contamination of flies.

Dr. L. O Howard, America's most distinguished entomologist, declares that flies feed upon the feces or sputum of sick people. They carry bacilli upon the hairs of their legs to human food, to children's eyes, or open sores. They may carry these germs for miles. Like the mosquito that injects a thinning liquid beneath human skin so he can drink the blood, flies also regurgitate. They eject drool, sometimes to soften food like sugar. Bacteria live in those "vomit spots." They infect food, poison and destroy human kind.

In the United States the yearly toll of death caused by flies mounts into the tens of thousands. And there are hundreds of thousands of diseases transmitted by flies that cause but temporary indispositions, fevers, and various illnesses oftener attributed to food. And there are thousands of other germs carried by flies, some that cause wasting diseases—others that cripple and deform.

Flies must be killed. It is one of those big, little things that duty demands. And to do that many authorities pay a special tribute to FLY-TOX. The astonishing ease with which FLY-TOX is used—its marvelous efficiency—its fragrance—appeal to them. They know it is scientifically prepared and satisfies a definite need.

FLY-TOX is safe, sure, dependable, stainless, easy to use. FLY-TOX is harmless to humans. But sure death to flies.

FLY-TOX is always put up in glass. Its crystal-clearness is plain. There is no sediment—nothing to stain. Used with the new FLY-TOX hand sprayer FLY-TOX atomizes like magic. Flies breathe through their sides, consequently this greatly increased atomization destroys insects more quickly.

FLY-TOX kills flies. It is the guardian of health, promotes comfort, insures cleanliness. The price is now within the reach of everyone.

HALF PINT 50c · PINT 75c · QUART $1.25 · GALLON $4.00

Gallons in glass jugs are especially suitable for hotels, restaurants, summer camps, institutions

The Rex Companies: The Toledo Rex Spray Co., Toledo, Ohio; The Rex Company, Kansas City, Mo.; The Rex Sales Co., Kansas City, Mo.; Canada Rex Spray Co., Ltd., Brighton, Ont.; California Rex Spray Co., Benicia, Calif., and Wenatchee Rex Spray Co., Wenatchee, Wash.

It costs no more for the washer that does the LAST HARD HALF *as well as the washing*

You buy a washer to avoid hard work. What hard work? Not only washing, but the drudgery of rinsing and wringing—the Last Hard Half. There is one machine, the wringerless Savage Washer and Dryer, that does the complete job—*and without hand labor.*

Savage Users Wash Everything at Home

WHAT would you pay a wash woman who said to you: "I've washed the clothes. Now it's your turn. You do the rinsing and wringing"? Of course you expect her to finish the job.

When you buy a washer, consider, therefore, *the complete job,* not only the washing, but the rinsing and drying as well!

The wringerless Savage with its "Spin-Rinse, Spin-Dry" is more than just a washing machine. You get this difference without extra cost: First, the Savage does a perfect washing job. Then, instead of saying "Now it's your turn," it rinses and dries for you, all in the same tub, without any piece-by-piece handling of the clothes.

In two minutes the entire load is mechanically spin-rinsed direct from the faucet by a spray of piping-hot water which your hands never touch. In one minute more, simply by turning off the water, the entire load is spin-dried ready to hang out.

The complete job—washing, bluing, rinsing, drying—is done faster by the wringerless Savage than by any other machine or method—*and without hand labor.*

All moving parts are housed and all risk of injury to self or clothes is avoided.

Have your Savage dealer show how you can be relieved from the Last Hard Half—hand rinsing and feeding a wringer.

Before you buy any washing machine read the illustrated booklet, "Gone! Washday's Last Hard Half." This request coupon will bring you a free copy.

The Wringerless SAVAGE *Washer & Dryer*

with the exclusive "Spin-Rinse, Spin-Dry" *feature*

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Send me free illustrated story of how I can end the Last Hard Half of the washing task.

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(Continued from Page 116)

herself settled near Lady Drumkilbo. She bowed timidly, because there had been scenes between Her Ladyship and Gail toward the last of the London season. But Her Ladyship beckoned and Mole darted into a suddenly vacated chair.

The two so-different women exchanged greetings; and then Lady Drumkilbo came to the point. Mole, though with the advantage of British blood, was a bore. The baronet's widow had not summoned her through sheer kindness. "Equinoctial in Venice!" smiled Her Ladyship; for the young man at Cavaroni's had inadvertently hit upon one of several behind-the-back nicknames of Gail Grant.

"Yes, she thought she'd come," said Mole.

"With her, to think is to do! But, tell me, my dear, who is the man she's dancing with? He is the image of a young Prince Dantarini—Prince Pietro, he was called before his father died, and he was very young then—I used to know in England. He was the son of a girl I was at school with. Lady Clodagh O'Hara, daughter of the poor, dear, charming bankrupt Earl of Donnemara. She made the most romantic marriage with Prince Dantarini and came to live in their historic palace in Venice. I've not seen it, but I've heard it was divine. She never put her nose out of Italy again. One of those devoted, domestic women, adoring her men. They don't come like that nowadays! Fortunately for her, as she hadn't a farthing, Dantarini was fairly well off. He, too, had some British relations. All the Italian nobility have! So Pietro came to school in England, and to Oxford too. I had him up at my place in Scotland, just before the war broke out. Then he bolted for home and I've heard nothing since. He may have been killed for all I know. But this man our savage child is dancing with looks like him grown older."

"It is Prince Dantarini," admitted Mole, becoming tremulous because she knew not how much she ought to tell.

"Oh, that explains why she is here!" exclaimed Lady Drumkilbo. "I suppose she had letters to his mother. Well, it's a step down from an English duke, or perhaps even an earl, because with the British you know where you are. Still, the Dantarinis are a grand old family. They were at the top when we had only just begun to have dukes! I suppose she's fallen back on him."

"Fallen back?" breathed Mole, looking at the pair who danced together. They might have been dancing partners for a year. Dantarini was tall and lean enough to make Gail look very feminine, almost small.

"I mean, we'll soon read, I suppose, that a marriage has been arranged! They seem to be getting on perfectly, if it can last. Though, with her, one never knows!"

"Oh, dear, dear Lady Drumkilbo," breathed Mole, "it would never do for her. She is thinking of no such thing."

"If I were an American I should say 'apple sauce!'" retorted Her Ladyship.

"But I assure you," protested Mole. "You don't know. You don't understand."

"What don't I know or understand? Is Dantarini already married?"

"Not that I've been told, but ——"

"But what?"

"Why, he—it appears his family has now lost everything. He has turned the palace, which is lovely, into a shop, and I imagine, from what he said, that he has been selling off all the ancestral possessions. By the look of the place he hasn't much left. Soon the palace will be like Mother Hubbard's cupboard in Mother Goose—bare!"

"Good heavens! I'd no idea of it'" sighed Lady Drumkilbo. "And is he trying to redeem the family fortunes by marrying the American heiress—a Petruchio and Katharine! Considering her unfortunate bringing up, she might do worse than marry even a pauper prince. He had an ancestor who was Doge of Venice!"

"I assure you there is no question of marriage," insisted Mole. "The poor young man has come down to such a low ebb that he has hired himself out to Gail as a sort of—sort of—super-guide."

"*Mon Dieu!*" murmured Lady Drumkilbo, which didn't sound at all profane in French. "'What a fall was there, my countrymen,' as Mark Antony or somebody said. And yet—and yet he looks every inch a prince, doesn't he? Certainly he's not got shabby yet!"

"Even if he had, I can't think he'd *look* shabby," said Mole.

They both fell silent, their eyes following one couple through the dance. They were indeed perfect together.

"I used to think him a remarkable boy," reminisced Lady Drumkilbo. "A nephew of mine at Eton said they used to chaff Pietro Dantarini and call him Dictator. Let me think, what was the motto on a wonderful old seal ring he wore? Oh—'We shall be obeyed!'"

"He's probably sold the ring by now," said Mole.

"Perhaps, but you can't sell a family motto! I'd look up his mother if I weren't going tomorrow morning. Perhaps I'll try to anyhow! A guide, you say? But still—well, it is interesting! Do write, my dear, and let me know what happens."

"Of course, nothing will happen," said Mole.

"I wonder," said Lady Drumkilbo. "He was such an extraordinary boy. And that motto ——"

"What was that old hag haranguing you about, Mole?" Gail wanted to know after the dance, when she and her companion were in their royal suite again. They were to go to the theater that evening. Dantarini—Prince Dantarini—let one get one's money's worth out of his title!—was securing a box.

"Oh, nothing in particular—just talking," stammered Mole.

"That's a lie, I know!" said Gail. "You look guilty. Out with it! I always get things out of you, you know."

"Well, then, it was about the prince," confessed the unfortunate one. "It seems Lady Drumkilbo knew his mother, the daughter of an Irish earl, and he visited her in Scotland as a boy. She was shocked to hear that he had become so poor. Still, she says it is one of the finest old families in Italy and the palace is most historic."

"So much to the good. Makes the man better worth the money!" pronounced Gail. "What else did she say? I can see by your face there was more. You're bursting with it."

"Oh, I'd really better not tell you the rest, dear! It would make you so angry."

"You might as well chuck it off your chest now as later."

"Well, then, if you're determined to hear, don't blame me. Before I'd explained to her that the Dantarinis had lost everything, Lady Drumkilbo asked me—she imagined there might be some question of marriage; she thought—er—Princess Dantarini, and having a lovely palace, might not be so bad, even for you. But, of course, she hadn't understood. Now, you would make me tell you, so don't be cross!"

"I'm not cross," said Gail. "You've put an idea into my head. I've read that in some parts of Italy, if you buy a palace belonging to a titled family, you buy the title with it. H'm, that would be something to talk about when I got home! Princess Dantarini!"

"Oh, but would he sell, even if the law is like that here?" Mole hesitated.

"Every man has his price," old Gaillard Grant's daughter replied. But she remembered the brocade.

III

VENICE had an extraordinary effect upon Gail. It softened her, mellowed her. She was not more actively agreeable, but she was less disagreeable. There was nothing sweet about her except her beautiful face, which suggested a promise it never fulfilled. Yet she was not her usual sharp self, with a chip on her shoulder ready to be knocked off, an acid speech at the end of her tongue ready to drop.

The dreamlike perfection of the place seemed to soften the girl. She, too, dreamed. The harsher side of her nature slept. For the first time since she and Mole had arrived to do Europe, Gail Grant took an interest in history. Not that she would read it. She was far too impatient for that. But floating along the Grand Canal in a gondola or slipping through *rios* to find hidden beauties, she liked to hear Dantarini tell about the wicked or extravagant nobles and the beautiful women who had helped make undying fame for the lovely old palaces. So an ancestor of his had been a doge!

And Dantarini had an even more interesting ancestor than that.

"All the men of the Giustiniani were killed fighting against Manuel Comnenus"—he told her the story in front of the palace where the family had lived—"all except a young monk. They say he hadn't wished to become a monk, but he was forced into a monastery while he was still a boy. He had wanted to live and to love. He could never content himself as the years went on. Then, when all the other Giustiniani men were dead, it seemed a pity to the pope that such a famous line should break. You see, the Giustiniani were descended from the Emperor Justinian. So he—the pope—ordered that the young monk be released from his religious vows for one year and marry as soon as he left his monastery.

"In those days the gondolas were gorgeous affairs. It was only when Venetian extravagance had to be checked after some disastrous battles that the republic commanded them all to be black, as they are now. Then they were colored and gilded, as the fronts of the palaces were, and you can imagine what a picture of beauty a blond girl would make, looking out under trailing draperies of blue and gold, that trailed like a peacock's tail in the water. The monk in his monastery had seen from his window such a beauty and idealized her. When he was released, his marriage with the daughter of Doge Vitali was decreed for state reasons. But destiny had decreed that this girl should be the monk's dream beauty of the passing gondola. Imagine that year for them both—loving passionately and knowing what the end must be! When a son was born, the parting came. Nothing could avert it. The powers had no mercy, as the lovers knew. Back the man went to the monastery. But the wife had his child and he had his memories. There's where my connection with a doge comes in; from this most romantic match. A girl of that family married a Dantarini."

Gail made no comment upon the story. She sat still in the gondola looking up at the palace, her eyes very blue. But a thrill went through her. For the first time in her spoiled, overpetted and petulant life of twenty-one years, she was feeling the tremendous power of love and beauty. She was existing in a dream of dead romance. But it was not all dead. It lived and breathed close to her, around her. She saw it in Italian eyes—eyes of men that gazed into the eyes of women. She was ashamed of herself because she felt this influence of Venice, but she could not shake it off. And gradually the figure of Pietro Dantarini became the center round which her thoughts focused—Dantarini and his beautiful old pink Gothic palace.

Not that she was in love with him. It did not even occur to her. She had never been in love, though she had fancied boys and men here and there, and been bitterly hurt when her ways, which she couldn't change, she thought, and didn't want to change, had turned them against her. But always she was thinking of Dantarini, and with her eyes shut she could see his eyes, cold and gray-blue as glacier ice. She wondered sometimes, and brushed the fancy away, whether those eyes could kindle with warmth, and whether they had ever kindled for any woman.

They went everywhere together, generally with Mole, but sometimes without her—to all the famous churches, to the Accademia, to the Doge's Palace, and to Murano to see the making of the famous glass. They even had the moonlight picnic on the lagoon one evening, though it was not the ideal time of year, and almost every afternoon they danced at the Danieli.

The three weeks which Gail had vaguely planned to spend sightseeing in Venice passed, and a fourth week.

If it had been the season, people who knew the girl would have talked, but in October, with its white, misty mornings, only earnest tourists came. Few such were numbered among Gail Grant's acquaintances, and in all the world she had never let herself make friends.

At last the weather turned cold, and Mole, very pinched-looking in a sharp wind which blew through the Square of San Marco, said timidly, "When do you think of leaving, dear? You know there are those splendid Italian ships you can sail in from Genoa. Or do you mean to go back to Paris?"

"I haven't made up my mind yet," Gail answered crossly, more crossly than she had spoken for some time.

They were feeding the pigeons in the Piazza, waiting for Dantarini, whose daily hour was eleven and who was to show them some white coral for which he had been bargaining.

Almost as she spoke he came, very tall, very smart with his slim, soldierly waist, rather English in figure, extremely Italian in face. The sun lit up his hair with the kinky wave in it as he took off his hat, and painted it red as any head of Titian's.

"We'll look at the coral later," Gail said in her abrupt way. "I was just thinking, as we'll probably leave soon, I'd like you to take me to your shop again. There might be some more things there I'd care to buy."

"Oh! To my shop! Certainly," agreed the prince with a certain dryness. "You wish to go now?"

"Yes," said Gail. "I told you not to have the gondola call for me this morning. But we can engage an ordinary one. Mole, you do not need to come."

"Very well, dear," answered Miss Molesey. Knowing the girl thoroughly, she noticed something peculiar in her look and manner which others might have missed.

"Heavens! Can she be going to make him an offer for the palace?" the little woman asked herself. Instinct had told her, the day when she repeated Lady Drumkilbo's words, that the thought of buying the Palazzo Dantarini had taken root in Gail's mind, though the subject had never been mentioned since then.

Instinct was right. The girl longed to keep some link with this place, this Venice that had given her so many new emotions. She wanted the Dantarini palace and she wanted the sensation of buying it from its beggared owner.

"Where's your mother?" Gail asked when, for the second time, she entered the hall with its marble floor, its frescoes, and its few, but well displayed, antiques. "I thought"—and she glanced at the insignificant young man who came forward—"that your mother was looking after the shop for you?"

"She was, at first," replied the Prince. "But I have earned enough money from you to give her a rest. This young man is now my understudy. We are not doing much business so late in the season, but I should have liked you to see a magnificent sixteenth-century bed I bought since you were here. I could not have secured it if it hadn't been for your payments to me, Miss Grant. I sold it the other day and did very well."

"Sounds as if your business was pretty precarious, though!" remarked Gail.

He shrugged his shoulders. "So is all of life."

"You could sell this palace and make enough to keep you and your mother for the rest of your days without working any more, I should think," she said.

"I have got the habit of work," he answered. "Besides, though I could sell the palace, I would not."

(Continued on Page 123)

A Car That *Instantly* Catches the Eye

The Advanced Six Coupé with Rumble Seat

Nash has risen to new heights of body artistry in this smart Coupé with its luxurious aspect of length and lowness, its graceful French-type roof and back, and sweeping rear deck bright with nickel mountings.

Comfort, as well as beauty, is a welcome attraction of this model, for the deep, broad driving seat resembles nothing so much as a big restful davenport.

It is upholstered in fine dark green mohair, heavily tufted. The genuine walnut steering wheel matches the inlaid walnut window panels, the crown panel of walnut above the instrument board, and the walnut finished instrument board. Two further passengers are amply comfortable in the big rumble seat.

This Coupé is handsomely finished in two harmonizing shades of green—a lighter shade in the hood and body proper including the deck, while the upper body, fenders and running gear are in darker tone.

In the rear of the car, opening on the curb side, is a large compartment under lock and key with plenty of space for luggage and packages.

The rear window looking out on to the rumble seat may be raised or lowered by simply turning an attractive silver finished window lift.

Powered with the big Nash 7-bearing motor—*the world's smoothest type*—the Coupé also offers such features as Watson Stabilators at front, 4-wheel brakes, and 5 disc wheels, and the price is surprisingly moderate.

(Continued from Page 121)

"Does the title go with it?" the girl asked bluntly.

"No, that sort of thing doesn't happen in our part of Italy."

"Well, even without the title, I would like to buy this palace." Gail laid her cards on the table. "It's awfully small, and I expect it needs lots of modern improvements, but I've taken a fancy to it and it would suit me very well to furnish and come back to for a couple of months every year."

"I thank you for the compliment you pay my poor palace," said Dantarini, "but God defend it from modern improvements. And if you offered me one of your millions—I don't know how many you have—I wouldn't sell to you."

For a moment the two stood in the beautiful, bare room, looking—almost glaring—into each other's eyes. They were alone. The understudy had slipped away.

A deep flush mounted to Gail's face. The prince's face was pale.

"You wouldn't sell to me! Why, do you think I'm what you call a vandal?"

"I wouldn't sell to anyone, but less than any, to you."

"You are very rude!"

"I am sorry, but you have often been rude to me."

"That's different! If I have, I'm your employer."

"A few centuries ago your people might have been servants to mine."

"Upon my word!" stammered Gail. "This ends it! I'm going. Don't come with me. I'll send you your money."

"Do not dare," said Dantarini. "I will not take another soldo of your money, for I have had all that I have earned. Shall I put you into your gondola, or would you prefer to go unassisted?"

"Unassisted," answered Gail, trembling from head to foot, and afraid that she might faint. "This is the end indeed. It—it's a pity. I hoped to do you a good turn."

"To buy my palace and my title! If you want them, Miss Grant, you can secure them only in one way."

She had got to the door and turned on him: "What do you mean?"

"I leave that to your imagination," he replied, the crackle of ice in his voice. "You will never learn my meaning from me, unsolicited. Good-by."

She almost fell into the waiting gondola.

Furious tears burned her eyelids. She had not cried since she was a child.

"He can go to the devil!" she said, half aloud, choking on the words.

Yet, what cause for gratitude to her had Dantarini, a voice seemed to ask. And it could not have been the voice of the gondolier. That astonished man was merely inquiring in polite, vowelless Venetian whether the signorina had addressed him, and if so, what she had said.

"*Niente, niente!*" she aired her Italian.

Upstairs in a room looking out upon the balcony guarded by little, sad lions, sat the old lady. She was not, as a matter of fact, so terribly old in years. Her eyes were young enough to do, without glasses, what she was doing now—mending weblike Venetian point lace to be sold in the shop. But a combination of great love and much sorrow had aged the once beautiful Irish girl.

Dantarini walked in and drawing up a chair near hers, took the lace flounce gently from his mother and began rolling it up.

"If you work," he said, "we cannot talk. I want to talk."

"But what about your own work?" the princess asked with a welcoming smile. "It is long after eleven o'clock. Where is your fair taskmistress, my Pietro?"

"My fair taskmistress has gone to her hotel in a rage," Dantarini calmly explained. "I have no longer any tasks. I am discharged."

"Ah!" cried the princess. "Well, the bomb was bound to explode. I wonder it did not long ago!"

"It has, so to speak, exploded from one form into another by a curious chemical phenomenon." Dantarini took up his own simile. "I think the next development will be an order from Miss Grant for me to marry her."

"*Dio mio!*" gasped his mother. "You are joking!"

"Not at all. I have felt it in the air for some time."

"You mean it, Pietro? The girl will propose—marriage?"

"She will command it."

The princess grew red and then white. "Has her family a crest and a motto?" she asked of the air. "What could they have but a stick of chewing gum rampant, and beneath gules: 'We make the best.' Amelia Drumkilbo told me all about this Miss Grant when she rushed to see me at the last minute before she left Venice. She asked me not to repeat her gossip to you, as it might be upsetting. But I gave her no promise, and even if I had—Pietro, you mustn't fall in love with this cold, cruel girl, wrapped up in herself and her millions."

"Underneath, mother, I believe that she is not so cold or cruel. It would be interesting to unwrap her and find out "

"Then you do love her? You are breaking it to me?"

"Do I need to break it, dear one? Haven't you guessed?"

Two tears rolled down the princess' cheeks. "I hoped I was mistaken. My boy, she wouldn't look at you if she hadn't failed to get what she was out for. Those are Amelia's very words. She is determined to have a title. She doesn't know how to love!"

"One might teach her that, and many things. You speak of her family motto. Well, we have one too."

"Yes, yet you say she will command you. And apparently you mean to obey. You, whose motto is 'We shall be obeyed.'"

"That might come in usefully later."

"Come in usefully! That was what you said about her money to Bueno."

"I had to say something. I couldn't tell Bueno that I was taking on the job only because I had seen the girl. You must have realized, mother, that though money is useful, I would never have accepted hers and turned myself into a paid servant if I hadn't wanted to know her. And destiny had given me that one way."

"I see no happiness ahead of you, my poor son," the princess prophesied.

"If there's ever to be any, I'll have to earn it," Pietro said. "and earn it hard."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

NEW MYTHS ABOUT UNCLE SAM

(Continued from Page 27)

revolutionary gambles, even if they were so disposed. First of all, the costs are out of all proportion to the hope of profit. Second, endowed revolutions have always and everywhere had a mortality rate perilously close to 100 per cent. Third, the business executive has an entirely different kind of mind from the successful politician, and is about the poorest person on earth to go to for advice about the political situation. He is not shrewd at picking winners, and as a rule knows it. Fourth, the issues out of which revolutions grow are generally of such a completely internal and nationalistic nature that any sort of foreign interference would be hotly resented by both sides, and very properly so. That point ought to be very clear to all Americans in view of the fact that a candidate for almost any office in any state in this country would be seriously hurt by the charge that Wall Street, whatever that means, was contributing generously to his campaign fund. Fifth, the relatively undeveloped countries of Latin America do not offer wealth that someone can grab and run away with after winning a revolution.

On the contrary, what they have to offer foreign capital is opportunities to create wealth by the very expensive process of developing unused and generally remotely situated natural resources. This means the sinking of money into the ground in such ways that it cannot be carried off, although it can easily be destroyed by a short period of disorder. Stable government, even though rather poor, is vastly better for capital so invested than any kind of revolution. Consequently, to the extent that American interests in Latin America have gone out of bounds, it has almost invariably been to support existing governments. This support takes the form of advances of money.

To cite a specific example, American oil interests in Mexico advanced $6,000,000 in gold to President Alvaro Obregón against future tax levies at a time when they were bitterly contesting proposed changes in the oil laws, which they felt would rob them of their lawfully acquired rights. They didn't like Señor Obregón, but they vastly preferred him to a collapse of his government. There was a certain measure of risk in making that advance, for if his government had collapsed in spite of it, the succeeding government might not have been willing to recognize the obligation as national rather than personal.

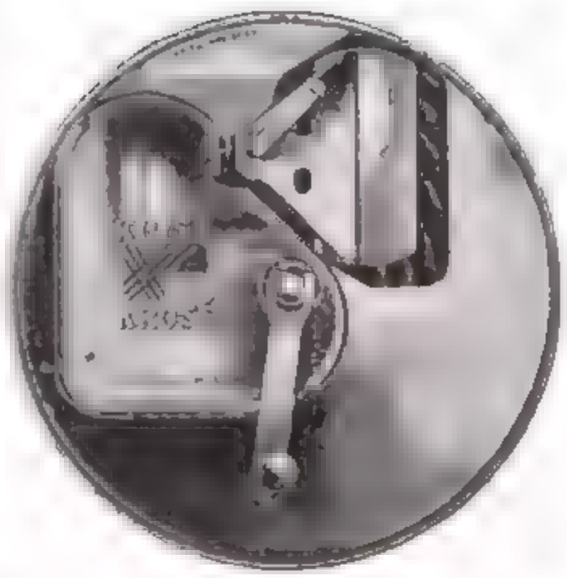
Similar but smaller advances were made to President Carranza, who was passionately—indeed, almost fanatically—anti-American, and his government fell anyway. Quite a bit of negotiating was necessary before the evidences of money advanced to him were accepted in payment of taxes. And in spite of what he had received, Carranza carried on a very active propaganda both in this country and throughout Latin America, asserting that American business interests in Mexico had fomented and financed revolution against his government. Although there was subsequently an investigation of the whole Mexican problem by the United States Senate, and a voluminous record of sworn testimony is now in existence to deny that charge, it is still being made.

I have before me the stenographic report of a debate on the Issue in Mexico which took place in New York City, February 27, 1926, and the ancient charge about American interests financing a revolution against President Carranza was there repeated. American oil corporations, said the speaker, amid applause, "have even gone so far in their evil ways as to employ armed bandits to continue disturbance in the oil region and thus obstruct the enforcement of Mexico's laws, and this has been done with full knowledge and even the approval of the State Department of this nation."

Such a declaration in 1926 about events in 1917 is the more astounding because the whole story of what happened has for years been a matter of public record, covered by the testimony and depositions of all the material witnesses. What happened is briefly this: President Carranza did not have control of the oil regions referred to. They were held by a revolutionist—to be specific, General Pelaez, who confidently expected to overthrow the government of President Carranza. He had already set up a de-facto government of his own and carried it around with him. Having marched in and captured the oil fields, he demanded taxes.

This demand was instantly communicated to Washington, because the American interests there realized how serious an offense it would be to pay money to a rebel. A choice of two courses remained: They could either cease operations and refuse to pay tribute, or they could comply with the request.

(Continued on Page 126)



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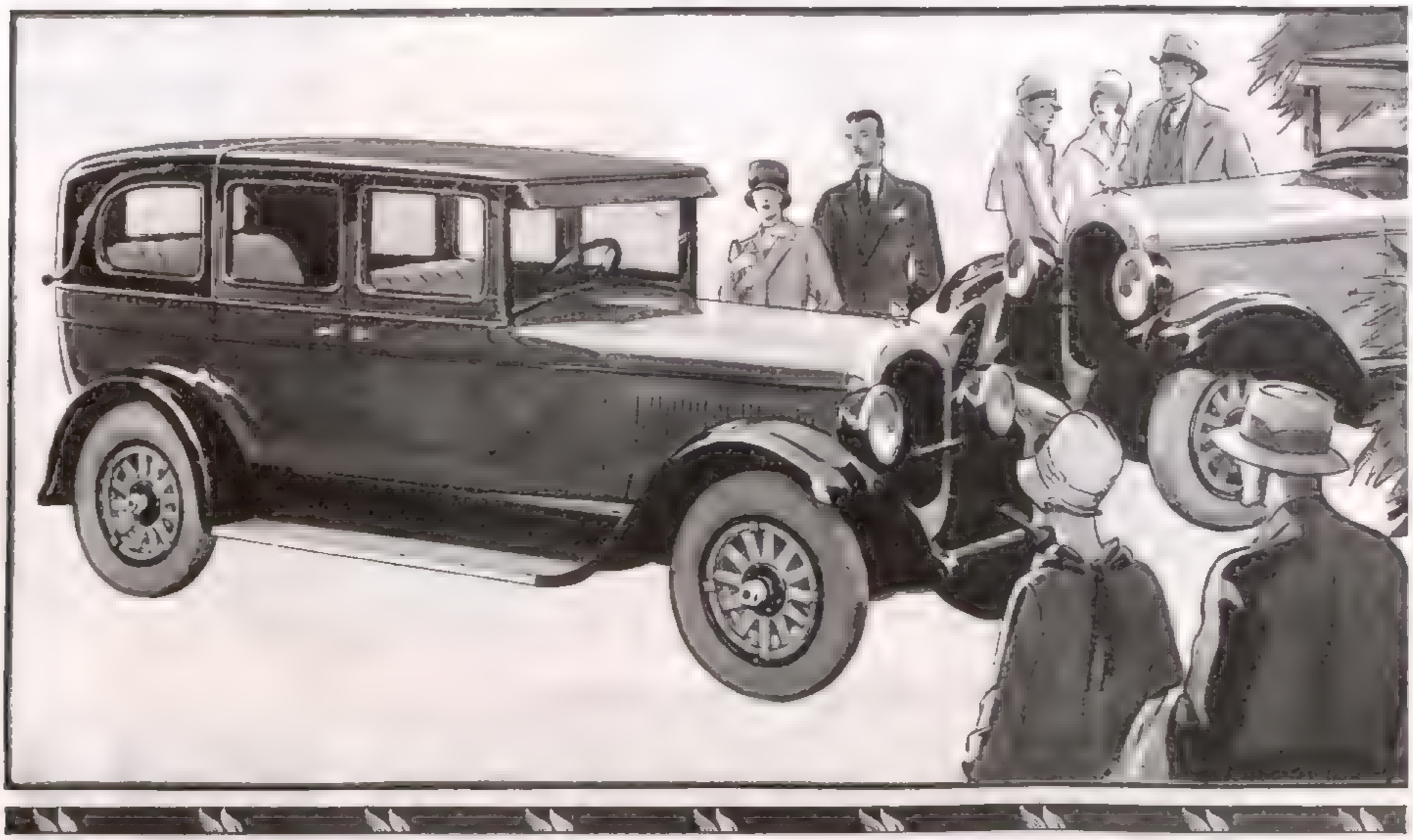

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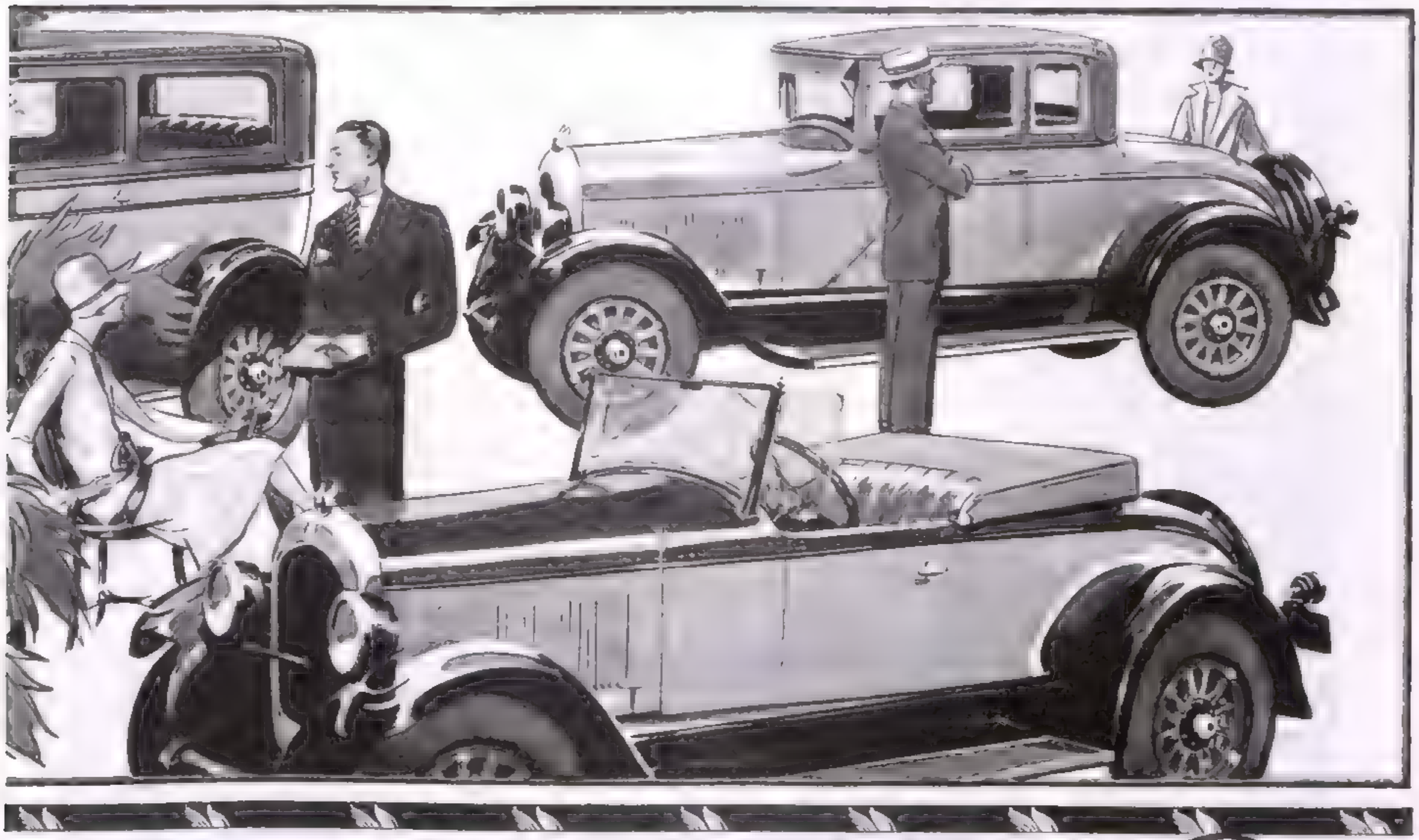

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(Continued from Page 123)

The United States Government was asked to make the choice for them. Washington realized that it was imperatively necessary to have all the oil that could be produced in order to supply the British as well as the American Navy, because the World War was in progress; so Washington proceeded to negotiate with Carranza. The result was an agreement between the Mexican and American Governments that taxes should be paid both to Pelaez and Carranza so long as the Carranza government was unable to dominate the oil territory.

The American oil interests were thereupon instructed to act upon this advice and did so. At no time was there any secrecy. The Carranza government knew what was taking place at all times and gave its consent. At the time of his arrival in the oil fields, General Pelaez seemed to be on the way to considerable success, but from the time tribute began to be collected he made no more progress. Eventually he ceased to be a revolutionist and later held office under the Obregón government.

So much for revolutions that stumble upon the wherewithal to pay wages early in their careers. Even if all the charges against American interests relating to the Pelaez revolution were admitted to be true, the record would still show that they obtained by it nothing more than duplicate taxation. However, the fact is that General Pelaez was a landowner widely and favorably known in the territory where he resided. His prestige was ample to enable him to launch a revolution, and he did very well with it until he bogged down in the prosperity of taxation levied upon the oil fields. He was in no sense a bandit.

Nothing is longer-lived, however, than a good story, and certainly there is no lack of romantic adventure in the fictitious scheming of intrepid men who play a lone hand in strange countries to win big stakes. Such yarns make a powerful appeal to the imagination even while one's sense of justice protests. A wonderful foundation for these stories was laid long ago by O. Henry and Richard Harding Davis. Their heroes enjoyed amazing adventures and exhibited surpassing shrewdness and wit. Also some of their stories were almost true. But they dealt with soldiers of fortune rather than agents of finance and industry.

Soldiers of Fortune

The soldier of fortune occupies an entirely different position from that of the resident manager of a mining company. First, he represents no one but himself, and, as a rule, he offers his services on the ground that he is in sympathy with the purposes of the faction he joins. Also, he generally has had some military experience; in fact, he is often a better soldier than anyone else in the army he joins. Nevertheless, he does not attempt to take command, but accepts orders from those who fomented the revolt. Eventually he may rise to leadership, as several American soldiers of fortune have done in Latin America, but in that event his success will be based entirely upon his performance in the field and in council.

Now, by way of contrast, let us see where the representative of banking or mining interests would stand. First, he cannot represent himself as swept into the revolt by his passionate adherence to the principles of the rebels; and moreover, if he were fool enough to make such representations, everyone would know that they were false. Next, he is not a military man, and therefore all that he can contribute is money. The cost of even a very small war is enormous. If he undertakes to pay a part of that cost, he will invariably find that the army is overrun by camp followers and day laborers who would throw away their rifles and scamper for safety at the first sound of firing.

His one purpose in joining the revolt would be to direct its course as to governmental policies, and that would be resented instantly. More especially it would be resented because the sort of direction he would necessarily try to impose upon it, if he served his real masters, would turn it far aside from its natural course. The people of Latin America do not wage war against one another over the property rights of foreign corporations. They fight about their own affairs.

But let us assume that all these difficulties were overcome and that the impossibly shrewd agent of American interests is really going to spend money for the cause. How could he spend it to the best effect? Why, unquestionably by importing arms and munitions from the nearest American port. But if he does this he will violate the very stern neutrality laws of his own country, and some day he expects to return there. Juan or Tomas or Carlos doesn't mind taking a chance on such a venture, because the risk covers only a few days in his life. Once he runs the blockade, he is back in his own country, where he intends to remain.

Coming With Clean Hands

But not so with the supposititious American agent. His violation of neutrality will hang over him for the rest of his life. If anyone thinks these crimes are lightly considered by American juries, let him examine the record. There is a high percentage of convictions in such cases. Nearly all these cases, however, involve naturalized citizens or free-lance adventurers. Sometimes Juan or Tomas or Carlos slips through the meshes of the law even when caught with the goods, but Bill Jones, soldier of fortune, very rarely does. He gets a new suit of clothes with broad stripes.

Revolutions are a very sorry business for American citizens in any walk of life. The best thing for the representative of invested capital to do is keep hands clean so that if he finds it necessary to appeal to his own Government for protection in a dire emergency there will be no delay on the ground that he is yelling for Uncle Sam to pull him out of his own personally conducted riot. Clean hands in that situation are worth more to him than half a dozen subsidized revolutionary armies.

One of the most successful revolutionists that Latin America has produced since I was born was an illiterate peon. He never succeeded in establishing a government, but that was because he didn't know how. As for raising armies with nothing but his voice and personality, he stands unequaled, and few men in all the history of Latin-American warfare have won such brilliant victories or so many of them. I refer to Pancho Villa, of Mexico, who started with nothing and could start again with the same nothing whenever misfortune overtook him. He had complete mastery of the technic of Latin-American revolution. Without that mysterious ability to make men drop everything else and rally round the leader, the rest of his arts would not have been worth much, but he had all of them.

Money was unimportant to him, and the opposition of foreign governments was one of his principal assets. A handful of dried meat and a skinful of water sufficed for a commissary department. He could steal horses and graze them on the growing crops. Fifty followers would start him on his way; raids brought more and victories rolled up an army which lived off the country through which it marched and armed itself at the expense of its enemies. If he had ever known how to make a government, he would almost certainly have become ruler of Mexico.

As long as he could lift his voice, followers would respond, consequently there was no way to defeat the man as long as life remained in his body. The best that anyone could do was to scatter his forces temporarily. When the propitious moment arrived he would reassemble them without the aid of money or supplies. Both were soon forthcoming when he launched a campaign, and no one was in any doubt about the sources. He lived off the country. If at any time foreign interests in Mexico had given him financial and material support, it would very probably have wrecked his popularity. In the face of his record of armies raised, fed and marched to victory, to assume that revolutions must be paid for by higher-ups or big business is ridiculous.

And yet there is a successful play now running in New York which tells how sinister American business interests promote war in Mexico. The author doesn't waste time arguing the reasonableness of his plot. He doesn't have to. It is quite generally assumed that such things have been done, and perhaps are being done at this very moment. In other words, the plot may be classed as staple goods for the dramatist; indeed, it is so widely accepted that it is almost hokum. And yet that very sort of story is what the busiest enemies of this country are spreading throughout Latin America.

Among those who are hard at work upon this task year after year are the paid agents of Moscow. That fact is no longer surmise or gossip. Their names are known and they operate openly; our State Department has their records, but cannot prevent their activities beyond our borders, while in this country it cannot prevent sincere men and women from echoing their views, more especially when they do so honestly and without the slightest doubt about the truthfulness of the stories they have heard.

The extent to which these stories gain credence is nothing less than amazing. I have first-hand knowledge of their being accepted without question or comment in metropolitan newspaper offices, where I should think they would be regarded as front-page sensations if true; and if they were true, it certainly would not be impossible to uncover the details.

On the day when news was received in New York that President Venustiano Carranza, of Mexico, had been killed while fleeing from the national capital, I had luncheon with the executive head of a corporation which has large interests in Mexico. On our return to his office the telephone rang and he was informed that a reporter for a New York evening paper would like to have additional details about what was going on below the Rio Grande. The reporter made it very clear that he assumed that American business interests had engineered this revolution and given instructions for the murder of Carranza; also that they knew more about what was going on than the newspapers. At this astounding announcement my friend simply gulped and choked, whereupon the reporter began to josh him goodnaturedly and urge him to come through with the story. He didn't seem to realize that if there had been any such facts as he was asking for they constituted a crime punishable by years of imprisonment.

The Wrong Road to Finance

My acquaintance with American business interests in Mexico began during the latter years of the Diaz régime, when I was news editor of the Mexican Herald, a daily newspaper published in the capital. Years later, when I came to New York City, I found many of the men I had formerly known in Mexico. Frequently they would call upon me to translate a law or decree or some other important document into English. In the course of a few years I became acquainted with either the executives or general counsel, or both, of nearly all the larger corporations having interests in Mexico.

During that time there was a steady procession of Mexicans arriving in New York City to announce that they would soon have successful revolutions under way. They needed just a few paltry millions to assure quick success. Evidently all of them believed that this was the way revolutions were financed. I met at least ten of these men, and not one of them ever succeeded in launching his proposed revolt for the simple reason that it can't be done that way. They were a sore trial to the Americans they approached, because they were asking the impossible, and at the same time there was always the bare chance that one of them might eventually be president. To be friendly or brusque seemed equally hazardous. Some of the corporation executives made it a rule to explain courteously to these men just how impossible it would be to grant their requests. Others would not even grant them an interview lest the mere fact of having talked to them be misconstrued. There were heated arguments among the Americans as to which was the better policy.

Meanwhile several formidable revolts were launched in Mexico by persons unknown to the troubled Americans, and in every case these revolts started at the grass roots, with nothing but a proclamation and some eager followers gathered from the countryside.

The Wilson Policy

From Porfirio Diaz forward, every collapse of a Mexican Government has been viewed with alarm by American interests, and for very sound reasons. No one disputes the fact that the end of the Diaz régime was regretted, so that may be passed over without comment. He was succeeded by Francisco I. Madero, a queer little man who blinked at the world through his glasses and uttered glittering generalities about humanity and progress. He was neither a general nor a statesman, and his government was destined from the day of its inauguration to fall by the weight of its inefficiency; but he had stirred up previously dormant forces that promised endless turmoil in Mexico, and foreign interests trembled at the thought of what might follow. Anarchy seemed to be the most probable outcome, so the foreigners hoped Madero would hold on.

Instead there ensued one of those kaleidoscopic changes characteristic of such political situations, and old Victoriano Huerta rode into power through the smoke and blood of a coup d'état. He was a conservative, and again foreign interests were all on the side of the government.

This time it was President Wilson who upset things with his announcement of a new policy in Latin-American affairs. Briefly, it was that no government which came into power by violence and the overthrow of the existing government in that manner would be recognized by the United States.

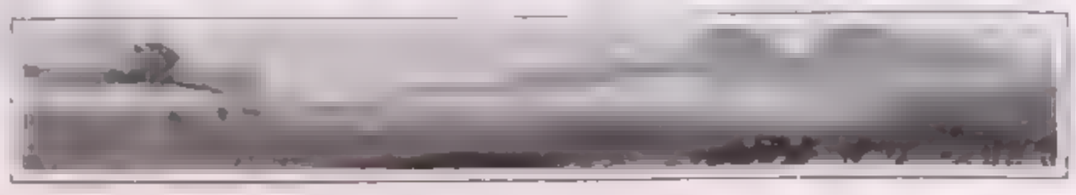
And now comes the strangest paradox in the history of American foreign relations. The Wilson policy with regard to the recognition of Latin-American governments has now been adopted by more than half of them as a practical means for discouraging the overthrow of governments, and yet his interference in Mexican affairs is cited as proof of Yankee imperialism. Indeed, it is held up as a threat against the sovereignty of all the smaller Latin-American republics.

Wilson promulgated that policy solely from the point of view of a statesman interested in the welfare of governments patterned after that of the United States.

What followed in Mexico was renewed disorder and half a dozen revolutions sprang up simultaneously, just as American interests there had feared. Their spokesmen were furious. In the ensuing turmoil scores of Americans were murdered, railroads were torn up, bridges bombed, towns burned, and many people died of disease as well as from bullets.

Eventually, Venustiano Carranza's government was recognized by the United States, and with the help of this prestige

(Continued on Page 130)



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LAVISHLY blessed by nature with a structure defying the ravages of time and a strength in texture offering resistance to hard usage coupled with a charming and lasting individuality, Oak is *the sovereign cabinet wood.* Predominant throughout the Elizabethan Era, England's great period of cultural advancement, it has for centuries faithfully preserved artistic expression in design and the delicate deftness of the master craftsmen.

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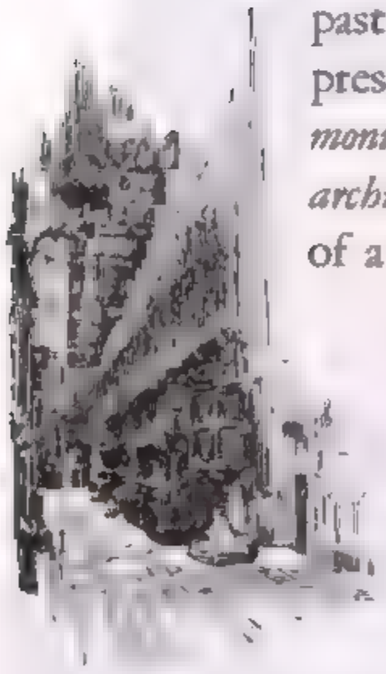

Westminster Cathedral owes much of its architectural excellence to its Oak woodwork, which shows but little of the scars of the centuries and reflects a time-mellowed beauty that grows lovelier with the passing decades—another characteristic of "the sovereign wood."

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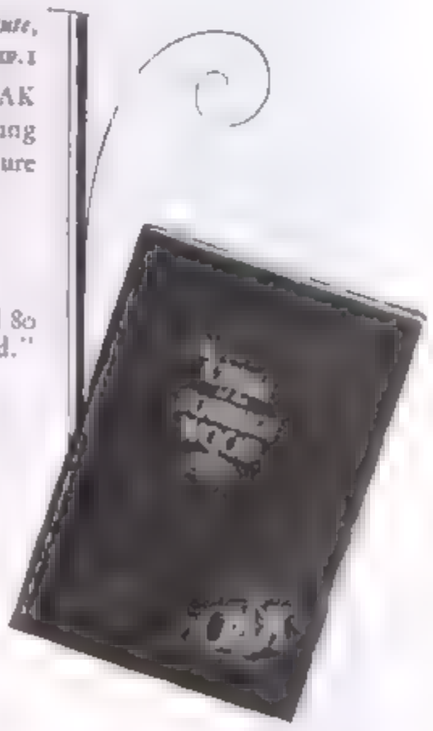

"The Charm of 'The Sovereign Wood'"

is a lovely brochure of eighty pages, with over a hundred plates, embracing, aside from elegant interior vistas, a study of period furniture. Forwarded free, upon receipt of the accompanying coupon.

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THE SOVEREIGN WOOD

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The "Francis Drake," Elizabethan "Renaissance Oak" dining room suite —as painted in oil by Joseph Chenoweth

The bulbiform legs, rich matching of the swirl oak panels, individually cut carvings of the door fronts, mitered cherry wood mouldings, ebonized split pendants and balusters—as well as the proportioning and silhouette of the pieces—are distinctly Elizabethan in atmosphere and indicative, too, of Berkey & Gay fine workmanship

The charm of Oak—the sovereign wood

Oak has been called the "Sovereign Wood." It is a fitting title, for oak furniture it was that enriched the rooms of Elizabethan England—the most brilliant era in England's history.

Today Old English furniture marks a striking style note in smartly furnished American homes. And "Renaissance Oak"—an exclusive Berkey & Gay development—rich with its old-age mellowing and authority of design, is especially appropriate.

The "Francis Drake" suite in "Renaissance Oak" typifies the same spirit of style leadership, the same care in the selection of choice woods, and the same qualities of fine craftsmanship which three generations of cultured Americans have known and cherished

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Such fine furniture, once the monopoly of the exclusive few, is now within the means of the exclusive many. Scientific production methods have retained the qualities of this famous furniture, while reducing its price to a surprising degree.

So today American homes with few exceptions can possess, if they choose, both the style smartness of Berkey & Gay's "Renaissance Oak" and the picturesque atmosphere of stately Elizabethan rooms.

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(Continued from Page 126)

came into a semblance of power, but it never controlled the whole country. Immediately a new constitution was promulgated and the issues it raised with regard to the rights of foreigners in Mexico are still being debated.

One might readily assume that foreign interests would have been delighted to get rid of Carranza in any way possible, but again the situation had changed. The dire threats against foreign investments contained in his constitution could not be carried into effect because his government was entirely too weak. There were two probabilities to be considered in the event of his government falling—first, anarchy and renewed warfare, with half a dozen aspirants in the field; second, a much stronger man who would adhere to the new constitution and eventually carry some of its provisions into effect.

Meanwhile vigorous and intelligent campaigns of propaganda against that constitution were launched by distinguished Mexican jurists and statesmen. They held that it was Bolshevist in principle and illegally foisted upon the nation. Señor Jorge Vera-Estanol, former Secretary of the Interior and former Secretary of Public Instruction, issued a volume entitled Carranza and His Bolshevik Régime. It was first published serially in a Mexican newspaper. Every consideration of expediency suggested that foreign interests should let the Carranza government wabble along to its eventual fall and hope for the best possible results from the campaign against his entirely new theories of government. So he also received some measure of support from foreign interests in the form of advances of money.

When, eventually, he fell it was to be succeeded by Gen. Alvaro Obregón, a much stronger man and abler executive. Carranza was a crossroads country lawyer full of theories. Immediately progress began to be made toward carrying into effect some of the provisions of the new constitution, but Obregón was a welcome relief after a man who had impressed many people as a parochial-minded fanatic.

Business and the Government

Obregón would hear and utter argument. Not only that, he brought a greater measure of security against banditry, which previously had flourished in every part of the country, coming frequently to the very environs of the national capital. So foreign interests rested their hopes upon argument, and again supported the government, even to the extent of millions of dollars advanced against future tax levies. Eventually General Obregón surrendered the government to his friend, Plutarco Elias Calles, another strong man who has gone much farther with the work of enforcing the Carranza constitution. As this is written he is engaged in a bitter struggle against the Roman Catholic Church. For foreign business interests to attempt to intervene would be the height of folly and they know it. Their case still rests where it has been from the beginning—in the hands of the State Department of the United States.

When the charge is made that American business interests have upset governments in Mexico it is not unreasonable to ask which government was thus upset. There are thousands of living men who know intimately the details of one or more Mexican revolutions. For thirty years, under Diaz, there were no successful revolutions. His government fell in 1911 and since then there have been a great many, but none is ancient history. If American interests are accountable for any one of them, it would be possible to produce scores of living witnesses to prove that fact. Under the circumstances, something more specific than a blanket indictment ought to be brought forward. Incidentally if the Department of State has won any arguments with Mexico since 1911, those victories might also be brought forward for examination. I don't recall any, and I have been familiar with Mexican affairs since before Diaz fell.

The picture of Uncle Sam in the rôle of interfering imperialist invariably is offered with the following story: American business interests "invade" the country in question. I put quotation marks around the word "invade" because that is precisely the word used by the propagandists. Next, the invading business interests scoff at the laws of the country in which they have made their investments, and then call upon the United States Government, which by force of arms upsets the harassed weaker government and gives the business interests whatever they have contended for.

Then comes the citation of the fall of Victoriano Huerta. It is a very interesting story and rather amazing, in view of the facts. General Huerta was hailed by American business interests in Mexico with great enthusiasm, and the refusal of President Wilson to recognize him is still condemned in unmeasured terms by the very men who, according to the propagandists, are supposed to have benefited.

Close to the Margin

Recently I listened to a Mexican orator discoursing on the Mexican problem. Concluding his address, he offered a few words of advice that he thought would aid the solution of Mexican-American relations. "Let the State Department," he said, "have a more patient, friendly attitude in approaching Mexican affairs." I wondered at the time just how the State Department could be more patient than it has been.

About 200 Americans have been murdered in Mexico since the Diaz government fell. Nobody knows what the property losses have been, and that subject is open to debate, but the most authoritative and at the same time conservative estimates range from $1,500,000,000 to $2,000,000,000. President Carranza repeatedly in formal notes invited the United States Government to go and take a long running jump. Since about 1913 there has continuously existed the sort of issues upon which wars have traditionally been predicated, and yet there has been no war nor any great probability of one.

Three cabinets, one Democratic and two Republican, have clearly shown that they don't want war. American business interests in Mexico don't want war and have so declared; the public has been apathetic throughout. For the past three years the much-discussed American oil interests in Mexico have been confining their operations to the pools long since developed and opening no new ones, although they own many undeveloped oil fields. They are on their way out of Mexico. The production figures show that beyond any question, and have done so for two years. If greater patience could be shown, whoever makes the suggestion ought also to furnish the recipe.

All Latin America, including especially Mexico, is now being subjected to Bolshevik propaganda. In some of the countries it has great effect, in others very little so far as the cause of communism is concerned, but in every country the United States is violently assailed as imperialistic and threatening. Very often this part of the propaganda gains a respectful hearing even when the rest accomplishes nothing.

The present is a critical period in the relations between the United States and Latin America. More than a few of these countries are economically ready for tremendous development. Capital is not going to invade them, but it is ready to be invited and to coöperate with local capital and enterprise. These invitations are coming to American capital in ever-increasing numbers, but investigation often develops the fact that there are two factions working at cross purposes where the investments are to be made. One faction would push forward with the development of natural resources; the other would keep the national domain a goat ranch forever rather than see foreign capital participate in its development. These cross currents of opinion do not greatly affect American commerce; it goes on its way prosperously. But there should be more hydroelectric plants, oil fields, mines, sawmills, railroads, port facilities, waterworks and similar enterprises that call for permanent investments. If these are to be viewed with suspicion, then many of them will never be made.

Communism appeals strongly to many of the rural people of Latin America, largely because it is not new to them. Millions lived under communistic local governments before Columbus discovered the New World. The sort of communism they practiced works very well under primitive conditions. It gives a man a share of the community's water, a share of the wood and a share of the common pasture. He has his little patch of ground also. Life on those terms becomes communistic rather naturally. Now if that man has no conception of life beyond what this plan will afford, it suits him very well.

Communism in a country such as Mexico, for example, is not a Russian theory; it is simply a reversion to the Indian way of living. The principal objection to it is that it does not contain within itself the seeds of progress. The fact that it is good one year does not mean that it will be better the next. On the contrary it is a static existence and always close to the danger margin—danger meaning, in this case, hunger. Out of this mode of living no universities or technical schools can grow. Mineral wealth remains untouched under little patches of corn and beans. Potential electric power leaps from the crags and flows to the sea unharnessed.

The issue in Latin America is whether the millions who are satisfied with that sort of life now and would be forever will prevent the others from going forward. In the long run they probably will not, but as matters now stand there could be an enormous difference in the rate of progress.

Of Public Concern

The United States now offers the largest reservoir of capital on earth, and some parts of Latin America are ready to match it with more capital than they have ever had before in all their history. The stage is set for rapid development if those who favor it have their way. Or, on the other hand, it is entirely possible to build up such a sullen opposition to coöperation with American capital that the whole course of international relations in this hemisphere would eventually change.

Recently I discussed this situation with the chief executive of an American corporation which has invested $15,000,000 in a South American country with a view to spending three or four times that much on future development.

"We're not doing anything now," he said. "Conditions are not right. There is a feeling of suspicion, a vague sort of unfriendliness. We can wait, so we are waiting. Some way ought to be found to make the attitude of our Government clearer by reiteration of its position. And I hope, also, that closer coöperation between American corporations operating abroad and the American Government will develop in time. This might even take the form of regulation; certainly it ought to include a better exchange of information.

"For instance, when a corporation is called upon to make a decision that may eventually be reviewed by the American State Department, it would be much better if the American minister or ambassador sat at the council table when the original decision was made. The national interest enters into all these matters and they cease to be strictly private.

"It is not enough to play fair and keep our mouths shut. We are entering a new era, and facing new difficulties; it is up to us to convince all concerned that the unquestionably friendly feeling of our people for all of the Latin-American nations remains unchanged. And we have to elaborate that friendly feeling into fixed policies that will reduce friction. The future lies on this side of the world. It is up to us to work together with such understanding that we'll banish the talebearers and mythmongers."

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Who? A useful servant—electricity, source of abundant light and power. Where? In thousands of homes. Why? Because many wiring installations fail to provide enough outlets.

Call in a reliable electrical contractor to work out an adequate installation for your home—whether it is already occupied or still in the plan stage.

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Permit No. 4

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

Superrefined Pure Pennsylvania

MY DEAR

(Continued from Page 25)

myself directly I got that. And here you are, as you always would be, able to produce anything rabbits out of hats or any jolly old thing. Here you are with this What's-his-name's cast-off to market. Sell 'em to me for this one night, eh, Stone?"

"This way, Mr. Jack."

He was shut into a bedroom with a brass double bed in it—the connubial chamber of the Stones.

"Bath, Mr. Jack? Water always hot at my place, night and day. I put a proper system in. The gentlemen won't be wanting their baths for a half hour yet."

Bath!

"Stone, I haven't been in a bath for months."

Stone's grieved, pendulous face. "Oh, very shocking. You must have suffered, sir."

Mrs. Stone came, with her pale, fat, pendulous face, up the stairs to see what was afoot. He recalled her instantly—old Snooky, cook for years at Riverside, and then she'd married Stone and they had launched out together while he was at Oxford. Often in his school holidays he had invaded her kitchen and consumed extra and Gargantuan meals, culled from all the delicacies in her vast cupboards. Philip had been a favorite of old Snooky's too.

"Mr. Jack, Gertie, for a quick bath and change."

"Mr. Jack!"

"Snooky! I look what I am, don't I? A reprobate."

"Oh, dear, dear! Oh, dear! Dear! Dear!"

"A bath towel, old lady, quick," Stone requested, bustling about. She brought it at a trot.

"Sir Lucas was too 'ard on you, Mr. Jack. Oh, my, where 'ave you been?"

"You run down, old lady, and see to your dinners. Three of them dining in tonight." And again Jack was alone with Stone, facing immediate problems.

"Look, Stone, I want to seem decent. What's-his-name got anything else to sell? I mean, supposing I telephoned you for a bag?"

"A bag?"

"I haven't got a bag. Got nothing at all. Could you send a bag round to me with strict necessaries in it for the night and tomorrow morning, supposing I telephoned?"

How kind and resourceful the old servant was. How dependable. And how vastly, quickly understanding.

"You mean, if Sir Lucas asks you to stay the night, you want to be able to telephone for your bag, Mr. Jack!"

"Yes, and I haven't one."

Old Stone, pursing up his thoughtful features, screwing up his steady little eyes. "All right, Mr. Jack. I got a bag of my own; and I've always got some of the gentlemen's shirts and suits and everything to dispose of. Gentlemen can't afford to give their old things away as free as they used to before the income tax was what it is. All right. All right, Master Jack."

He was Master Jack again now. Not "Mr. Jack," nor "sir," but Master Jack, the schoolboy who had been the life and terror and fun of Riverside during his tempestuous invasions. Old Stone was again the benevolent monitor, winking upon just and unjust alike, as long as they captured his fancy. And Jack had a great feeling now—a tumult of feeling—that all would be well. He plunged into the bath that Stone had prepared for him. Fancy the foul months just past, when man couldn't lie down in a porcelain bath, lave himself in rivers of hot water, scrub himself with the best soap, dry himself lapped in the folds of a great thick Turkish sheet. Fancy the foul months gone by. Fancy the past three queer throbbing weeks gone by, lost forever! He would not think except ahead. He would not look back, only forward. Just in time—just in time he had ——

It was beastly, just the same; the way things reminded a man of other things. Beastly that all this steaming lavishness of water should recall the kettlefuls heated on a little wreck of an old hob grate in a top-floor room. "Want some hot water to wash yourself with?" And then, the handing out of her little kettle to be emptied into the zinc pan in his room—the kind of zinc pan that all Greengrove Alley washed its clothes and its children in. In the morning he would think of her, he promised himself—in the morning he would review the situation as it seemed to need it. But just now he must rush ahead. Just now there wasn't time. The whole of the three queer throbbing weeks had been stark madness.

He came again, wrapped in the excellent bath sheet Mrs. Stone had provided, to the bed chamber of the Stones. And there, already, before proceeding to his tables and his other valeting, Stone had laid out a dress shirt, a trifle frayed at cuffs and buttonholes; a dinner jacket and trousers, scrupulously brushed; a black tie; a felt hat; a light overcoat; patent-leather shoes and somebody's well-darned socks and a couple of clean handkerchiefs.

What matter if all these had belonged to this Captain Shell, or anyone else? They fitted well enough; did well enough. Uncle Lucas, softened as he seemed, wouldn't have tolerated the scarecrow in the dreadful flannels and the leaky shoes. No, Uncle Lucas was hard; would not excuse a nephew who had let himself go—who had let himself go too far, at any rate. It had been providential, this flight to wise, resourceful Stone, who understood Sir Lucas and his hardness; Sir Lucas and his ruthless judgments, narrowed to the circumstances of his own class. It had been an inspiration.

Then Stone was back again briskly, regarding the set of the jacket, saying, "The shoes 've seen their best days, I know, but they're well built. If a thing's good once it's good always. I was selling them for young Mr. Corinder—Mr. Nigel Corinder, you know, Master Jack, what left Eton in your first year." And: "It's a pity I haven't a silk hat and dress overcoat by me at the moment; sometimes I have one or two. But these'll look right enough—right enough for a young gentleman just going to dine quietly with his uncle." And: "My word, Master Jack, you've grown up, haven't you? Nothing of the youngster about you now."

"I've been learning in a school I'll bet you never went to, Stone, you old prince. Always lived on the fat of the land, haven't you?"

"Well, Master Jack, thank God, me and my family before me have always served the real gentry. They're like a wall round you, I always say."

Yes. Like the wall that he had broken through. But here he was back again, and glad to be inside

"Ah. And outside that wall, Stone, you old sport?"

"You shouldn't ha' looked, Master Jack."

"Shouldn't, eh?"

"Every man to his own class and place, sir."

The man was right. Comfortable, comfortingly right. You couldn't leave your herd and run with a fresh one and feel yourself at home. And he asked, "If—if I fix up anything tonight, Stone, should you have room for me here if I wanted to come?"

"Captain Shell's regiment is ordered to India next week, sir. That's why he's refitting."

"So I could have his rooms?"

"With pleasure, Master Jack."

"If ——"

If. Then the yearning, the mad longing, broke all over him. To be riding his own line of country; to be among his old habits;

(Continued on Page 135)

The guest of honor begs to be Excused . . . !

"It is difficult to say 'no'—impossible to say 'yes'.

"Mrs. So-and-So is a charming woman. I would not willingly be unkind to her—but one experience is enough.

"Some things are more than one can endure."

Although friendship may be at stake, there are times when even an intended guest of honor must beg to be excused.

A fly on a luncheon table, a roach crawling on the bathroom floor—any insect creeping across pure-white linen—is the world's greatest social error!

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It's powerful strength kills them all. None can escape or revive.

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This New Way is Changing the Hygienic Habits of Millions by Banishing the Hazards of Old Ways —Positive Protection, Plus an End Forever to the Problem of Disposal.

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It supplants the hazards and uncertainties of the old-time method with protection that is absolute. Millions of women are flocking to its use.

The name is Kotex. Doctors urge it. Nurses employ it. Women find in it the scientific solution of their greatest hygienic problem. Its use will make a great difference in your life.

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Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends an annoying problem.

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding.

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You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

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Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry

(2) True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton

(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at any store, simply by saying "Kotex"

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

(Continued from Page 132)

to leave the past behind like a nightmare; to forget and to begin again! What fortune!

"Stone, I hope I come back to you."

"Indeed, I hope you do, Master Jack. Meanwhile—just for the week, till Captain Shell leaves—you'll be staying, no doubt, at Beverley Place."

"Then you don't doubt, Stone"—huskily—"that it's all going to pan out all right for me?"

"I shall have the bag packed and be sending it along on receipt of your telephone message, sir."

The man's confident smile! It put into Jack the rest of the heart that he needed. He was out in Jermyn Street, fitting into the picture of the familiar evening life of the neighborhood—a young man of excellent appearance going out to dine. He wished he were silk hatted and wearing a silk-faced overcoat, and that there was rather more money in his pocket than the few pence that lay there. However, the light and smart tweed overcoat of Captain Shell—or Mr. Corinder?—was good, and he only had to feel the hat upon his head to know its origin, even if he had not looked before, just for the pleasure of looking. He walked into St. James' Street and crossed Piccadilly; passed into Berkeley Street.

The familiar streets, exhilarating with memories—baskets of violets still being hawked, although it was nearly eight o'clock; women with their long, exquisitely silk-stockinged legs and their neat polished hair, going into the Ritz and the Berkeley; and then from the Berkeley Restaurant the faint croon of the orchestra; he savored it all.

"Well," he thought, "I have learned."

He turned the corner into Beverley Place and saw before him the tall, austere and haughty house.

IX

SIR LUCAS was in his study. His errant nephew followed Stone's successor—unacquainted, except by possible hearsay, with him and his escapades—through the hall. Cool and precise, quiet and orderly, it was all the same as ever. And he mounted, behind the servant, the staircase where one's feet trod without noise. His heart beat like the sticks of a drum against his ribs. It would be devastatingly difficult.

But he was not difficult, the large old man standing on the hearthrug, hard, polished, urbane; his handshake just like Philip's handshake; his opaque look from eyes that took everything in. He was unchanged outwardly, even his immense grief not marking him.

"Good evening, Jack."

"Good evening, uncle."

"Take a cocktail?"

"Thanks."

Then they stood together on the hearthrug, back to the fire, as they had stood many times down the years behind; first as a little schoolboy, fatherless, Jack had stood there, striding the hearthrug, beside Sir Lucas; then later, as a big boy from his public school; later still, feeling full-fledged, when he was down from the university. Only now their eyes were level; each could look into the other's eyes.

Never had Lucas examined his nephew so shrewdly, so appraisingly and yet so wistfully, as he did now.

"Your mother is still at Cannes."

"Yes, so I suppose."

"Ever write to her?"

"I haven't since Christmas."

Not since the come-down into Summer Street and Greengrove Alley, indeed, had he sent his perfunctory duty letters for Ellaline.

Lucas understood in a vague, impersonal way. But it was impossible, thought the newly lessoned young man, that his uncle should ever really understand the details of the submerged life—the cramped quarters, the cheap foods, the sudden red fighting on Saturday nights, the pawning of the last shirt with no hope apparent of ever redeeming it again. Too vast a difference, too wide a gulf here; he might well leave out such details from the story Lucas would probably ask him to tell. They would mean nothing. He could almost hear Lucas' deep croaky voice remarking caustically:

"How perfectly ridiculous," or "Surely you could have done better than that for yourself."

It was what all the easy-living people believed; what he had believed himself in the first weeks of his outlawry from the family. Surely a fellow with all his wits about him could do better than that. He tossed off his cocktail.

The first alcohol since Jenny broke into his life.

"My new man doesn't mix 'em like Stone did," said Lucas.

"It seemed all right to me."

"You're looking very well, Jack."

"I am extremely well, sir."

A long weighty pause. "I am glad you wrote to me."

"Thank you, sir."

Then the mellow sound of the gong, beat downstairs, reverberating softly up and down the house.

"Come along."

There was the shining table with the immensely high candelabra; there were the glow of choice fruits and the passing of the port, just as he had so often, these past months, thought of it all. The dinner was over. What a dinner! Eating a tender fillet of steak with forced mushrooms and baby green peas, he was reminded of the bits of meat Jenny used to sizzle with such care in her only frying pan. Oh, sadly, sorrowfully ridiculous!

His letter would explain everything to her—so wise she was; she would understand all. And after tonight he would probably be able to send money to clear off the expenses of that extra room they had furnished together. But though he could not quite banish her, only very dimly did Jenny and her ways enter just now into his absorbed, impatient mind. Trifles, mistakes, were all to be swept away, and he would begin again. He knew the imperative need of that hitherto unconsidered article, the clean slate. The clean slate was what thousands of men direly desired. It was his!

The deep, croaky voice of the old man at the head of the table, when the butler had withdrawn, said, "Now we can talk. We'll get to business. You look healthy, Jack."

Jack replied swiftly, "I've kept fit."

He could see himself, blurred black and white, in the shining table; and as swiftly as he had spoken there came before his eyes the unshaved wastrel he had seen looking at him from a cracked mirror every morning but a few weeks ago; the unkempt fellow without a shirt, the starveling. She who saved him —— But he didn't tell Lucas of this. Time enough when and if the old man asked.

"If a man keeps himself physically fit when he's going downhill, there is good stuff in him," said Lucas. "It's the coward who lets himself go, all over, directly his pocket is a bit light."

Well, from the profundity of his ignorance the privileged old man spoke—the profundity of his ignorance of what actually and individually happens to a man when the waters close over him.

"Let it go," Jack thought. "Let it go at that."

"You're clean," said Lucas, "well set up; nothing of the loafer about you. You haven't gone to the dogs, as I said you would."

"Not quite, sir."

"I am glad I was wrong. Fill up your glass."

He filled it up. He knew the port—a rare vintage wine; it came up on only great occasions. And his heart seemed to draw closer to Lucas' heart because of this gesture of celebration.

"In your honor, Jack," said Lucas, indicating the port.

"I recognized it, uncle. Very good of you."

With approval, Lucas went on, "You look like a man who's been working."

"Yes, uncle. I've been working with my hands."

He displayed them smilingly. They were marked by the service of Mr. Simmons, in spite of old Stone's hot water and velvety soap. An amused smile touched the corners of Lucas' mouth as he looked at those hands with the short chipped nails, and a little light came to his tired and somber eyes.

"Good!"

"Again," thought Jack, "approval is easy." And that part of his mind which had grown hot, dark and sinister in the mean life of the mean streets struggled with that part of his mind which was all eager, glowing, like the mind of a little boy anticipating good things.

"You went away a fool of a boy," said Lucas, "and you have come back a man. Well, Jack, is there anything in these past few months that you want to get back to?"

"No!"

"You can put them behind you, forget them, and start again?"

"Yes."

"No troubles, no bad friends—loafers, touts, blackmailers, and so on—hanging on to you? Because if so, we'd deal with 'em right away."

"Not one. No, I can leave my troubles behind."

"No entanglements of any sort, Jack?"

"No, sir."

She wasn't an entanglement, that working girl already hours, aeons, behind; already worlds away. No. Splendid girl, protecting, encouraging, scolding, laughing, cooking, nursing, sewing.

The girl who would have been his wife this time tomorrow if Lucas hadn't written to him. A girl like that would never be an entanglement. She wouldn't want to hang on. She had pride.

"I'm glad you've worked," said Lucas out of a silence.

"Work! Work!" Jack could hear her crying. "Any work is better than no work."

He sighed profoundly, his two minds threshing away at each other, thoughts like flails beating him.

"When I had your letter about Philip," said Lucas, speaking the sorrowful name invincibly, "all I had to guide me were the postmark and the fact that you called yourself John Danby. I got the best detective in London on the job and he located you."

"So that's how it was done!"

"No doubt you were a pretty remarkable figure in that locality, and so he got wind of you more easily than he might otherwise have done."

John wondered uneasily as to what details the sleuth might have gathered concerning him. He put out a feeler:

"I'm afraid I wasn't very popular round there."

"I don't know anything about that. When he had your address that was all I wanted. And now I've got you, Jack. What about these shoes of Philip's? Would they fit you, do you think?"

"You want me to ——"

"To go on where Philip left off; do what I hoped he would do. He was standing for Parliament, you know, when that railway crash happened. The seat's half won, I should say, already. His propaganda was marvelous, though I, his father, say it. I want you to step into his place. Begin working the constituency at once. If you'd done anything in the past to be particularly sorry for, to blemish your reputation beyond whitewashing, it would be difficult. As it is, there's nothing against you that the public can't forgive. I strafed you for playing the fool, but the public doesn't mind that in a boy. That's over, eh?"

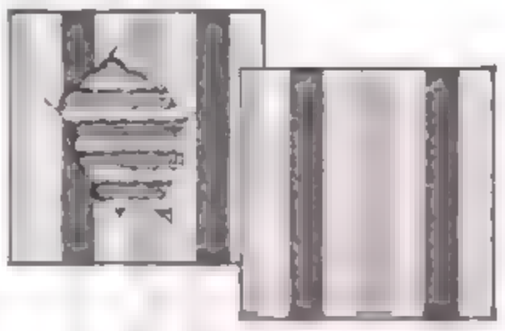
"That's over, uncle."

"So what I want you to do is to be a son to me, Jack. Never mind that mother of yours! Cannes is a good place for her and may she stay there! I want you to follow out my boy's career."

"I'll be proud."

(Continued on Page 137)

CRACKED WALLS—



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(Continued from Page 135)

The butler came to tell Lucas, while they were still lingering at the table, that Lady Rosamund Lacey was in the drawing-room.

"Did you ever see her, Jack?" Lucas asked as they ascended the wide staircase. "I don't think you did. She and Philip were -well, I'd hoped—she's of good stock; and I believe in these modern girls; hard as diamonds -such sense and such poise. Well, you'll see—you'll see," he was murmuring as they reached the drawing-room door.

There before the pale wood fire in the Adam grate stood a girl—a young woman rather, for there was nothing about her that was girlish, save the youthfulness of her contours. She stood on the dull green hearthrug in a frock fitting like a serpent's skin, of all rich strange colors blended into the sheet of brocade. She had fabulous pearls twined and twined about a thin, lovely neck, and little silver slippers beating and digging impatiently on the soft rug.

The exoticism of her, the hothouse perfection, caught Jack's breath. This apparition, coming right on top of the most marvelous dinner he'd had for time uncountable, gave him a vision of future exhilarations. And then her eyes, bright and remote and sophisticated, looking swiftly to him from under plucked and penciled brows, were most alluring.

She took Lucas by the lapels of his coat and kissed him, with her mouth like a little flower of pink lacquer. "How are you, sweet?" she said softly, hoarsely.

She had the charming contralto huskiness in her voice to belie the glitter of her personality, and her very thin, very white hands on Lucas caressed him gently.

"Doing well, Rosamund. Nice of you to look in, dear."

"I wanted to see that you were not lonely."

"Well, I'm lonely, Rosamund. But not so lonely as I was a few hours ago. This is my nephew Jack—Ellaline's boy, you know—come back to help me through with it."

Then her hand was in Jack's and her contralto voice was saying, "I'm glad of that."

"Have you sandwiched me between two parties, dear, and how long can you stay with us?"

"I've dined at home and am just going on to the Rochesters'. And then to the embassy."

"Dined at home? You might have dined with us."

"My mother wanted to see me, you sweet thing."

"Can you still remember a mere mother, Rosamund?"

"She remembers me."

The faint smile of admiration on Lucas' face had a tinge of enjoyment in it; the first enjoyment he had been able to feel for days.

"This is a great time to be young in," he said.

She was looking swiftly again at Jack.

"I must be interrupting a nice evening *d deux*, if your nephew is only just back from ——"

"You'll make me very happy by staying as long as you can. Let the Rochesters wait for you, rather than deny Jack and me. What are you going to do for us, now you're here? Give us a Charleston exhibition—as I hear you did at Lady Narraby's?"

"Not dance; not dance here tonight," she said, giving his hand a little squeeze; and her remote bright eyes became personal, intimate, sad and sorry. "I'll play to you, shall I?"

She did not wait for their ardent replies, but going across to the grand piano at the other end of the room, sat down before it and put her hands on the keys. As her fingers hovered over the first chord she spoke across to Jack:

"I often run in to see if this sweet thing's at home, and if he is, I play to him while he dreams."

"Dreams," Lucas repeated in a low mutter to himself.

Her eyes, bent upon them gravely from the far space where the piano was set, seemed to be searching for their desires in music, as her hands hovered and searched among low chords and harmonies upon the keys. And then she began to play at random, going from one air to the other; from a snatch of something old and familiar to a snatch of something incongruously new, till at last she seemed to settle upon a theme of Liszt's in much the way that a butterfly selects and fastens upon a flower. She looked at them nearly all the time she played; at the old man and the very young man sitting over there by the fire.

Jack, in the dim lights of the room, looked at her unobtrusively, eagerly, and with a thrill at the soul. How alluring she was! Thin to emaciation in the ultra-modern way, colored deeply black and sharply white, with just her mouth, like a pink lacquer flower, and the pinkness of her sensitive nostrils—which she made up—to tinge her face with rose. And the way she watched them as she played—as if searching their hearts!

He knew now how sick he had been for his own class of women, for the exotics and delicacies of her, her flair for life and her look of leisure.

He became more intoxicated by Rosamund as she played and played than Lucas' wines had made him. He looked across the hearth at Lucas, sunk in his deep chair. He was indeed dreaming, with his eyes staring widely at the fire.

Jack wondered of Rosamund -who she was and how often they would meet; just what Philip's death had meant to her. And wondering, he remembered something about her; hadn't he, reading one of those stale newspapers in which Jenny Croft carried her work home, noticed idly and uncaring, that the famous Le Maur was painting Lady Rosamund Lacey's portrait? The actual words of the paragraph came back to him now. Lying on that narrow bed he had read it, while a few yards from him the sewing machine worked like a bee.

Rosamund's silver feet on the pedals fascinated him; so narrow and exquisite, like the rest of her, they expressed, somehow, perfect decision and poise and assurance; just as if those small feet knew exactly and always where they were going. It was sorrowful when she stopped and Lucas ceased his dreaming.

"Thank you, dear," he said, rising, and she came over to him, kissed him again, and told him, "Take care of yourself, sweet."

"Jack shall take care of you. He will see you down."

Jack went down with her, folded her cloak around her. She said, "Of course, we shall meet again soon." And she was gone.

"To speak of immediate matters," said Lucas a long while after, "where are your things?"

"At Stone's, in Jermyn Street."

"Oh, really. You've been there?"

"I saw him this afternoon; in splendid fettle. Good old Stone." He thought very movingly upon the old servant.

"If you have a bag, then, Jack, we'll telephone for it. You'll stay, won't you?"

"Thank you, uncle. I'll telephone for my bag."

Lucas' eye dwelt observantly on the passable dinner jacket and the slightly frayed shirt. "Worked with your hands, eh? Well, I'm glad you stuck to the decencies and kept some of your clothes together. It shows form, that, I always think."

"I'm glad too. You hate beggars, don't you, sir?"

"I hate beggars!"

How right had been his feeling and the feeling of old Stone that Lucas would have looked askance upon a dirty prodigal in rags. The prodigal returning by urgent invitation, decently and in some dignity, was a very different affair.

"Gladd will telephone to Stone," said Lucas, naming the new butler. "He can send someone to fetch it."

Stone could be trusted to see that no absolutely necessary part of a gentleman's overnight outfit was missing from that bag. And with a mind lulled and stimulated, excited and soothed, Jack found himself toward midnight in the big bedroom that he had always occupied at Beverley Place.

"Tomorrow you'll find your account open at Coutts'," Lucas had said, when they shook hands for good night.

Lucas, torn at last by emotion, had hurried away to his own quarters.

Jack couldn't sleep, couldn't rest. It was waste to squander such an epoch-making night on oblivion. He wrote to his mother. He smoked cigarettes innumerable. He read fitfully a page here and there from the French novel by Willy on the bedside table. But at last, after he had thought on everything, after he had planned, of course, to put money into an envelope and address it to Greengrove Alley directly the banks opened in the morning, he was desperately constrained to try for sleep. He longed to sleep, to drive from his mind's vision that head with the gay, bright hair bent above a whirring sewing machine. Only, when he slept, he dreamed of her. And when he awoke he thought "My wedding morning," before he realized himself.

Himself, Jack Riverside, Lucas' heir; standing in Philip's shoes, social, financial and political. John Danby, Bad Boy Danby, had played his part and left the stage. Here was again Jack Riverside. Yet a wedding morning is a wedding morning. It was a fine day, all little breezes and sun.

She would have been knocking on his door and crying this morning, if it had been the eventful morning she expected:

"Look! Look at the sun! Isn't it lovely! Aren't we lucky! A kettleful of hot water for you, my dear."

Someone else knocked at a different door. Lucas' valet entered with tea.

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning." Indeed, a good morning.

And then, later, sitting in the smaller library that used to be sacred to Philip, and where now a fire had been lighted, as in tacit recognition of a new occupant, he tried the letter that would accompany the gift of money. But he tore up letter after letter, and after he had put the money, in notes, alone into an envelope addressed to Jenny, he took it out again and pocketed it with shame. Had she ever, by look or word, wanted from him money? Was there ever anything, some smallest flicker, in the proud independence of her glance, to lead him to imagine that thus could he excuse himself? It was what many men would have done. But many men were cads, fools, unconscionable beasts.

Then he thought, terribly shamed and troubled—while telling himself to be sane; above all things, very sane—of four daffodils in a glass vase by his sick bed, and of how she worshiped at their shrine; of how, seeing her, he had thought, sick and amazed, of the florists of Bond Street, where lilies, roses, camellias, bloomed freshly every morning.

He rammed on his hat with the air of a man dogged with desperation and with being in the wrong, and went out. Oh, the sunshine! Oh, the cleanliness and candor of the well-kept West End! There were dwarf lilac trees in pots, azaleas in pots, sheaves of long-stemmed roses, bouquets of violets. He bought lavishly, spending a sum that couldn't have been believed in Greengrove Alley. How could he ever have thought of money! Money, cold and casual and hard, for her who loved beauty so well! She must have flowers, not money. A lover's gift, not a bargain. And then this would be the end.

*

JENNY came home with the tall cake, in its box of white cardboard, tied by the confectioner's wife with a silver ribbon for luck. "He made our cake when we was

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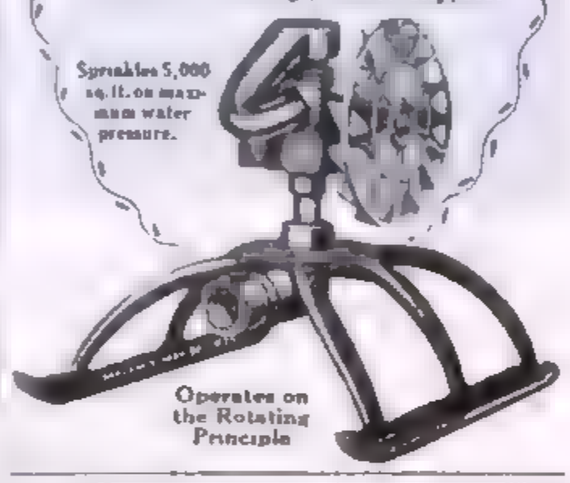

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married," said the confectioner's wife, indicating her husband, who seemed loath to part with this masterpiece, "but it wasn't no better than yours, dearie."

Greengrove Alley was a nice place to which to return today. Linda sat at her third-story window, leaning out to see what there was to be seen, and she saw the expectant bride come walking into the alley like a queen, and smiled down upon her: "Hi, Jenny, what have you got there?" And there was Jenny, laughing, shining, calling back "Ah!" in triumphant mystery.

Mrs. Leave was wheeling the baby away into the outer world of greater streets—the baby, in her chariot of soap box on old wheels; slantwise strips of wood nailed to the sides of the box, and barred with a horizontal piece for handle, to propel her; the baby in the only sort of chariot used by the carriage folk of Greengrove Alley. When the baby saw Jenny she bumped up and down in the box—to which she was tied with cord—held out her arms, and cried out sounds of love.

Mrs. Leave, as she went by, said, "If there's anything George and me can do to 'elp you this evening, Jenny, it's as good as done."

People passed by Jenny like people floating irrelevantly through a dream. She did not see Matthew Hamilton pause in a doorway higher up the alley to watch her go in. He stood there, with his gesture of taking off his round black hat, holding it against his breast, as one making obeisance, but she entered her door without seeing him. He would have been but another glorified shape in the misted golden world in which she moved.

Going upstairs she sang, careless of who heard; of a possible Heiner waiting to dart out upon her with lushy words of amorousness.

He bore her no malice for his unlucky encounters, on her behalf, with the curate and with Bad John Danby. The encounters were not humiliating to him; he could not be humiliated either by rebuke or onslaught. It all just whetted his thirst for thin, fiery Jenny Croft with her nimbus of hair. Indeed, he was there this evening—it being nearly seven o'clock—and he pulled open his door at the sound of her singing, and stood on his threshold in his dress trousers and his soft pleated evening shirt, wiping his hands, fresh from strongly scented soap, on a dingy towel, as she had seen him do many times.

"Hello, Jenny. Married and done for tomorrow, eh? What's the harm in running in here and seeing me for half an hour and telling me all about it? Eh? Eh? I'm the most sympathetic feller. We'll shut the door and have a little drop of port, eh? I got a nice bottle here. Your feller'll never know."

She went on, past him, not even stopping her singing. But this did not annoy; it tickled him. He liked a fearless, fighting, spitfire girl. An insult from her was merely the *apéritif* before the feast that he still felt must come. For was he not the most prosperous fellow in the alley; with a big comfortable room all his own, evening clothes, and a ring on his finger when he went out with a girl?

"If you're hurrying along because you think he's up there, sweetheart, well, he ain't. He went out just now."

Still she ascended the stairs, singing. Below her Heiner slammed his door, laughing a laugh meant for her to hear. She did not mind if Jack were out. She was rather glad. She didn't want him coming in before the cake was unwrapped and on the table. The spectacle of it was the biggest part of the surprise. If she mentioned it to him—"By the way, I bought a cake for tomorrow"—it wouldn't be the same. No, no. Let the cake speak eloquently for itself.

So she went into her room, dimming in the early-April twilight. And she saw it polished and clean, peaceful and sweet—home. She had kept it, after all, from intruders—save one, the most glorious. She had kept her sanctuary.

There was the great flag basket of apples on the table. She knew, even before she found on the top of the basket his business card with its jovial wishes for her future, that this would be Mr. Simmons' wedding gift.

She lighted the gas and drew her curtains. She didn't want neighbors from opposite high windows looking in on what would soon be there to be seen. She unwrapped the cake and placed it, on its silvery platter, in the center of the table. Standing off, gazing at it, her heart lifted at the sheer magnificence of life. The beauty, the strength and the song of life!

There were people all around her, just separated from her splendor by the mere thickness of walls, who were bitterly afraid, bitterly despairing. She knew it. She knew that sorrows and anxieties and fears lay upon their almost resistless bodies like mountain loads. It had always seemed to her queer and sadly shameful that people could not stand more erect, live more gallantly. When women, turning from the eternal discussion with her, with a look of envy and longing and submission, always said, "Well, 's different for you. You got your nice room. You belong to yourself, so to say," she had understood sharply what they meant.

The luxury of belonging to oneself! But then, the luxury of belonging to Jack! It was impossible to think that he would ever hurt her, ever fail her, ever kill her spirit. Somehow, in spite of all those women's crude prophecies, life would have more beauty, more strength, more song, than ever.

Then she lifted the flag basket from the table, because its roughness was so incongruous beside the cake, and under it she saw Jack's note. She put the apples in her cupboard and opened the note. And as she touched it, the color of love seemed to warm not only her flushing cheeks, but all her body, so that she literally felt its warmth. Then:

Jenny dear, I may as well be brief and say what has to be said quickly. You do things quickly yourself; you have such pluck. That's perhaps why I'm not so afraid of writing this to you as I would be to some girls. It's all no good. It would never do, this marriage. You know, as you've often said, that I don't belong to your world, Jenny. I'm no mixer. You know, or rather you don't—but I'm telling you now—my name isn't Danby really. I called myself that because I had enough decency left not to drag my family into my wallowings. Well, Jenny dear, my uncle has sent for me; he's giving me a chance to pick up the old life; to go back. I have a future again. It's all very dastardly, no doubt; but I tell you, ninety-nine men out of a hundred would do as I'm doing—they'd go back. They'd try to wash out their mistakes. I'm going to. Forgive me. You've been marvelous. I loved you, Jenny, but I simply can't go on, now that this chance has come. It's like a reprieve. I didn't realize till I had my uncle's letter.

Forget me, Jenny. I hope I'm an easier person to forget than you are. You always stay in one's mind so long every time one leaves you. At that foul Simmons' place I remembered you all day. But we'd better forget, both of us. And thank you. Thank you very much, and most inadequately.

It wouldn't have done, really. I believe your parson friend knew that all the time.

And then he broke off suddenly, just signing himself "John."

He was no longer "Jack." He was the "John" of Greengrove Alley and Summer Street, the unknown who had led the men in mischief and thrilled the sad, coarse women in spite of themselves. He was the unknown.

She had the letter crushed against her breast, going with flying steps up and down her room, halting to think, with queer flashes of knowledge and light darting in and out of her brain. Oh, he had gone! Oh, he was lost! Oh, the dreadful night coming, when she would lie thinking! Oh, tomorrow, that was to have shone so bright! His arms were gone, and his mouth that kissed her, and his laugh, and his looking to her like a little boy for her safe counsels. Her little boy was gone, her lover, her mate—he had left her desolate. And she cried out

(Continued on Page 141)

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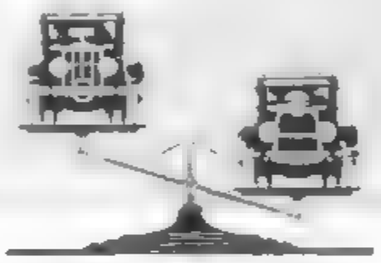

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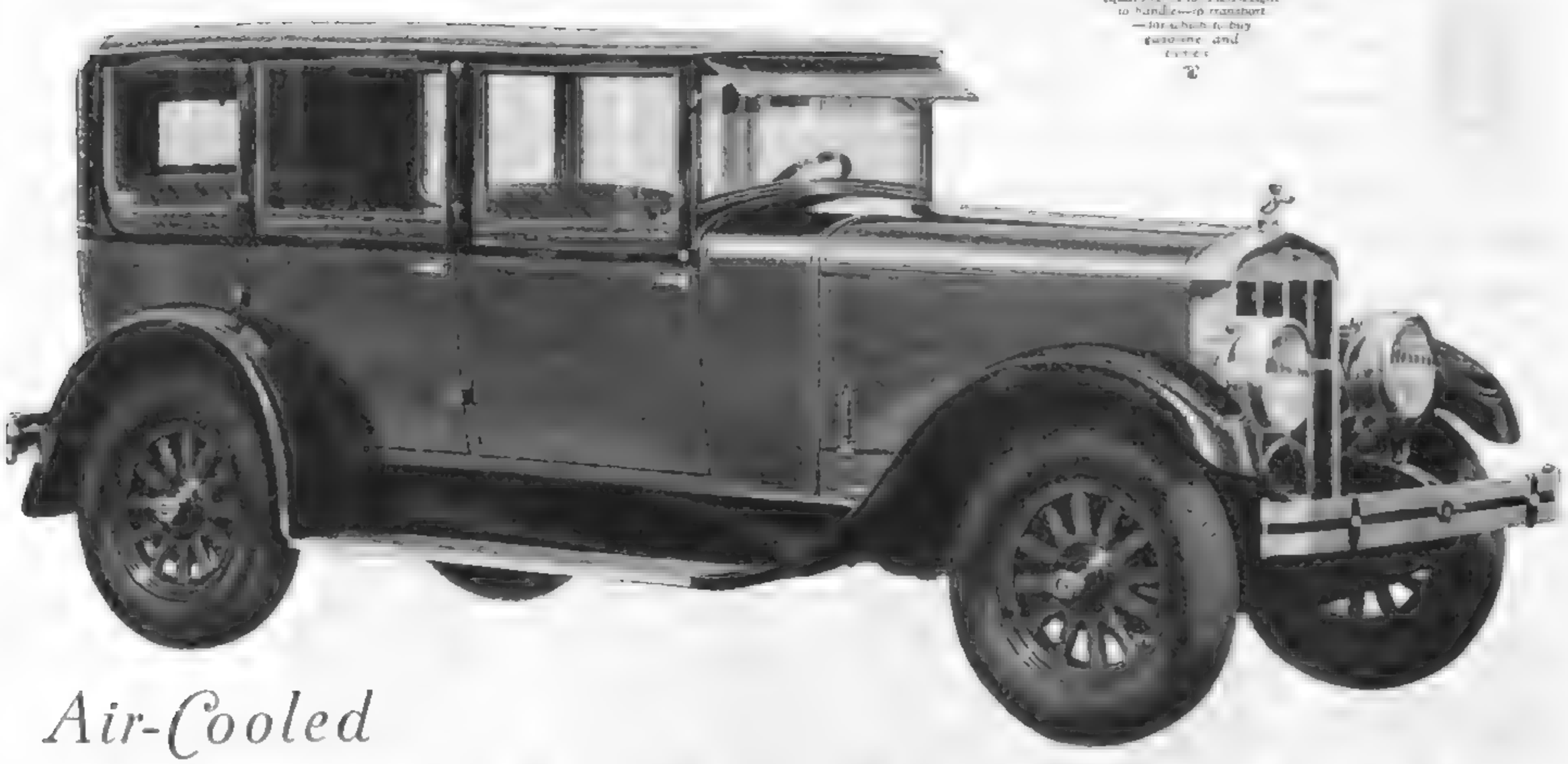

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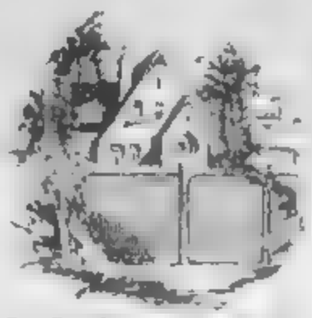

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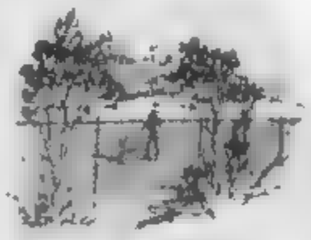

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(Continued from Page 138)

aloud in terror and anguish that she had never been good enough. It had never been right. She ought to have known better—she ought—she ought.

And yet, was it all for nothing, those weeks; that other room—so that there might be the two rooms; a home worthy of him—the sewing of the curtains; and the evenings he'd spent on making the box ottoman; and the Sundays of lovely hopes, walking in daffodil-starred parks, and the talks and the plans and the strange, great, new certainty of beautiful and lifelong passion? It was indeed all for nothing.

And confused and agonized and broken, she tried to think; wasn't there anything to be done? No way of drawing him back? Wasn't there even any way of finding him? That truth flashed to her sharply. There was no way of finding him. He was the unknown. Who knew from what or whom he had come, to what and whom he had returned? Where was he?

She found herself sobbing; where was he tonight? And the sense of the loneliness of the top of the tall decayed house came to her; the emptiness of the landing outside her door, and the emptiness of the room beyond.

Tomorrow there would be great laughter in Greengrove Alley. Also great anger. Also great pity. Laughter and anger and pity all crudely, roughly, coarsely expressed and intermingling. But she was as yet unconcerned with the humiliations of tomorrow's laughter, anger and pity. Only tomorrow's bereavement filled her. No wedding day. No wedding bells. Hamilton had promised to have them rung at his own expense. "You'd like bells, Jenny?" And the organist had offered to play for her.

It all came crowding to her heart—the memory of great and tender expectations and the days of preparation; the wedding bells and the wedding march; and the confectioner's window with women and children standing before it, worshiping the symbol of the happiness of Jenny Croft; and a woman's voice, "I wonder if she'll wear white"; and her own longing to cry out to these strangers who thus seemed so close and familiar to her, "I shall wear white. I am the bride."

And standing quite still in her room with her eyes shut, yet with all these pictures crowded under their closed lids, she turned blindly and put out a hand to where she knew the frock hung on the back of a chair, just as she had hung it before she went out, after she had damped and ironed it. She knew just how it looked—lovely; as a pure white frock must look in Greengrove Alley. Her fingers touched the frock, though she did not want to open her eyes to look at it now; she did not want the tears to pour from them upon its happy whiteness.

She heard a very gentle knock upon her door at last, many times repeated before its sound penetrated to her brain. For her brain seemed closed to all outside sensation or acknowledgments. And turning slowly, she said faintly, while a terrible thrill agonized her whole body—for might it be he? Might he have left the note and then come back, unable to stay away from her, unable to put her from him: "You always stay in one's mind so long every time one leaves you"; might he, even now, be standing outside? "Come in."

Matthew Hamilton came in. Her heart seemed to slump and sag, and actually her body sagged and drooped as never before. She tried to make herself rigid, brave. She gazed at him with drenched, fierce eyes from a face like the face of the dead. And for the first time he saw—as he had wondered if one day he must see it—the desolate look of the beaten woman upon Jenny Croft. He saw what he had dreaded to see, hoped and prayed never to see in her—he saw what he knew so well.

He stood quietly, arrested, inquiring of her with his eyes. She was fingering the white voile gown.

His eyes went to it, and then to the table; he saw the high cake, two tiers; he was swift to know the magnificence of such a thing. And tomorrow the wedding day. Yet he saw her standing there, wounded to the death. Only so many women rose from these deathbeds and went on washing and scrubbing, cooking and rearing children.

Into his acceptance of the fact that she had been struck, and struck hard—like other women—stole that rage which, man of God as he tried to be, he could never quite cow when she was in question. And automatically his right hand—hard and steady; a better hand than he needed for the peaceful exercise of his profession—clenched.

But he spoke quietly, with an effect of a smile on his lips, though his eyes watched her: "I looked in to bring you a little wedding present, Jenny."

From his coat pocket he took a flat small parcel and laid it on the table, still keeping his eyes upon her face. He saw the face quiver; its rigid white lines break; she made a little wail. Unlike Jenny Croft, all this; unlike the gay girl warrior who had held her own fort so strongly against the predatory attacks of life. And when the little wail broke from her he started and shuddered, horrified and distraught.

She took up the gift that he had brought her and bit her lips and set her teeth, and with shaking fingers fumbled at the knot of string. He hastened to produce a penknife and to cut the string for her, murmuring, "I couldn't think what you'd like best. I thought—well, you are fond of dainty little things for your home, aren't you?" He did not know what to say.

For what had Danby done? Of course, it was Danby—no other could bring her to her knees, weeping. He had gone on a drunk; lost his job; the police had him—what?

Then between them, somehow, the little parcel became unwrapped, to reveal the thin leather case, and when Jenny had clicked open the leather case she saw a row of half a dozen silver teaspoons—real silver; and not the big spoons such as Greengrove Alley knew, when it knew any at all, but little spoons with richly chased handles. Afternoon teaspoons, such as a lady would use with her precious china in her drawing-room; a tribute and a compliment from the thin, burning parson who knew that Jenny Croft liked dainty things for her home. The case lay open on the table beside the tall cake.

Now he saw her literally on her knees and weeping. She dropped down by the table and laid her head on her arms. She abandoned herself to her desolation.

All he could say was: "Jenny, child! Jenny! Jenny! Oh, Jenny!" and all his ears heard, among the voices of the squalling street outside, was the sound of her sobbing.

"Jenny! Oh, Jenny! You'll make yourself ill. Try to tell me."

She released what had been all the time crushed in one hand and thrust it over the table toward him. He read Danby's letter.

He sat down quietly on the other side of the table and waited for her. He wanted to take her in his arms. He had never thought of Jenny as wife—he had sworn himself secretly to celibacy; his work was his bride—but he thought now of taking her in his arms. He was a man, and he thought of putting his face down on that thick hair and kissing it and comforting her. And there were the irresistible triumph and satisfaction in his heart about Danby. The loafing gentleman of Greengrove Alley and Summer Street had deserted her; and, though he would have done all in his power to touch her wedding with beauty tomorrow, with bells and organ, and even extra flowers about the chancel, for what had just happened Hamilton praised God. He praised God that he was still to think of her shutting herself into this top room at nights, alone; that the sun would shine through her window for her and the stars twinkle and the breezes blow; and that no man should jeopardize her simple ecstasies. She was again safe.

He laid the letter carefully on the table again, and leaned across the table and put

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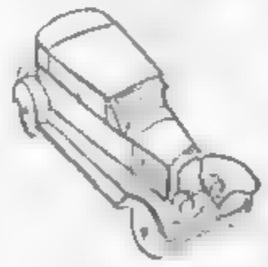

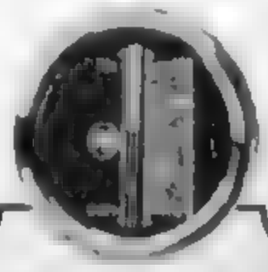

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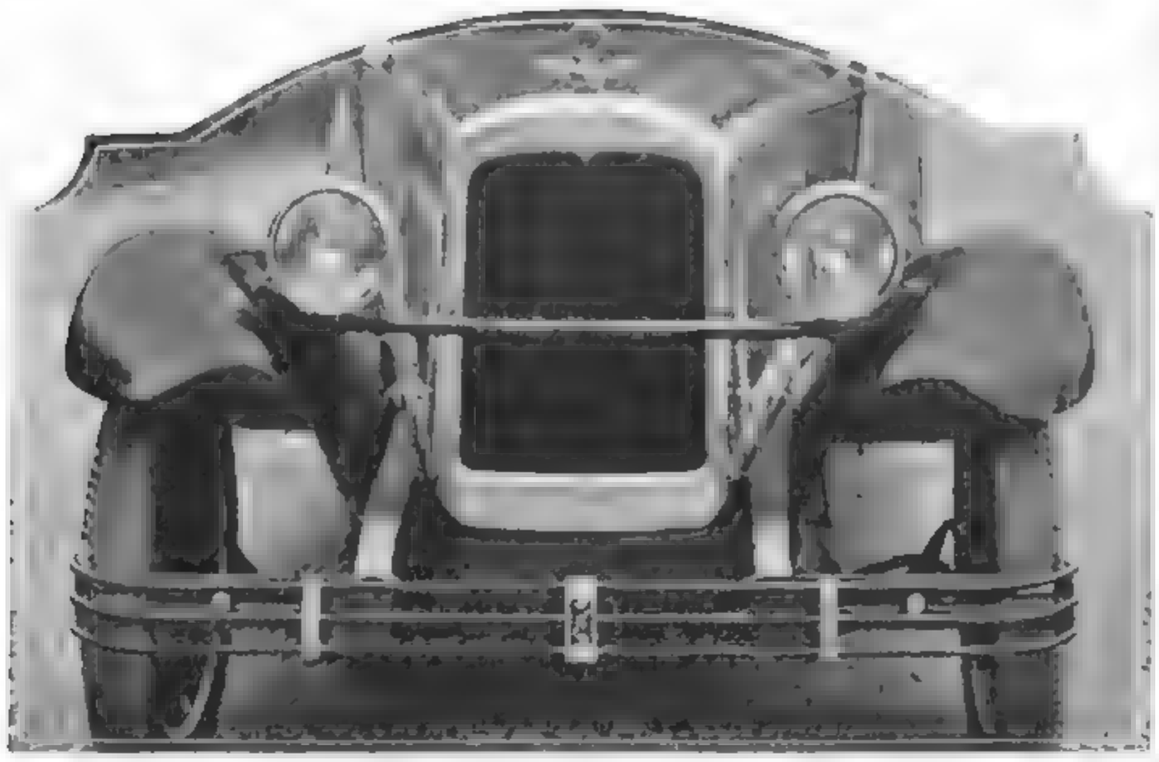

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a hand on her head. She looked up at him, and he saw her eyes wild with grief. "I had just been to fetch the cake, when ——"

He stroked her hair without a word. She cried in humility and despair, "I was never good enough for him!"

"Not good enough for him!" Hamilton cried bitterly. "Not good enough," he thought. Not good enough for the young waster; not good enough, she—the flower on a dunghill, the star set above a spiritual shambles! The curate considered this with deep, grim irony and amazement.

"He's a gentleman," she said. "I'm not ready for him. Don't I know that? Only, I didn't want to know."

Hamilton tried to clear his voice from the passions within him: "What'll you do, Jenny?"

"I can't do anything, can I?"

"Nothing," he replied gladly.

"Don't even know who his friends are, you see; where he came from; or—or his right name; or where he's gone."

"No."

She begged him, "Go away, Mr. Hamilton. Please. If you don't mind. I'm not ungrateful. But you know me. I like being alone."

"Yes," he said, rising, "you like to fight alone. God bless you. I'll be back tomorrow morning. You'll be my first call, Jenny."

"If you like."

He moved silently to the door. She still knelt, but now, sitting back on her heels, her hands hanging idly by her sides. She was looking up at the cake—the high, white, and gorgeous symbol. He read, with his kind and hungry eyes, all the story of woman's love, amazement, sorrow and despair in her face. He saw birth and death in her face. Yet he who saw all was helpless to save. All he could do was to come back tomorrow, with equal futility. As he was going she spoke without turning her head:

"Your spoons, Mr. Hamilton. Please take ——"

"Oh, Jenny," he said. "Oh, Jenny child, won't you keep the little spoons?"

And he went out without taking them. Some day—not today, not tomorrow, but presently—the little spoons would be a pleasure to her. Some day, surely, as women did all the world over, she would feel a small glow of happiness and content over precious possessions. He left her kneeling there, back on her heels, her hands limp by her sides, her face upturned, looking at the cake.

She awoke to a lovely morning of spring. She felt submerged in a great silence. The room across the corridor was empty. Then she got up and cleaned her room, lighted her fire and put a kettle on. She put the white dress away again in her tin trunk beneath the bed. Her thoughts never stopped while she moved about, telling her that soon all the alley would know, telling her that she had a wedding cake and no bridegroom, and suggesting that some day the Leave children would love a feast of it; and Linda, the cast-off artist's model, too; she would no doubt like a slice some day; and saying that Jenny had better go to Dealy's and get her work as usual, and that life must go on. And a hundred steady thoughts motivated her this morning.

So presently Matthew Hamilton found her, appearing slimmer and whiter than ever, but also more indomitable. She had been to Dealy's and got her work—a pile of waistcoats to stitch. He found her able to talk to him. She gave him a cup of tea, placing one of the little silver spoons in the saucer, with a bit of a smile that went through his heart like a spear.

"What will you do, Jenny?" he ventured.

"Working girls have to work."

"Yes; but ——" What he wanted to assure himself about was that she had given Danby up, surrendered.

"I mean, Jenny, there is nothing to do but to give up all idea of seeing him again."

"Mr. Hamilton, I haven't thought. I can't think clearly, except about everyday things. There's the other room to give up perhaps, and the—the things to take out, if I give it up." Here her voice trailed.

"Can I help?"

Wishful to be doing something, he urged her into the room across the landing. And there he saw the labors of love. John Danby had several times felt a sinking of the heart as he looked about that room and thought: "So this'll be home for keeps." But Hamilton, with his years of usage to squalor and filth incredible, knew it for what it was—a monument of which any girl might be proud in such a place; a haven to which any such man might be thankful to return.

She showed him the curtains and the bookshelf and the box ottoman and the rug. "We were going to get the two basket chairs as we could afford them."

The geranium was there, flourishing.

"He had that," she said, indicating it. "I knew he'd been used to having things nice, so I put it here."

"Let's take it back again now," said Hamilton brusquely.

"No. Not just yet. You see, I don't know ——"

She was like a stranger, thinking far-off thoughts—a stranger lately come from a far-off country. Of what was she thinking?

"But you will give this room up, Jenny?"

"I don't know. I don't know. I don't know."

Matthew Hamilton had a feeling that he was watching the beginning of a miracle; that he saw the first strange slow gropings of a work of wonder. And just as he had begun to suffer wretchedly from this feeling—not knowing what she meant to do, or what portended—there came up raucous ejaculations of astonishment from the street below; and then feet tramping on the bare stairs; and then heavy knocking; and a voice calling: "Name of Miss Croft anywhere here?" And he and Jenny went out through the open door of the room on to the landing, and they saw what they saw.

Two men were there carrying sheaves of roses, carrying dwarf lilacs and azaleas in pots, carrying a gilt florist's basket packed with bouquets of violets.

"For you, miss? Miss Croft?"

"In here," said Jenny, very calm and white.

Then the flowers were all in her own room and the door again shut upon Matthew Hamilton and herself.

With his hat held against his breast Hamilton beheld the miracle of the flowers. He saw the room transformed; he saw her transformed with it into a creature of joy and light. Without a word she was placing the pots of lilacs, putting long stalked roses into jugs and violets into basins. And at last, looking up, full of color and exaltation, she whispered:

"You see?"

"No—no note or message of any sort?" he responded from dry lips that would not smile an answer.

"No note. But, you see?"

"What do I see?"

"Love," she nodded.

"Yet he left you."

"Yes. But wouldn't some men—in his position—have just sent the money to a working girl—in mine?"

Hamilton fell silent.

"He sent the flowers. He knows me. Now I know that at least he understands."

Hamilton thought: "What's his understanding worth, the selfish young brute? He knows her, she's happy to think. It may be rather that he knows women. This is clever—damn clever," he told himself angrily and unclerically.

She was reaching for her hat and coat.

"Going out?" he asked watchfully.

"Going out. I've been blind about things. I should have taken my chances and learned more about the world. I should have been more fit for him then. He doesn't want just a drudge of a sewing machine girl."

"Jenny!"

(Continued on Page 145)

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(Continued from Page 142)

"That artist—that Mr. Le Maur—he's been after me to paint me, for months past."

"Jenny!"

"I'd learn something from people like that. In studios of fashionable artists you do see life; you do see a bit of the world. Linda says so."

He thought of the ruin of a woman who lived nearly opposite Jenny Croft.

"Jenny, till now you've been dead against sitting even to a man as celebrated as Le Maur. You always said that it led nowhere."

"Now it will lead me nearer him."

"Him?"

But he saw. She wasn't giving up Danby. The flowers—the beautiful and tender gift of flowers, however heartlessly or callously conceived—had done this.

She said breathlessly: "I shall meet people—probably people he knows. I shall learn such a lot, I shall make myself ready to see him again. I shall watch; I shall ask people—carefully, you understand; I don't want to hurt him or his prospects. How could I ever find out anything here, just going to and fro from Dealy's?"

"Then are you leaving us, Jenny?"

"No. I'll keep both rooms just as they are now. I'll still need everything to be as cheap as possible."

"You'll give up your work for Dealy?"

"I'll keep that too. I'll need every penny I can make, won't I? To improve myself, you see."

"Jenny, you may never hear of him again, no matter what you do."

"I'll be giving myself a better chance at least."

Then she was waiting impatiently, all afire, for Hamilton to go. They descended into the alley together.

"Wedding morning an' here's the bride and the parson," said Mrs. Leave, seeing them go out, as she scrubbed through the dark hall.

But Jenny had flown too high again on her wings of ecstasy to care what these earthbound creatures thought or said. Hamilton paused, saying gravely, "I'll let people know, Jenny, shall I, so that they don't question you?" And he turned back at once into the odorous hallway to acquaint Mrs. Leave; but Jenny went on into the wider streets, westward.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TOO MUCH ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 7)

And just then Pappy Danna said, "I hear something!"

I should hope! Bedlam was loose as usual in Pap's shop. My ear nerves fairly shrieked the record of it to my brain. And in all that pandemonium, Pap had heard something!

"That's a new noise," said Pap, picking up some strange vibration out of that ear-cracking din. "Uh-huh, I got it! Down there at the other end. You ought to make them grease up those gears a little better, chief, before you let 'em try out my new wall cranes."

There came a startled cry beside me. "Veliki Bože!" George Illić calling out. "Boss Charlie, he's gone up! He's mebbe climb conductor bars. Veliki Bože! Look! See!"

We followed his pointing finger as we ran. We had been standing not far from the gable end where Simms had climbed. Up in the shadowy corner we could see him hanging. I could not help but think of Calvary. His arms were wide-stretched, reaching across the corner, the fingers of one hand hooked over the flange of the little gable channel beam, the other hand clutched on the lowest of those conductor bars. His head was thrown far back, his body hanging limply perpendicular. The legs were still. The strength in that magnificent frame was almost gone. The shades were deepening about the glowing life that had so lately surged within it. And far up at the other end of the shop, the snarling of those wall-crane gears went on. It seemed that my ears were as keen as Danna's now. It seemed that I could hear them through the shop din, snarling like some beast over splendid prey.

Up at the far end of the shop Andrija Vasić worked his set of levers—Andrija Vasić, who was quick of brain. He had been idling in the cage of the wall crane, trying the dead controls that he would soon be operating under power; and idling there, he had seen Charlie Simms, far down the shop, start climbing.

"Hey, Andy," there had come a voice to him, up from the mill floor—"hey, Andy, get t'hell out o' there and up into your bridge crane, where you can do some good. I want you to turn this girder over for me." Thus a boiler maker, to Andrija Vasić, who was quick of brain.

"No mus' go up for bridge crane, Bill," called Vasić. "You t'row in svitch dot column over dere. Dot gimme juice dis wall crane. I pick up girder dis new wall crane, Bill."

And Bill the boiler maker, thinking all in order, had shoved home the switch.

I never knew George Illić was so lightning fast. I never knew his muscles were of steel. He seemed no longer little. He seemed big. No small man—giant spider. He swarmed up that shop gable end unbelievably, almost leaped up, as a huge tarantula might leap.

"It's up to him," breathed Danna in my ear. "If the switch were pulled, Simms would fall. It's up to little George."

I never knew George Illić was so strong. I never knew any man was as strong as that. Charlie Simms weighed two hundred. George Illić reached him. George hooked an elbow joint around a tie rod for strength of hold, and so that the thick cloth of his sleeves would insulate him. Then he took a grip on Charlie's nearest wrist. And Charlie's fingers, which his own torture-constricted muscles could not open, lifted off the little channel beam's flange where they were hooked, easy as lifting up an empty match box.

The circuit broke. The far hand unclenched. Simms dropped—two hundred pounds of him. Two hundred pounds dead weight swung down pendulum-wise on George Illic's arm and banged against the gable end with a tremendous jerk. George's right forearm was securely hooked. I knew that that would hold. But his right hand had only its finger grip on Charlie Simms' wrist. But years of hauling ropes were in that hand of George's. And there's something else that makes understandable the strength of little Slavic George that day. Charlie Simms and he were friends. I heard what George said when Charlie Simms' eyes opened.

"Ah dobro," George said. "Dot's fine, Mist'r Charlie, you a'right. Dot time you ketch too much electric, Mist'r Charlie. You die dot time, Mist'r Charlie, I gone cry like hell."

It wasn't ten days afterward that Andrija Vasić fell from the wall-crane jib, hit head first on a huge plate punch and died. He was out at the end of the cantilever, oiling, so it seems, and must have got dizzy, or misstepped.

But it happens that I know something interesting connected with that accident. I know that the wall crane moved just before he fell. I alone know it. I simply happened to be in the boiler shop at the time. It happened by the merest, rarest chance that I was looking up at Vasić, oiling there, when the crane jerked suddenly a foot or two along its track. I saw Vasić try to catch himself, and then go hurtling.

So I stood quietly and watched the cage of the big bridge crane way up overhead a

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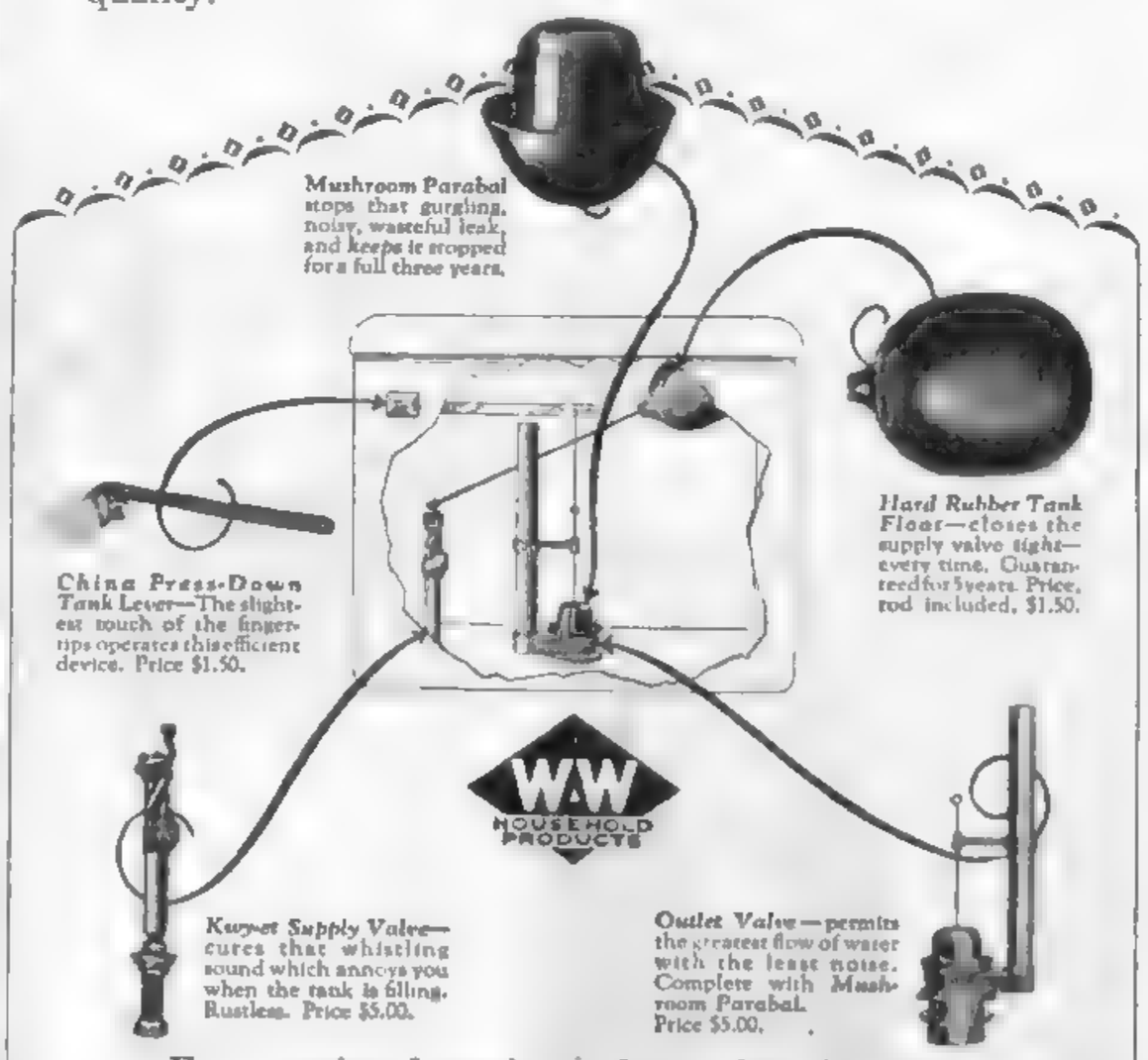
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while. I watched it fifteen minutes maybe. Then, at last, I saw the thing I knew I'd see.

I had Charlie Simms come over to my office late that day and told him to bring George Illić with him. I shut the door when they came in. "George," I said, "what did that fellow Vasić have to do with Mr. Simms getting hung up on those wall-crane conductor bars last week?"

And so, through George, we found out how the thing had happened.

"Who told you that?" I asked George when he had finished.

"Vasić," said George—"Vasić and nodder fellow. What you call dis nodder fellow, English. Vait I t'ink. Oh, yes, Janko Boozecorn! Dot fellow John Boozecorn all time talk too much—talk'n fool head off. Me, I all time t'ink dot Vasić do dot t'ing by Mist'r Charlie. So I say self, me, I gone find out. So I ketch one pint visky, mebbe two. I give dot visky some fellow be my buddy. I tell'm buddy give dot visky Vasić. Dot buddy give it. Vasić, she's drink whole bizness. Talk too much to my buddy. Tell everyt'ing. My buddy come tell me."

"Well," I said to George, "I guess that's all for this conference. Except"—and I cast a glance at Charlie Simms, who sat there, taking it all in—"except I'd like a little expert electric opinion from you on one thing. Do you think, George, that the control of the wall crane from the bridge crane operator's cage above is going to work out?"

George Illić never even blinked an eye. "Vell, Mist'r Chief," said George with a becoming modesty, "I be rigger. Me I no versteh too much electric. But I t'ink dot bizness gone vork out fine. No can be too much sure myself jus' yet. I only try dot once."

INQUIRIES INTO A LONG DRY SPELL

(Continued from Page 9)

essential essence of a section of American life, has caused this enormous change in our drinking habits. What is this stuff, anyhow, that so many of the American people should be so wild about it, over it and with it?

First off, we must take up the prohibition answer to my inquiries—the prohibition reason, excuse, alibi and justification for the kind of drinking the American people are doing nowadays. That is stock reply and assertion to any question as to what it is all about: That the iniquitous Eighteenth Amendment and the thrice-damned Volstead Law are directly and solely responsible for the state of the public mind as to booze, the state of the public habit as to booze, the state of the public attitude, practice, consumption and apotheosis of booze. That is to say, if there had been no prohibition there would have been no change in our manner of taking liquor, nor this increase in the consumption of it in certain circles. Prohibition did it all.

Now that is open to argument and may be argued somewhat later in this article, but as an answer to my inquiry it is of no explanatory value, because my inquiry does not comprehend, at the moment, any governmental or economic reason for the present attitude of the drinking section of the American people toward liquor and is concerned solely with the personal and social side of it, with liquor *per se*.

What I have sought to discover is what there is about liquor, under prohibition, that makes it more desirable, more necessary, more agreeable, more healthful, more peremptory, than it was before prohibition came. What change has come over booze that makes it indispensable? Why are drinking Americans in such a furor over it? What is there about liquor now, save in the decrease of the purity and potability of it, that did not exist in the liquor of the pre-prohibition days?

The Three Phases of Drinking

There must be something. It is incredible that a portion of our people should go into this frenzy over a practice and the means of employing it that have existed since the beginning of time; that, in the materials for its gratification, has not changed, except in the multiplicity of its concoctions, for hundreds of centuries. It begins to seem plausible that we fellows who drank in the days before prohibition and do not drink now are missing something, are overlooking an essential social bet. So for the benefit of all concerned, I herewith set down the results of my observations of and examinations into this important matter, which have been national in scope and comprehensive in character.

Drinking as a habit, a diversion, a practice, an occupation or a career has three major phases, which are: First, how we do our drinking; second, what our drinking does to us; and, third, where and when and what we drink. These three heads catalogue drinking either as an entertainment or an avocation and formed the bases of my investigations.

Necessarily, we do our drinking at least semiprivately now. That is to say, drinking was a public matter in most of its manifestations in the old days. It was done in bars, in restaurants, in drinking rooms, in clubs and in many of the places where people congregated for purposes of relaxation and entertainment. In as much as prohibition made the purveying of liquor in such public places unlawful, or tried to, it became necessary for those who had drinking to do to do that drinking in more or less seclusion. Now entirely apart from the justice or injustice of a law that proscribed public selling of drink and public consumption of it, the interesting feature of this new social situation is not the cause of it but the effect of it. It almost immediately created a new sort of drinking and a new set of drinkers. It revolutionized American drinking, and the question is: Why?

Everything in its Place

The situation can be illustrated excellently with cocktails. The cocktail is normally a before-dinner drink, an appetite excitant, an *apéritif*. It is a concoction, in its best form, of gin and vermuth. There are infinite variations of cocktails, but none superior to gin and vermuth in proper proportions. At that, it has a celebrity it does not particularly deserve. There is a lot of nonsense talked about the cocktail, but properly made and properly drunk, it has its merits. We knew the cocktail in its best and most palatable and most meritorious forms in the old days. There have been many changes in its composition, and many mixtures messed up to flaunt under the name of cocktail since the days of the real Gibson and the real Bronx, but no improvement of those has been achieved.

When I was interested in cocktails we took one before dinner, possibly two. That was enough. Drinking more than two was silly, because two were sufficient to give the required tilt before the meal and more than two meant simply consuming liquors that were not made to be consumed in such quantity at such times, and had no place in any rational drinking program. There was no sense in more than two cocktails unless the drinker wanted the devastating experience of getting drunk on gin and vermuth, or whisky and lemon peel and bitters, or something of a similar nature. Cocktails were not invented to get drunk on. They were for fillip purposes, not mediums for intoxication. A drinker who got drunk on cocktails was silly. There were better mediums.

(Continued on Page 149)

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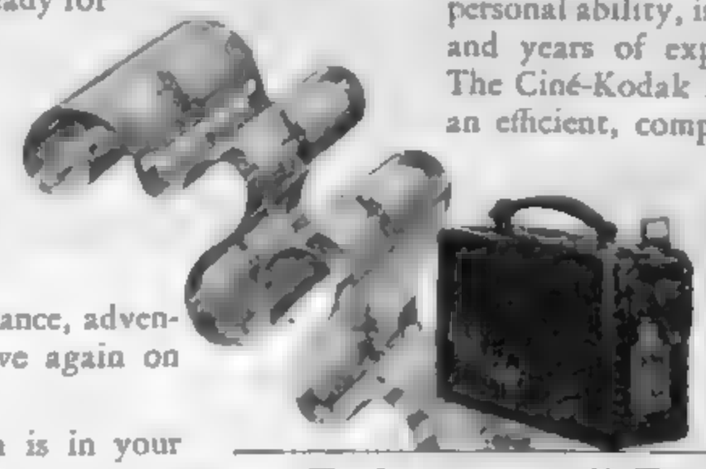

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NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

(Continued from Page 146)

However, this rational use of cocktails has developed into an irrational use of them that is lunatic. I have watched the growth of cocktail consumption, with an expert knowledge of what the cocktail was in my day, and what it was for, and a total lack of understanding as to the new uses of that concoction. The cocktail isn't used as an *apéritif* nowadays, to be taken before dinner as a fillip, but is used as a mixed drink to be swilled in vast quantities any time of the day or night.

With a thorough schooling in drinking in all its decent phases, I have watched cultivated and educated and polite and seemingly civilized men and women drink six, seven, eight, ten and even more combinations of what passed for gin and what was palpably bogus vermuth before going in to dinner, and many times to the elimination of dinner. I have seen cocktail shakers grow from the usual and adequate utensils of my time to great things holding two or three quarts of these mixtures, and have never yet had a satisfactory answer to my question: Why go to the trouble of serving these messes in cocktail glasses in as much as you are going to drink a dozen of them? Why not serve them in highball glasses?—for certainly you are delaying your souse by this method of taking the stuff in small portions, and unquestionably the object of this meeting is for all hands, men and women and children, to get soused as quickly and completely as possible.

Now what about the cocktail itself? Has prohibition changed it any except for the worse? Is there some marvelous new virtue in this mixture? Does it produce new sensations, differing from those of the old days, give new thrills, add anything to the drinker's itinerary except a worse headache? Nothing! Indeed, the ordinary cocktail, as served in American homes and in American drinking hide-outs, lacks in purity of materials and in expertness of service much that the old-time cocktails had. Ninety per cent of the gin used in American cocktails at the present day is bogus, even poisonous. Most of the vermuth is imitation.

Still, when you go to a dinner party the host and hostess, grotesquely officiating with these great shakers, shove cocktails at their guests interminably, and the guests lap them up avidly. Often they drink six or eight. Often they drink a dozen. Although the only civilized place for a cocktail is before dinner, with sometimes a dispensation for one before luncheon, they serve cocktails whenever there is a shaker handy, and some of their poor gin and poorer vermuth, or any other makings, from benzine to hair tonic—at midnight, if you please, and in mid-afternoon, and so on.

The Same Old Story

I have sat on the nonparticipating sidelines of probably a hundred of these cocktail carnivals in American homes, at country clubs and in similar places where highly rated Americans gather, in all parts of this country, seeking to discover what there is about the cocktail now that the cocktail of my drinking days did not have, and I found no novelty. There are no new cocktail reactions except such as come from bad liquor.

A high-born lady with six cocktails under her belt is just as silly as any exalted dame of my day would have been if she had taken as many as that. Tired American business and professional men, gulping eight or ten of these mixtures, show nothing novel. They do exactly the same things, lapse into the same idiocies, chatter the same gibberish, develop the same reflexes as all tired business and professional men would have developed in 1900, provided these men had been foolish enough to guzzle so many so-called cocktails instead of taking the honest rye or bourbon of those days.

The explanation is that cocktail makings are easier to get under prohibition than decent liquors, and that more kick is to be obtained by these mixtures than by the consumption of other less potent and less plentiful booze. There is, they tell me, no addition to the virtue of the cocktail; but it makes for expedition, and hence is offered and consumed in these amazing quantities. Admitting that, what is the explanation of the situation that exists whenever a new bottle of so-called Scotch, let us say, is opened anywhere in any sort of gathering? Why is it that instead of taking a highball or two, as we used to, the party present at this opening immediately and feverishly kills that bottle, drinks all the liquor in it as quickly as they can pour it down? Why is that?

Ask any man who has a bottle of Scotch, say, or any other whisky, what becomes of it if he is improvident enough to open it in the presence of drinking friends or visitors—or two bottles—or as many bottles as he has and opens. Is any left? Not a drop! They hurl it into themselves as rapidly as they can assimilate it; and most of these hooch hounds are highly proficient assimilators, without conviviality, without sociability save interminable chatter about bootleggers, bootleg booze, and so on, and many cruel and cutting remarks about prohibition, with the grim and boorish determination to get as much of it as they can lest someone else should have a shot at it.

Drinking With a Purpose

If the function of present-day cocktails is to produce the immediate kick, isn't that also the reason for the leaping on and strangling of every bottle of liquor of any sort that shows in the quickest possible fashion? Isn't that the only function of liquor at the present day? Haven't we degenerated into drinking solely for the purpose of drunkenness, throwing aside as unworthy of our attention or cultivation such sociability, conviviality, companionship and pleasure as drinking may have developed in the old days?

We have. There is no disposition on my part to minimize the fact that prohibition has revolutionized the method of our national drinking. If we must drink, and we cannot drink in public, we are compelled to drink in whatever secretive manner can be arranged. The point that has interested me is not the method of our drinking, but the manner of it. Drinking has taken on a new form in this country for one of two reasons: Our drinkers are drinking in the utterly incomprehensible way they are drinking because of their protest over prohibition, or they are drinking because of some new quality that has attached itself to liquor and drunkenness since prohibition came in.

The first reason is advanced by old drinkers with some show of a natural resentment but with small show of logic, but does not hold when applied to the crop of new drinkers that has developed in this country since 1920. What do these women, these boys and girls, who are drinking now, know about or care about prohibition as a reasonable excuse for a resentment against a law that forbids drinking? They had no—or small—experience of drinking before prohibition. Many of them were mere children then, and many of the women who now guzzle highballs and cocktails did not drink at all, or very little. And even if prohibition is a legitimate excuse for drinking now, what is there about prohibition that should change the practice of drinking into the incredible, the degenerating, the sodden, silly, expensive, hysterical practice it is now and has been for some years?

Three men came in to see me not long ago, each man a successful college graduate, rich—men of accomplishment and influence. I knew them all in preprohibition days. Each drank then. Each took a few drinks some days and on many days did no drinking.

Yet each of these men carried a large flask in his pocket, as if some dire thing would happen if they got six inches away from a supply of booze, from this elixir apparently

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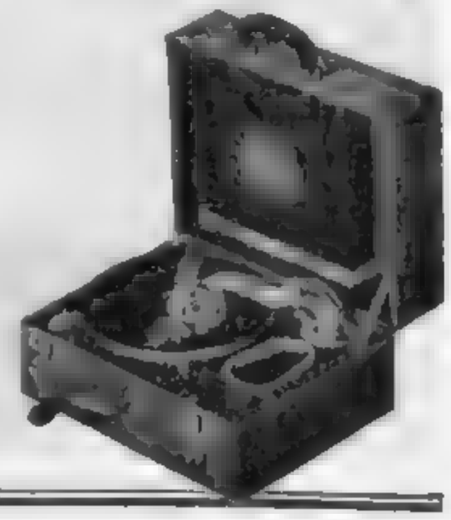

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vital to their comfort. Each one talked incessantly the usual blather about booze, where to get it, how to procure the genuine old stuff from honest and impeccable bootleggers they knew, simple, kindly, guileless fellows who wouldn't cheat them—not them—but purveyed hooch exactly as represented—look at the labels—and all the rest of the interminable booze chatter that always comes to the surface whenever two or more drinking Americans are gathered together.

Each man took a drink from each man's flask, amid much boasting over the superiority of each man's liquor, and the time was the forenoon. Those men, before they joined the far-flung fraternity of American booze maniacs, never took ten drinks, all told, in mornings. Now they tote big flasks of what they say is liquor and take a dozen drinks a day—and they look it.

Something or other has changed these men—and women too—from rational and reasonable drinkers to irrational and silly drinkers, to say the least of it.

The drinking of today isn't drinking at all. It is sousing. It is the mere swilling of liquor, of whatever sort, in whatever place; and although the procedure is new, there is nothing to justify it in the way of new sensations, new reactions, new benefits, new results. Indeed, the asininities, the looseness of talk, the stupefaction of the senses, the disarrangements of the body, caused by booze, are increased by the liquor they get nowadays. Now these drinkers know this. They are getting no new good out of their new sort of drinking, and are accentuating all the old bad.

To hear them talk and watch them drink, one would think that booze, after five thousand centuries of existence as a beverage and a stimulant, with every reaction and reflex known and tabulated, had suddenly become some priceless boon to mankind, and must be taken constantly and in great quantities so the golden harvest of its nepenthes may be garnered before somebody else gets a whack at it. I have seen as much drinking as any man, since prohibition came in, and more than most, because I have been around in many parts of the country where drinking is done, often wholesale.

I admit that I have not understood this sudden access of intense loyalty and devotion to John Barleycorn that has developed since 1920, but I have tried to understand it and interpret it for various reasons. One, as I have said, is to find out whether I have been missing anything because I haven't been drinking myself.

Sweet Adeline to the Old Tune

This brings me to the second stage of my investigations—to wit, the inquiry into what liquor now does to the drinkers of it.

It does the same old things in its ordinary manifestations. There isn't an improvement, a novelty, a new gadget about the entire booze performance or performers. They babble and gabble as they used to back yonder; talk as interminably, laugh as indiscriminatingly, weep as copiously, brawl as promiscuously, become reconciled as fervently, tell the same stories and sing the same songs. They are tragic over the same trivialities and trivial over the same tragedies. The unimportant is always of the utmost importance and the important as paltry as in the old days. The same incoherencies, fixed ideas, fatuities, redundancies, repetitions and alcoholic activities are to be noted.

I have listened in on a great number of booze conversations, conferences and confusions in these postprohibition days, thinking there might be some new and appealing quality adduced that would explain, in part, this devotion to liquor among our drinking classes, some added brilliance, some increase in intelligent discussion and disputation, some brighter badinage, some better jokes and cleverer comment. Each investigation was a washout. It was all the same old stuff, in type. Possibly they got tearful about home and mother and the dearest little wife in the world earlier than they used to, or became intensely insulted or full of brotherly love quicker than was their former wont, but, in general, there wasn't an improvement or an innovation—not one.

Physically, there is no unique feature except perhaps the addition of gastritis to the list of derangements John Barleycorn distributes so lavishly to his steady patrons. It may be that is an impelling reason for our new style of drinking. It is possible our earnest drinkers desire a bit of gastritis to go on with. It doesn't seem plausible, but neither does the rest of it. Anyhow, gastritis has now joined up with diabetes, Bright's disease, cirrhosis, sclerosis, gallstones and the other pathological pals of booze that have been the painful, not to say devastating, little playmates of continued drinking since the first man took the first drink of the first alcohol he distilled out of something or other.

Secret Drinks for Secret Drinkers

As for the rest of it, liquor has not altered its economic effects, transmuted its social defects or modulated its physiological or psychological effects a particle so far as I can discover. There may be some new benefits in alcohol that were not apparent in my days of communion with it, but if so, they are carefully concealed. Painstaking investigation does not reveal them. If they are there somebody who knows about them should step forward and tell us what they are.

It is still the champion time waster of all the world, the prize funeral provider, the superior physical degenerator, the exalted mental disturber, the high-class manufacturer of futility, fatuity and folly. Anybody who knows anything knows all this, albeit there are many who will not admit they know it and refuse to believe it, and that is what makes this spectacle of the drinking section of the American people so difficult to understand. Not that the drinking section of the American people drinks—that is understandable enough. There was plenty of drinking before prohibition—but that the drinking section of the American people drinks as it does. The hypothesis that there is some new quality to liquor does not hold. There is nothing new about liquor. The newness comes in the attitude toward liquor.

Consider where we drink, and when, and what. The public places for drinking have vanished, save in those restaurants and night clubs where liquor is served in various disguised receptacles or consumed from flasks. There are many blind pigs, of course.

The profit on some horrible mixture made in the cellar and sold, with counterfeited labels on the bottles, as genuine stuff for seventy-five cents a drink is too great not to attract many a shifty merchant to the retailing of it. There is nothing to be said about that. Any drinker who goes into a secret drinking place goes in for a secret drink, and that is what he gets—a secret drink that is a dark secret so far as its composition is concerned unless it gets into the hands of a chemist.

The amazing part of it is the drinking in homes, the drinking in clubs, and so on. In a large number of clubs where there are rooms available outside of the public rooms, there are within its walls anywhere from half a dozen to fifty clubs within clubs. This means that certain groups of members have organized drinking coteries and taken club rooms to do that drinking in. That is a normal development of the alcoholic situation in the United States, and well within club rights, no doubt.

The abnormal phase of it is the sort of drinking that is done in these drinking places. It isn't the sort of drinking they used to do in clubs. It is excessive drinking, all spurred on by that unfathomable urge to consume as much liquor as possibly can be consumed in the shortest possible space of time. It isn't club drinking at all. It is

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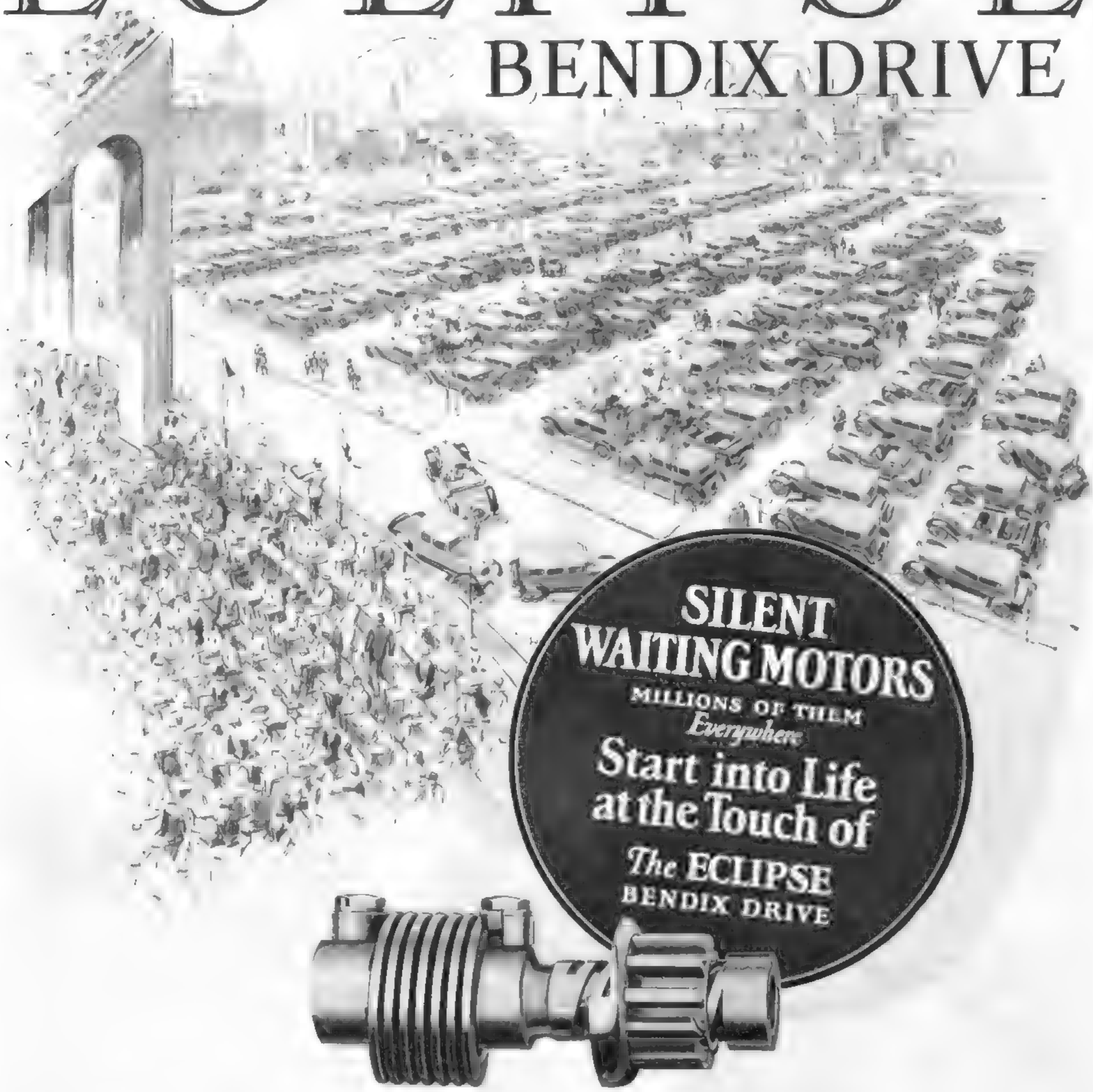

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The great Hardware Wholesalers of the country have in a sense combined to give this exceptional tire the widest, most thorough, most economical distribution ever enjoyed by any tire.

The Cost of Distribution is Lower—The Standard of Quality is Higher

MANSFIELD

Built — Not to Undersell, but — to Overserve

(Continued from Page 150)

quantity drinking, not quality drinking. It is a typical example of what those Americans who can afford to patronize the bootleggers are doing every day and every night in this country.

And it is the same in many of the homes where liquor is kept. The success of the dinner party, the bridge party, the tea, the dance—any social what not—is predicated on the quantity of liquor put forth by the hosts. If the hosts are stingy with their liquor the guests bring liquor with them. They must have their liquor; the men must have it, the women must have it, the youths and young women, the boys and girls. The old-time dinner, with a cocktail before it and a moderate but sufficient accompaniment of wines, has vanished from American homes almost entirely. The dinner guests now expect, and get, a dozen cocktails and as much liquor as they can hold—often more than they can hold. The host who gets everybody drunk is the perfect host. It is new social stuff.

Investigation does not show that this development is due to any recently discovered and applied benefit, pleasure, increment or advantages in drinking. There is none such. The boy or girl who gets drunk at a party is still as pitiable and pathetic as the boy or girl who got drunk ten years ago. The young man or young woman who takes too many cocktails is still as silly and deplorable, and the maturer ones who get drunk introduce no new features, put on no new stuff, and are just the same in their reactions to liquor as their fathers and mothers were before them.

There is this added feature to drinking, not one to induce a nondrinker to become a drinker in my opinion, and that is the maniacal and stupefying quality of a good deal of the liquor that is consumed. Of course in the old days a potential maniac accentuated his aberration by liquor; but save in extreme cases, dementia was not induced by liquor, nor frenzy fostered. These very qualities are in much of the liquor drunk in these days, as the pages of any newspaper will show on any day, as witnesses of some of these drinking bouts will testify, added to the quality of complete and sudden stupefaction that lurks in a lot of it.

One wonders if those are reasons for the present habit of American drinking. It seems incredible. But there they are.

Your Friend the Bootlegger

And when do they drink? Whenever they can get it. They drink in the morning, in the afternoon, at night, after midnight—any old time. And what do they drink? Anything the bootlegger hands them. Here we are, a go-ahead, prosperous, successful, hard-headed, shrewd, businesslike and creative people, who have built up a marvelous country from a small beginning to the top of the world; here we are, adepts in business, in finance, in manufacture, in scientific and mechanical development, who have constructed on this continent a government and a country that came to their great power and prosperity because of our shrewdness, our business ability, our adaptability, our good sense and our efficiency—and what about us in this drinking business? There, in one imbecile moment, we became the world's greatest aggregation of suckers, and so continue.

It isn't necessary to go into the matter of the supply of liquor to our fatuous drinkers, nor into the methods of the suppliers. Those have been broadcast across the country and everywhere abroad since the first bootlegging days back in early 1920. One of the most amazing spectacles of national insagacity the world has ever known began in those days and remains to this time. Despite the authenticity of the disclosures of bogus liquor, forged labels, poisonous and manufactured brews and distillations, and all the fraud and crookedness that go with the selling of liquor in this country, the American drinker puts a blind trust in any crooked, thieving bootlegger he meets, takes his word for gospel, takes his counterfeits for authenticities, takes his spurious goods for real, takes his lies for truth, takes and—can you beat it?—drinks the stuff that is handed to him with the faith of a little child in his parents.

We may be a hard-headed business people in many ways, but not with booze. With booze we are the supreme simpletons of the universe. We hand out huge sums of money on the flimsiest stories of the origin of what we buy. We accept guaranties for purchases of hundreds of dollars that we wouldn't accept for a nickel's worth of clothespins in an ordinary business transaction. We deal with thugs, thieves, crooks, counterfeiters, hijackers, and swallow any story they tell us. We know that the stuff we buy is bogus, but we buy it just the same. We assume expert knowledge of brands, bottles, sources, and so on, and blandly give up our money for rotgut of the worst sort. Add that up. I cannot. Anything for booze, it seems, and heaven bless the honest, kindly, philanthropic, beatific bootlegger.

A Call for Diogenes

Helpful chaps, the bootleggers, and compassionate. A man I know paid one of them twelve dollars for a bottle of Scotch the bootlegger told him was directly from Scotland, ten years old and ab-so-lutely genuine. He believed the bootlegger, and he drank the Scotch, so-called, and almost lost his eyesight as a consequence. He just missed going blind, temporarily at least, by the narrowest margin.

The bootlegger heard of my friend's trouble and came around to see him. "I am sorry this happened," he said. "I cannot tell you how sorry I am, and I am willing to make it right. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you have another bottle of that same Scotch for only nine dollars."

Any chemist, any man who knows what liquor should be, will tell you that 90 per cent of the liquor sold in this country is no more pure liquor than it is attar of roses. Every record in every place where booze is considered will show that. All this vast business of bootleg distillation, label manufacture, and so on, proves it. I can take you to a place in a city not far from where this is written where every known label and typical bottle of every current kind of booze, faithfully counterfeited, is sold, and my bootlegging friends tell me there are hundreds of such places in this country. And despite this, the smarter they are the harder they bite. The ordinary bootlegger of every other person may be a crook selling bogus booze, but not your bootlegger. You have the one honest bootlegger in the nation, and your stuff is right. From the time the world began till now, there never was such a spectacle of national fatuousness; there never was so great an aggregation of suckers beneath the shining sun—all except you, of course. Your bootlegger is the one honest John.

Today's drinking adds no new pleasure, thrill, stimulation or satisfaction to whatever merits of the sort liquor ever had, and it increases, intensifies and exaggerates all the demerits of liquor, which were many even at its best. The lightest hand that can be laid against it in its present manifestations is that it is incredibly silly, foolish, lunatic. The harsher indictments are that it is a degenerating, debasing, debilitating excess, specifically injurious to the health and without warrant by any civilized standards of decency, common sense or appetite indulgence. It lacks any social embellishment. It has little of the conviviality that should go with taking liquor if it is to be taken at all. It is a sullen and sodden or a frenzied and fatuous practice, a voracious, vicious and vulgar perversion of decent drinking, as drinking was decently done in this country.

Prohibition doesn't excuse it or justify it. Prohibition gives no warrant for flask toting, cocktail carnivaling, bottle killing, party orgies, girl-and-boy drunkenness, inordinate lapping up of bogus booze, for all

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"OH, how often I read and reread your offer! I was so interested.

"But I imagined it was impossible for a mother with three small children to carry out your instructions.

"Then, a year ago last Christmas I found myself in a position where I just simply *had* to have *more money*."

"ONE day while Mother was entertaining some friends, I suggested—half in fun—my plans for making more money. And now I cannot help but write how successful I have been, making that longed-for extra money. For in less than five minutes I had taken nine subscriptions for *The Ladies' Home Journal* and one for *The Saturday Evening Post!*

"Then I sent the Coupon.

"And after that, my first three hours of work brought me thirteen more subscriptions. In one month I took sixty-six.

"Everybody knows what the Curtis publications are, which makes it easy for the subscription worker. Even my housecleaning is a joy now, with so many new and pretty things I could never have had without your help!"

If Mrs. Gibson of Wisconsin can profit so generously in this pleasant, dignified way, why shouldn't you try it too?

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Our records show that she has sent us as many as forty-nine renewals and new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in a single day, her commissions being $21.75!

How would you like to have $25 extra *in one month?*

The coupon will bring you full details.

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these vicious manifestations of present-day drinking. Many Americans drank before prohibition, and are still drinking. The fact of prohibition is no real reason for their transition from drinkers who drank like gentlemen to drinkers who drink like lunatics. It isn't prohibition. That is the alibi. It is something else, and whatever else it is, it is as bogus as the stuff that promotes it.

Are we nondrinkers missing anything? Not a thing! John Barleycorn is putting on the same old show we walked out on in all its main features, with some added villains in the cast in the way of rougher reactions and quicker debilitations, with poorer props and other unlovely features. If we are going to look at it at all the seat atop the water wagon is still the best seat to occupy for the view.

At that, this new drinking occasionally discloses a certain kindliness of spirit and willingness to be helpful to the fellow man. I cannot recall without emotion the day I went, with some friends, to the house of a man we all held in high esteem. It was a cold day and we drove there in an open automobile.

As we entered his great living room one of my companions saw a whisky bottle on the mantel and made for it. Just as he was about to pour himself a drink the host shouted, "Here, don't drink any of that! It's poison! It will make you blind!"

"Make me blind!" snorted the man who wanted the drink. "That's a happy note. What's the idea of keeping it here in plain sight if it's as bad as that?"

"Oh," said the host, "I am keeping that for a friend of mine who is blind already."

Thus, having shown that this post-prohibition drinking is neither explained nor justified by the physical, mental, spiritual or convivial effects of it, nor by the superior qualities of the alcoholic mediums for it, nor by the economic benefits of it, nor by any other rational reason whatsoever, we come to prohibition as a fixed governmental policy, and that doesn't explain it either. Prohibition is an alibi used by many of these drinking lunatics, but to say that prohibition has increased drinking in this country, save among a certain section of the people, is as far from the facts as to say that because numerous noisome night clubs flourish in New York the entire population of the United States spends the hours from midnight to dawn paying six dollars for twenty-cent sandwiches and twenty-five dollars a bottle for hooch made in East Side cellars.

A Local Inflammation

It is true enough that in certain sections, among certain people, and in certain places such as fashionable summer and winter resorts, country clubs, and in various phases of urban night life, drinking is more evident than it was when drinking was a diversion and not a dementia, but it is not true that prohibition has put this country on a national debauch. On the contrary. A felon on a man's finger doesn't mean that that man's entire physical being is degenerate and diseased. It makes the finger very sore, but it has no effect on his heart, or his lungs; or any of his other operative and essential organs.

This drinking that the American people are doing now is the felon on our national finger. Various persons, for various reasons, diagnose that felon as a sure sign of a national disease, caused by prohibition, that will bring us down to disaster and decay. But it is a local inflammation, not an organic deterioration.

The truth about prohibition is that instead of increasing drinking nationally, it has decreased drinking nationally. Taking the country as a whole and the people as a whole, which is the only way to consider the matter, there is less drinking and infinitely less drunkenness in the United States than there was before prohibition went into effect. Make an investigation for yourself. How many drunken men have you seen on the streets in the past year? How many did you see in any year before prohibition? I go about this country a great deal. For example: I have recently been in New York, Chicago, St. Paul, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Antonio, New Orleans, St. Louis, Detroit and Cleveland. And way stations. Also, in places in these cities where, in the old days, a drunken man in the streets was not an uncommon sight.

I saw two drunken persons. One was a poor lad who, too young to know what he was doing, evidently had been overcome at some gathering of a social nature, and the other was a man palpably so down and out that it made no difference in the general scheme of things whether he was drunk or sober. Now, mark you, I am speaking of the average American, the people who do our business, run our stores and factories and so on. What I saw among the wasters, and the idle rich, and the society set doesn't count. Those men and women do not mean anything in terms of our prosperity, our productiveness or our stability.

An Economic Question

Separating prohibition from all the hokum that has been piled on it; dragging it out from under all this blather of for and against, this shouting of it as an ethical prop by many and as an anti-liberty firebrand by many others, this cursing of it as a calamity and this hailing of it as a moral panacea, what do we find? This: The real status of prohibition as an American policy is its status as an economic policy. It isn't a political question, nor a moral question, nor a religious question, nor a social question save in a relative sense. Prohibition is an economic question.

Considered in that light, which is its proper light, the person who will say that prohibition is not a success in the United States, economically, has no acquaintance with the real operations of it. The present prosperity of the United States is in part due to prohibition. The present productiveness of the United States is due to prohibition to a great extent. So are the vast increases in savings, the vast absorption of automobiles, for example, the enormous expansion of home building and home buying, and practically all the economic props that hold us in our paramount world position.

A new and gigantic purchasing power has developed in this country since we have had prohibition that accounts for the prosperity of our railroads, our manufactories, our trade in all directions. That, in a large measure, is a purchasing power derived from the diversion of former booze money into economic channels. It does not come from the very rich, nor from the very poor, although it has decreased the number of the very poor, as any student of economics knows. It comes from the great average American citizen, the blood and bones of this country, and it comes in part because booze is no longer an article of legal merchandise in this country, because the saloons are gone, because liquor, to the average American, is not worth the money and the effort required to secure it nor worth taking the risks that go with the drinking of it. Hence, the individual, his family, and general trade get the benefit of the wages and profits that formerly went to the non-productive saloonkeeper.

Prohibition is an underlying economic cause for our prosperity, our productiveness, our high wages, our great savings-bank deposits, our high standard of living among the great mass of our people. Prohibition has not stopped drinking. Prohibition never will stop drinking entirely. What prohibition has done is to help give this country and its people an economic impetus and stability that make us the most prosperous, the most productive and the most powerful nation in the world. Prohibition isn't a political question, nor a moral question, nor a sociological question save in its incidental aspects. It is an economic question, and that is the only rational and candid way to consider it.

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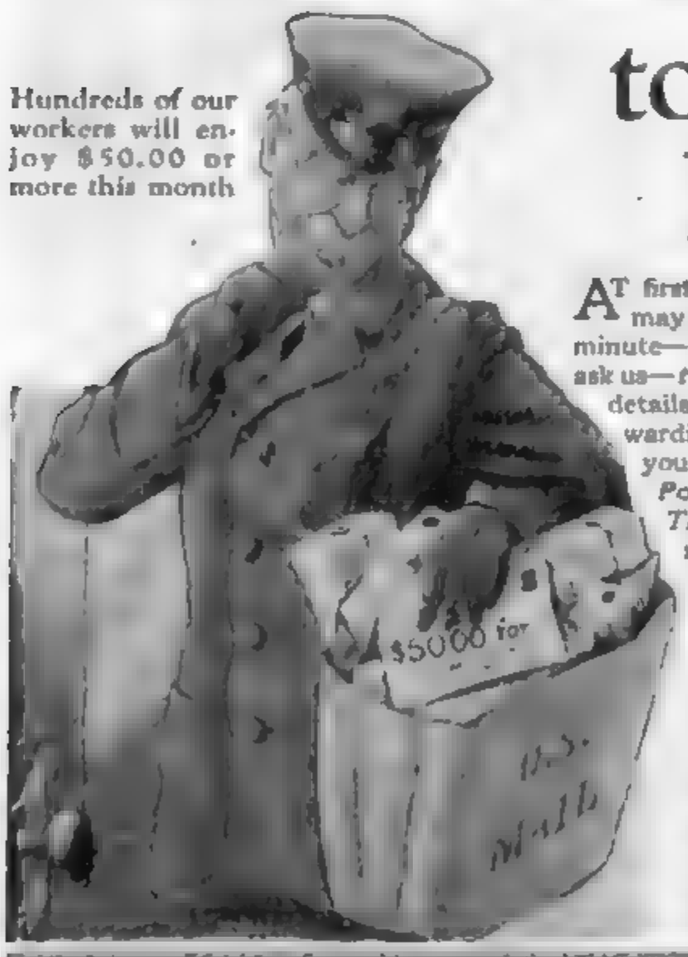

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(Continued from Page 42)

in it the inestimable advantage of exemption from the hardships incidental to camp life." The first of the three months' soldiers quit and went home. General Patterson, who had occupied Harper's Ferry and then been forced to abandon it, tried to rally his men to remain beyond their enlistment period. He finally got to an Irish regiment and made a powerful appeal to them, knowing the Irish character very well. He carried them with a sort of shout, but hardly had he turned his back when they holloed out, "Shoes and pants! Shoes and pants!" Soldiers turned out for drill if and as they pleased. Pay was irregular, supplies scanty and orders were given only to be countermanded. The Quartermaster, Commissary and Ordnance Departments had neither means of supply nor subordinate officers who knew their duties. The men ate and drank unwisely, knew not even how to care for their feet, sanitation was that of a picnic ground, and sickness and disability got in their work at once.

It was with such a paper force of 30,000 men that McDowell, an able soldier, was given, on eight days' notice, the task of marching against Beauregard at Bull Run and defeating him before Joseph E. Johnston, whom Patterson was supposed to be keeping busy in the Shenandoah Valley, could join Beauregard. His raw army carried everything it could pack as it left Washington and threw most of it away the first day as the heat and physical effort told. Men fell out when they felt like it to rest their feet, get a drink of water or raid a vegetable patch. Mixed in with the amateur army were the wagons of sutlers—the army's refreshment concessionaires—picnic parties of congressmen and their ladies in barouches and carrying opera glasses for a better view of the show, and a strange assortment of other sight-seers and camp followers in carts, on horseback and afoot. En route, Tyler, commanding one brigade, attacked without orders at Blackburn's Ford, was whipped, with no reassuring effect on the army, and forced McDowell to shift his plan from an attack on the Confederate right flank to a left-flank operation. An infantry regiment and a battery of militia turned for home in mid-March, their three months' term being up. These misadventures, together with his lack of proper maps or guides, forced McDowell to stop for two days, permitting Johnston, who had no reason to fear the impotent Patterson, to leave Winchester with his 6000 men and join Beauregard on the twentieth.

Shot With Their Own Guns

McDowell's was the caricature of an army, yet the Southern forces were little better. That little lay partly in the fact that Virginia always had taken its militia seriously and had much the best trained and disciplined state troops, South or North. Jackson commanded a brigade of four Virginia state infantry regiments in position on Henry House hill, and J. E. B. Stuart commanded the Virginia cavalry, a body of long tradition and excellent horsemanship. The relative excellence of these partially trained troops and the accidental arrival of General E. Kirby Smith's command of 4000, who, hearing the sound of battle, leaped from a train on the Manassas Gap railway bringing them from the valley, and attacked the right flank of the Federal advance, saved the day for the South.

At first the Union Army came on awkwardly but determinedly, and by McDowell's good generalship turned the flank of the Confederate Army of equal strength entrenched in strong position of its own choosing. It was when Jackson held his brigade firmly in hand on Henry House hill in the face of destructive fire, while other Confederate forces were going to pieces around him, that General Bee pointed to Jackson and shouted to his men, "Look! There stands Jackson like a stone wall," giving to Thomas Jonathan Jackson the name by which he was known ever afterward, and rallying his own men by Stonewall's example.

McDowell alone had rifled field guns, and his artillery could have shelled Jackson off the hill and won the battle, but through some fool order two batteries of twelve rifled guns galloped on the charge to within 200 to 300 yards of Jackson's position and prepared to go into action front with open sights. Stonewall's men rose and shot them to pieces with one volley. Turning the captured cannon on McDowell's army, they began his rout. At first the Union forces merely quit and walked off in disgust. They had suffered a loss of only 5 per cent and were not disorganized, but the captured artillery set off the panic that turned the repulse into a disgraceful flight, covered by the one battalion of regulars. Five or six regiments of seasoned regulars would have destroyed the Southern Army, but it was just as well for the North, under the circumstances, that there were no such regulars, for in the long run the Union was the victor of Bull Run.

The North Awakens

It rallied the amazed North to action as nothing else could have done, and deceived the South into underrating the resolution and potential power of the Union. Numbers of Confederate soldiers went home after Bull Run, convinced that the North had been taught its lesson. McClellan now took command of the Federal forces and began the job of building a serious army, a greater task than that of Washington at the outset of the Revolution, for some 300,000 troops of one sort or another were collected in the East now, with only 5000 regulars to train and season them. Such a lassitude fell over the South that volunteering had to be abandoned. For a year both sides skirmished and trained without a real clash. Jefferson Davis was not idle, personally overseeing the mobilization of the South's limited industries in order to supply his armies with arms, munitions, clothing and everything needful to war in earnest.

If this digression into history has contrasted 1861 with 1917 for the reader, it will have justified itself handsomely, and I shall return to staffs. In picturing a staff I naturally fall back upon the one I knew best—that of the First Army Corps. The staff of an army corps consists of only 54 officers and 415 men, though the First Corps commanded as many men as the combined armies of Lee and Meade at Gettysburg. The chief of staff has under him three chiefs of sections—the G-1 in charge of supply, the G-2 in charge of information and the G-3 in charge of operations—each with the necessary commissioned and enlisted assistants. My chief of staff, Malin Craig, was an army boy, reared in posts, and a graduate of West Point, the Leavenworth schools and the War College. By diligent study and native ability he had made of himself one of the most accomplished officers in the Army, regardless of rank. I first knew him when he was aide-de-camp to General J. Franklin Bell. Later he was a student in my War College classes, then an assistant instructor. Soon after I was assigned to the command of the Forty-first Division, Craig appeared in San Francisco and announced that he was going to be my chief of staff. I had not yet asked for one, but I could not have imagined a better. When I was given command of the First Corps, with the necessity of organizing a corps staff, I naturally asked that Craig accompany me as chief. In two years in Europe he never had a day's rest and he never saw Paris except the one night we slept at a hotel there on our way to the British front. The same was true of most of his staff.

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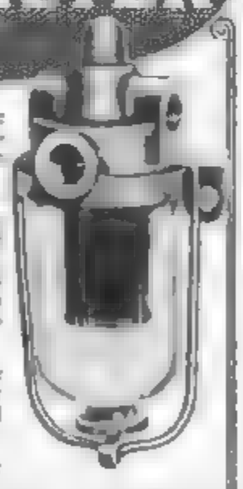

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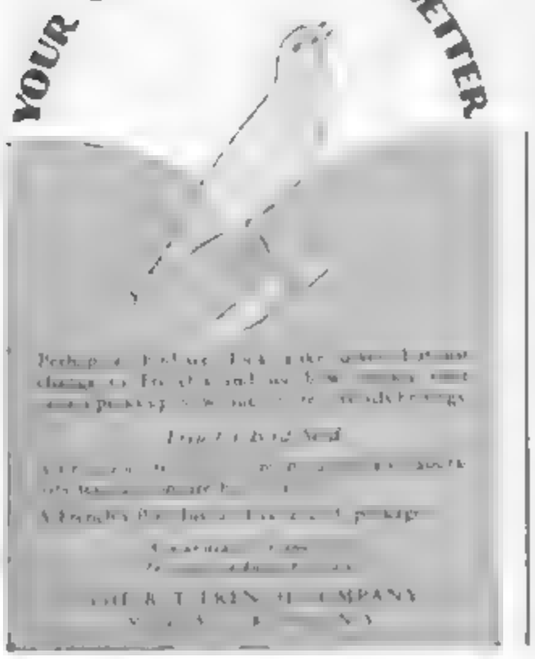

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He chose as his G-1 Major George Grunert, on the recommendation of General Frank McCoy at G. H. Q. and of General Harbord. Grunert, who was thirty-eight in 1918, had enlisted at eighteen in Battery B of the Second Field Artillery on the outbreak of the Spanish War and won a commission in 1901. Although he was unknown to Craig or me, he had acquired a military reputation that spoke for him. Harbord had served with him in the Eleventh Cavalry and spoke glowingly of his ability. A G-1 really is the general business manager of his unit, and in the Corps and later in the Third Army, Grunert proved himself a business executive of the first rank. Able men who are not loyal are not uncommon in the Army, loyal men who are not able are more frequent; not many combine ability and loyalty in the proportions that Major Grunert, now serving on the General Staff at Washington, did.

Maps While You Wait

Our G-2, or intelligence officer, Major Richard H. Williams, also was a stranger to us, who came on the recommendation of G. H. Q. Williams was the hero of the secret-service story I told in the previous article. Like Grunert, he was an enlisted man in the Spanish War, serving in the New Jersey National Guard and winning a war commission and later a regular army commission on his record in Cuba and the Philippines. Again like Grunert, he is serving on the General Staff at Washington today. He was indefatigable and indispensable and had a special genius for his job. What he and his organization did not find out about the enemy was not worth finding out. He was affectionately known to his messmates as "Houdini" by virtue of the gum-shoed mystery with which he cloaked his operations, and they told many yarns at his expense. One of these stories concerned General Neville, who commanded the Marine Brigade at St.-Mihiel. Marine officers affect an overcoat more gaudy than their Army brothers. Neville's men had just driven the enemy out of a village, and the general, setting out to inspect the captured position, hung his new overcoat on the door of a dugout for the better freedom of his legs. Williams happening along, on the alert as always to identify the enemy units against us, spied the overcoat and failed to recognize it as American issue. He cut off one brocaded sleeve, carried it back and, after a minute examination, pronounced it evidence of an Austrian division. General Neville meanwhile was demanding what infernal vandal had mutilated his new coat.

I do not vouch for the story, but I do for another about Williams. Before the attack on the Argonne we were anxious to know precisely what troops the enemy had in the forest. We had identified a second-rate Landwehr division there several days before, and it was necessary to know whether this unit still held the line or had been replaced by a crack division. Every effort failed, but about twenty-four hours before the attack the G-2 of the Liberty Division telephoned Williams that a German had been killed and was lying in front of their lines. Williams directed them to recover the body at all hazards, and they pulled it in after dark, but reported that there was not a single item of identification on the body; everything had been removed from the soldier's clothing before the raid with that very precaution. Williams refused to be satisfied with the report and ordered the divisional G-2 to rip the clothing apart at every seam. Doing so, they found the round rubber stamp of a clothing depot on the inside of the lining of the coat, and sent it to Williams. Our Intelligence knew that in the methodical German Army every organization had its own clothing depot, and a list of these depots was in our hands. By means of this list Williams identified the dead man as a member of the Landwehr division previously noted in the forest, and the attack plans were not changed.

As G-2, Williams was in charge of maps, and he had a rolling factory on motor trucks that turned out maps as Detroit makes automobiles. As an old soldier and map student, I never had seen anything like it. Lieutenant Colonel Alexander, now a member of the faculty at West Point, was the G-2-C, or map officer, at G. H. Q. He had under him a Major Kirby of the Engineer Corps, a temporary officer from the Coast and the Geodetic and the Geological Surveys. Major Kirby was the designer of these mobile map factories, and one outfit was loaned to Williams for try-out purposes. No one was able to shake him loose from it thereafter, and when it caught fire from a short circuit and burned one afternoon at Moucheton Château, Williams scurried up another in three days. Maps were made from airplane and ground observation and from every other conceivable source of information, photographed onto a plate and reproduced in several colors with amazing speed, although each color necessitated a separate printing. A Lieutenant Taylor, also a Coast and Geodetic Survey man, was the expert G-2-C in immediate charge of our rolling plant, with trained men from lithograph houses as his helpers. Every sergeant and corporal of the line, as well as all officers, went into battle with these maps, which not only were excellent projections, but carried such warnings as "machine-gun nest here," "this trench will be empty," "this trench lightly held," and "this trench heavily manned." Every sergeant of front-line troops was given an oblique photograph of the country immediately ahead of him, taken by aerial photographers. At St.-Mihiel I don't think anyone in a combat unit lacked one of the 1/20,000 scale maps printed by Taylor and his men. They always turned them out in quantities beyond First Corps needs. General Pershing happened into Fifth Division headquarters one day, saw a stack of photograph maps in a corner and demanded to know why they had not been distributed. He learned that the heap was the surplus after everyone had been supplied. Besides the rolling plants, we had a base plant at Chaumont which was the greatest map-reproduction establishment in Europe, equipped with apparatus undreamt of by the French.

Engineers Save the Day

Our first G-3 was Stuart Heintzelman, whose grandfather was a distinguished corps commander in the Union Army. An army boy and West Point graduate, I had known him for years. He was forty-two in 1918, the primest age for war for officers above the rank of company commander, but he was too good for us to keep. Shortly he was promoted to be chief of staff of the Fourth Corps and then to be chief of staff of the Second Army. He was succeeded by Major Barber, who was followed by Colonel Montgomery, promoted to that rank while with us for conspicuous service in the Meuse-Argonne. Part of the Thirty-fifth Division was being hard pressed by a formidable German counterattack near Baulny on September twenty-eighth. Montgomery, who happened to be at the front, dropped his staff duties, gathered an emergency force of engineers and led them to the rescue of the line troops, saving the situation. Twice American engineers had been called into a breach in British emergencies, but this was the only time we had to turn our engineers to combat duty. Just before the Thirty-fifth Division was relieved its divisional engineers were serving in the front line, replacing the division's heavy casualties. Montgomery became G-3 of that Third Army which did not exist on November fifteenth, and which marched 350,000 men seventy kilometers toward the Rhine on November seventeenth without a hitch.

The office of G-4, dealing with supplies, transport, labor and hospitals, properly is a field-army staff section, but until the First Army was organized, Major John L. De Witt served with the First Corps as G-4. When I took command of the First Army later, I was reunited with him. De Witt,

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who was thirty-eight in 1918, was an army boy, the son of a military surgeon. Although not a West Point man, he was a graduate of all the higher army schools. I first remember him clearly when he was a young lieutenant of infantry serving as aide-de-camp to General William Carter. I was adjutant general of the Lakes Department at the time and I attended maneuvers at Fort Benjamin Harrison at Indianapolis, where Carter commanded. I noticed that the general relied so heavily on his aide that he assigned to the young lieutenant any job that no one else seemed capable of doing, and his earnestness and skill in doing these tasks left a lasting impression on me. De Witt also is serving on the General Staff today.

The Rewards of a Soldier

My corps adjutant general, Major William A. Haverfield, I have spoken of elsewhere. He was the former sergeant major of cavalry who was given a lieutenant's commission in 1917 and whose most cherished ambition was to return to his old First Cavalry after the war as captain and adjutant. He got the job. A regimental sergeant major is the adjutant's right-hand man; frequently he is the actual adjutant, and Haverfield knew the paper work of that office as few officers ever did. During the later stages of our advance from the Marne to the Vesle my advanced headquarters were at Fere-en-Tardenois while the adjutant general's force and the other noncombatants of the second echelon remained six miles or so in the rear, where shell fire would not interfere with their work. The Germans suspected that some headquarters would be found at Fere-en-Tardenois and shelled it persistently. From his headquarters Haverfield could see the shells plopping about us and he protested to me that there was no excuse for taking such chances. That was his way of showing that he was angry because he was not permitted to move up with us.

My original personal aide, Captain James G. Ord, son of a famous army family, was a West Point graduate and a soldier by career. To restrict him to aide duties in a great war would have prejudiced his future, and I insisted that he go into the various sections of the staff and learn the duties of all. One day Frank McCoy, former White House aide and close friend of General Leonard Wood, telephoned me from G. H. Q. that he had a likely aide for me, a young field-artillery lieutenant from a training camp, in civil life a Boston lawyer. I went to Chaumont to have a look, and P. L. Stackpole became my personal aide for the balance of the war. I have had many aides in my time, but never his equal. A Harvard graduate, a successful lawyer and a man of mature mind, he not only was a thoroughly efficient aide but an admirable companion. It means a great deal to a general officer in war to have as his only close companion a man of education, character and culture who can talk more than shop. Stackpole was of the highest type of young American who served as officers in the war. He had an intuitive social sense, which I lack, and a shrewd judgment of men, and he took off my hands the social responsibilities of my position which, in serving with the French, are most important.

The Army deserves well of the country. The Chief of Staff, General Summerall, speaking informally to the House Military Committee recently, said so well some things about the service that I shall quote them as a benediction.

"The Army exacts all that an officer can give in peace and it may take his life in war," he said. "The Government should recognize this and give it a status in accordance with its mission, with what it has done in the past, is doing today and may have to do again in spite of all our efforts to avoid it. No man can command successfully American soldiers or officers unless they have confidence in his sense of justice. The Government, above all, must show them that it treats them according to reasonable standards of justice. You cannot treat any man unjustly without arousing in him a sense of bitterness, resentment and antagonism that will injure whatever native ability he may have. You can apply it to your business or your professions and the result always will be the same. While we cannot pay in money for the services of an army, there are things more prized by the soldier than money, property or civic rights and power. Among the basic elements of human nature are ambition and a sense of justice. These are the stuff of business efficiency and they are no less indispensable in the military service. All countries have adopted a system of military grades, thus giving to each officer an opportunity to rise to a position commensurate with his ability, age and length of service. This is called 'promotion' and 'rank.' Relative to the high positions of civil life, such rewards are small, but they are more precious to the soldier than any material consideration.

"An illustration comes to me. When I was a second lieutenant I served as aide-de-camp to a general officer. He was one of the finest soldiers and most dominant characters I ever have known, and if I have been able to apply knowledge of the profession of arms to any degree, it is very largely because of his example and principles. He was a distinguished officer of the Civil War, in command of an artillery brigade. He lingered many years after in the grade of field officer and toward the end of his life he was made a brigadier general. It was a very parsimonious reward to be doled out to a man whose services to his country had been inestimable. He fell ill in 1917, in very advanced years, and Congress passed one of those humane pieces of legislation that are farther-reaching in effect than you gentlemen know. It permitted three officers on the retired list of Civil War service, of whom he was one, to become major generals without increase in pay. I was in the War Department when I heard of it, and I took his commission immediately to the Secretary of War and to the President and asked them to sign it. Then I carried it to his home where he was lying unconscious, death close at hand. Standing over his bed, I said, 'General, I have brought you your commission as a major general.' Consciousness came to him and he looked at me with complete recognition. He clasped the roll to his breast, a tear trickled down his cheek and he died while I was in the room. That piece of paper was the realization of a life's ambition. I repeat, to maintain an unhappy army of low morale would be the greatest extravagance in which the Government could indulge."

Eternal Vigilance

Money and machinery are the two panaceas of our national medicine chest. Neither can defend liberty, except incidentally, for only men worthy of liberty are equal to its defense. A nation that is rich, vain and unprotected only provokes war and hastens its own ruin; the richer it is, the more it tempts the envy of poorer, sterner peoples; the richer it is, the more likely its people are to be soft, indolent and arrogant. Nor have mere numbers ever saved a nation grown effeminate. It never troubles the wolf, Vergil observed two thousand years ago, how many the sheep be.

As with men, so with nations; it is the fate of the indolent and the timid to see their rights become the prey of the active and the bold. Or, as John Philpot Curran put it: "The condition upon which God has given liberty to man is eternal vigilance; which condition, if he break, servitude is at once the consequence of his crime and the punishment of his guilt."

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by General Liggett and Mr. Stout.

THE GOLDEN STALLION

(Continued from Page 38)

revolutionize some of the theories of breeding Thoroughbreds. Many of the greatest and most promising will be retired earlier.

At any rate, for the present there is a high demand for some of that plebeian blood which they claim is in Man o' War. As a sire his fees are the highest ever paid for a stallion anywhere, despite the cold blood that is mixed somewhere with the ancient Arab and Barbary strain. Some of his get best known are Crusader, American Flag, Edith Cavell, Mars, Flagship, By Himself, Lightship, Volunteer, Scapa Flow and Maid-at-Arms. Riddle himself has had little luck this year as far as drawing progeny by Man o' War. Ten two-year-olds fell to his lot, and of these nine are fillies. The legend is that every great stallion reproduces himself just once. There is little chance of a filly being a reproduction of the great Man o' War.

In all, Man o' War started officially in twenty-one races. He was beaten in only one. As a two-year-old he won the Keene Memorial, Youthful, Hudson, Tremont, United States Hotel, Grand Union Hotel, Hopeful, Futurity and the overnight event that was his first race.

"It was in this first race that I had a hunch as to how great he might be," said Louis Feustel, the trainer. "That was in the Chute, so that not many people saw what was happening.

"They thought I was overcautious when I insisted on trying him out at starting in the Chute the morning before the race, but it is lucky that I did. When we tried him out there he would not start at all. He was almost as mean as he was the first day I put the saddle on him. Somebody said, by the way, that it took weeks to get the saddle on Big Red. That is nonsense, of course, for if you do not master a colt the first time you never will master him. We got the saddle on Red the first time all right, but that was about all for the day.

"In the real start of that race Red was almost as fractious as he was at the schooling. He backed away from the barrier at the start and was left nearly eight lengths. Then suddenly he started to go, and how he went. It was a lot of ground to make up in the dash, but he did it, and the others were only standing still."

It was on the strength of this first race that Harry Payne Whitney, knowing the breeding of the new two-year-old, sent out agents to buy his obscure sister, Mazda, at any price. If Whitney could not have the golden chestnut, he was willing to pay well for any animal containing some of the breeding that would have been refused entry in the English studbook.

As a three-year-old Man o' War started eleven times and was victorious in every start. These victories included the winning of the Preakness, Withers, Belmont, Stuyvesant, Dwyer, Miller, Travers, Lawrence Realization, the Jockey Club, Potomac and the Kenilworth Cup, which was the last race at Windsor. His owner did not send him to the Derby at Kentucky. That year it came too close to the date of the Preakness and at the time this event was of equal importance.

In his brief career on the track he made five American records. These were the Withers, a mile in 1:35⅘; Belmont for a mile and three-eighths in 2:14⅖; the Dwyer for a mile and a furlong in 1:49⅕; the Jockey Club for a mile and a half in 2:28⅘; the Lawrence Realization for a mile and five-eighths in 2:40⅘.

Horsemen sigh when they think of what he might have done to other records in

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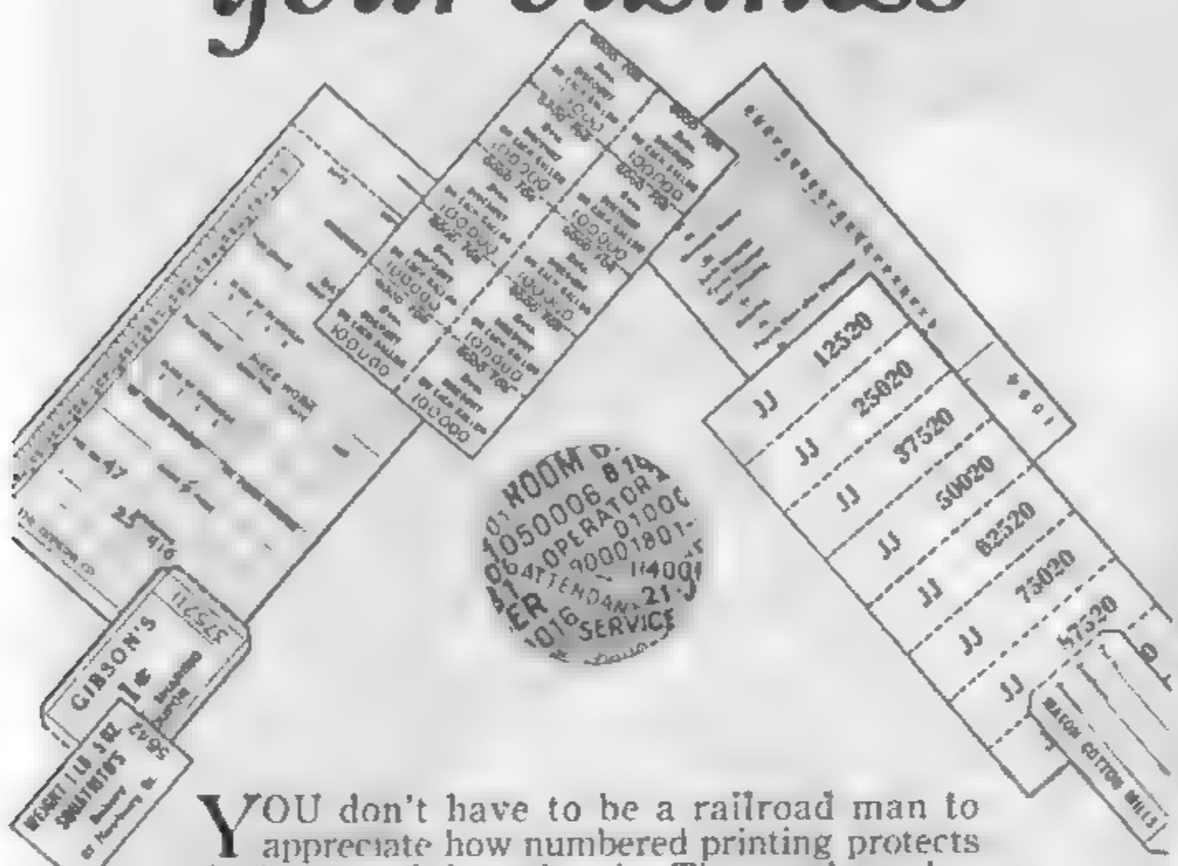

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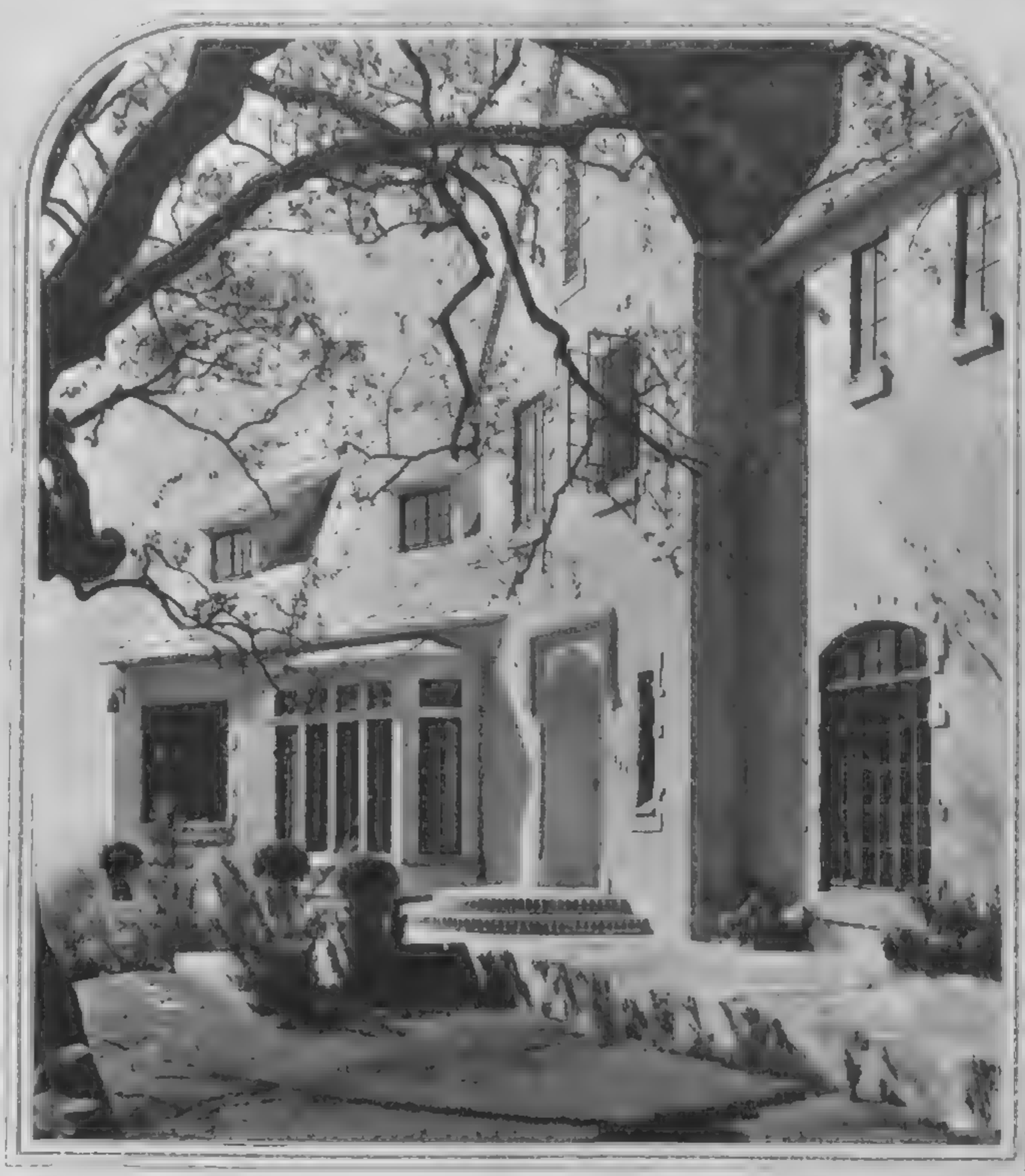

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Also Makers of
5B Butter Salt, Meat Packers' Salt, Water Softener Salt, Free Running Table Salt, Jack Frost Table Salt—each perfect for its purpose.

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another year. Impressive as this showing is, they feel that the golden stallion had not yet begun to run when they retired him. Until a few of them began to suspect, they would not forgive Riddle for withdrawing him in that apparently senseless fashion.

In the matter of purses Man o' War was excelled by several, including Exterminator and Zev, but when the career of Man o' War in his final capacity is ended he will have proved himself the most valuable piece of horseflesh that ever was foaled. There is nothing in which he did not excel—racing, looks and actual value on the hoof.

They tell me that the get of Man o' War inherit his weakness to some degree—that nervous indigestion that came down from Fair Play—just as all of the Star Shoot get inherit the weakness of the soft feet. None of them yet has shown with any degree of adequateness signs of having inherited his all-round greatness.

It is a strange circumstance that a woman figures prominently in the finish of Man o' War's career, as well as at the beginning. It was a woman breeder who brought about the birth of Man o' War—Mrs. Elizabeth Kane, and who first saw him as a foal. It was to a woman they gave him when it was settled that he should round out his career as a sire of great horses—Miss Elizabeth Daingerfield. Also, it is quite likely that he will end his days within a few miles of where they began, in the blue-grass region of Kentucky.

Though Man o' War is still very much alive and the most vibrant and the most vital creature in the blue-grass country, they speak of him in the past tense. But his performances still stand, and they sigh for another Man o' War at the race courses to thrill them as this one did. There could not be his like again, yet now and then there comes up a red-golden chestnut, a big one, with some of his mannerisms, some of his regal carriage, some of his eagerness to be off.

Once in a while, though, when someone of this generation speaks of Man o' War, and cries "There was a horse!" some of the elders will look into the distance and smile knowingly.

Sometimes one of these will say stubbornly, "Oh, yes, quite a horse. But I should like to have seen him against Sysonby, or maybe Colin." But on these occasions the old ones are not treated with the respect that is due their years.

The records show from the time of the Barbary Mare and the Godolphin Arabian the speed of the strain has increased and that the breed has improved according to the legend. But the question is: Can it improve beyond the golden stallion? The law of the game says that it can and will. Therefore, some day there will come a red-golden-chestnut colt, with no tendon of Achilles, who will outrun Man o' War. No doubt he will come out of the blue-grass country, and behind him there will be the shades of the invisible herds from Araby, from Barbary and from England. The spirit of the golden stallion will speed on through the ages with winged hoofs.

Editor's Note—This is the last of two articles by Mr. McGeehan

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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There are other ways today

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Our grandmothers, for example, were prejudiced against food in cans. We all know now, on the word of the greatest scientific authorities, that food in cans is as safe as food can be. We know the can does no damage to the food. We know that it is a guarantee of freshness and purity and cleanliness.

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With better richness. 87½% of natural cow's milk is water. The remaining 12½% is composed of butterfat (cream), milk sugar, proteins and mineral salts. 60% of the water of cow's milk is removed in making Evaporated Milk. The food (solid) content of Evaporated Milk is, therefore, more than twice as great as in ordinary milk. And *every drop* of Evaporated Milk contains *all* the food elements of milk. There is no cream line. The cream never separates. It stays in the milk. Evaporated Milk is *never* skimmed milk. It is always more-than-double rich in butterfat and *also* in the bone and tissue-building substances—in all the elements which make milk nature's most perfect food.

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Millions of housewives know the joy of cooking with Sun-Maid Nectars and Sun-Maid Puffed, use them the year around

The fame of these two products has spread afar. In America, nine out of ten grocers sell them. Housewives throughout the nation buy and use them the year around. By carloads, instead of cartons, bakers use Sun-Maids for their raisin breads and sweet goods. Many fine candies that start you searching the box for duplicates, owe their lure to the Sun-Maids they contain.

And women in foreign lands are no longer content with ordinary raisins. They and their grocers have become as familiar with red and blue Sun-Maid cartons as you and your grocer are.

No wonder then that Sun-Maid vineyardists are busy. For other millions of people, like yourself, have learned to use Sun-Maid Nectars and Sun-Maid Puffed to bring sparkling flavor to the foods they serve.

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PUFFED *[Seeded Raisins] in the blue carton*

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--and generally *Better Tone!*

"WHY do I drink California orange juice so often?—I will tell you:

"First, for its organic salts and acids that are fine, natural appetizers and direct digestive aids.

"Second, for its vitamins—fresh, potent food essentials that help to balance everybody's diet.

"Third, because oranges, although known as 'acid fruit,' have an *alkaline* reaction in the blood and thus actually tend *to offset and counteract* the acidity caused by an excess of such good, though acid-forming, foods as fish, meat, eggs, cereals, breads, et cetera.

"And fourth, simply because I *like the luscious flavor* of this delightful drink.

"As to the benefits I've mentioned, I refer you to your doctor. Mine told me about them—and if my generally '*better tone*' since I began my daily orange juice is any indication, then he did me a service that is worth a lot.

"Why *California* juice? Well, chemical analyses have shown that it is richer in the soluble solids that carry all these benefits.

"And I like the California *flavor* better, too. Try 'Sunkist' Oranges. They're the selected grades from California.

"You can identify them by the trade-mark 'Sunkist' on the wrapper and now also directly *on the skin* of the fruit.

"Every first-class dealer has them, fresh the year 'round."

To be sure of getting California Sunkist Oranges of uniformly good eating quality, look for the trade-mark on the wrapper and on the fruit.

Sunkist California
Richest Juice Finest Flavor
Orange Juice

Look for this Machine

It is being distributed by the growers of *Sunkist Oranges* and *Lemons* to enable cafeterias, restaurants, hotels, clubs and soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure, wholesome orange and lemon juice drinks.

The dealers using the Sunkist (Electric) Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orange and lemon juice drinks made to your order from fresh oranges and lemons. Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of purity.

Prospective Buyers: Learn about our unusual cost-price proposition on this quick, efficient machine. Write us for complete information. Terms if desired. State line of business.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE, Dept. 107, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California